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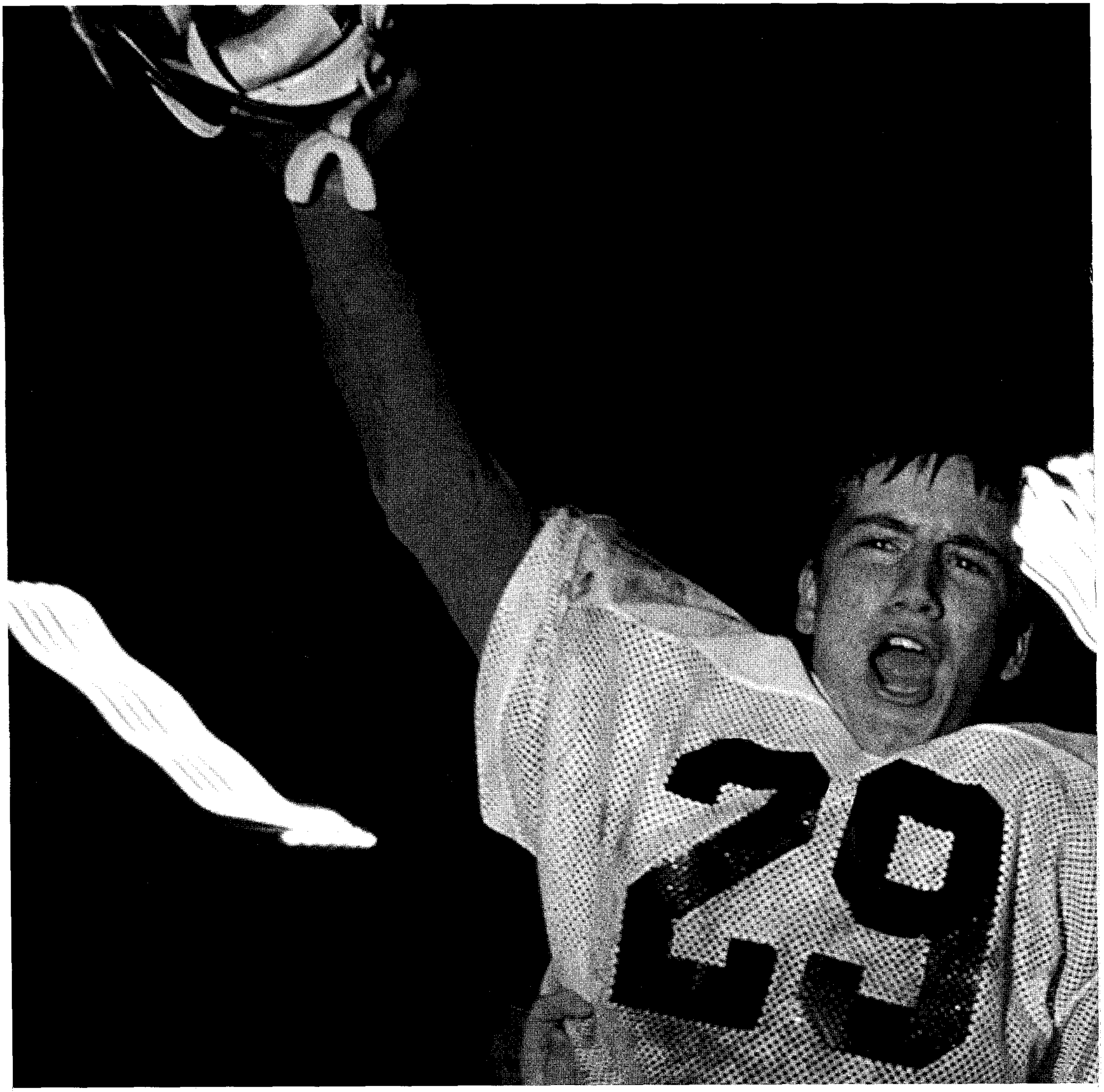

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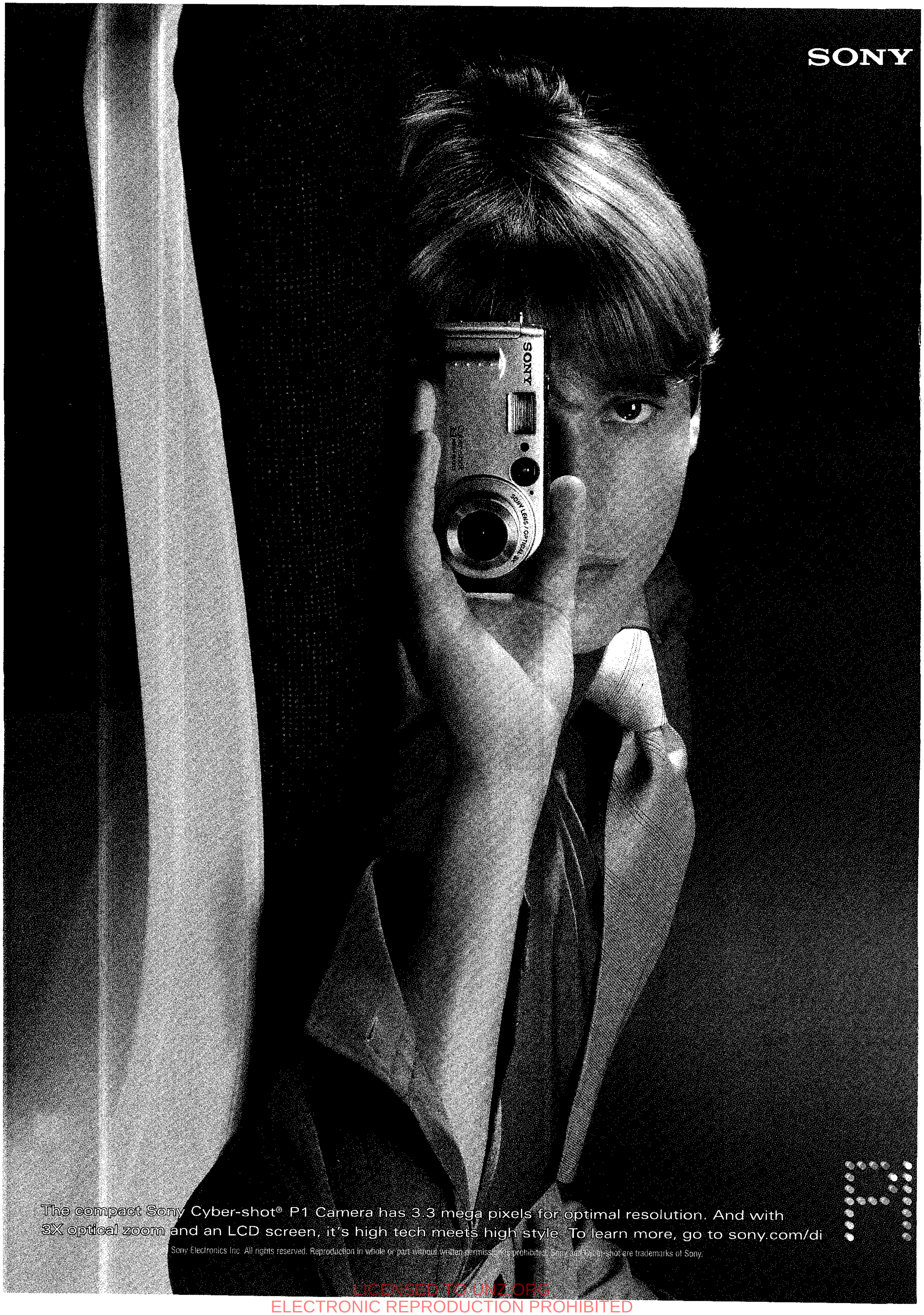

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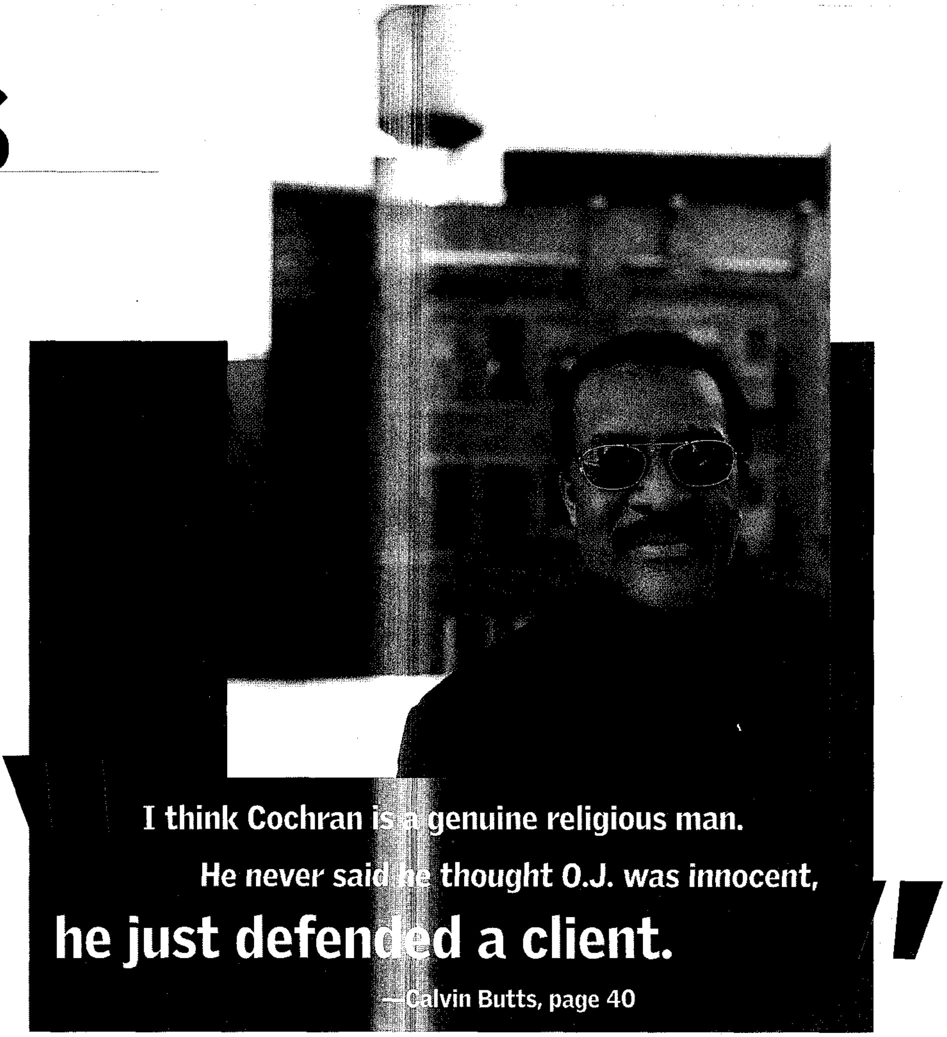

"I think Cochran is a genuine religious man. He never said he thought O.J. was innocent, he just defended a client."
—Calvin Butts, page 40

32 Grin But Don't Bear It By James J. Cramer

The good news is (you didn't bet everything on Priceline, did you?), you've still got a nest egg. But is there any way to keep it safe and growing in this tumultuous market? James Cramer, *New York's* finance columnist (who happens to have made 38 percent for his hedge fund last year), shares his secrets for building a portfolio that can withstand whatever the economy can dish out. (And for those who've understandably lost their nerve, he also rates the best mutual funds.)

40 If the Glove Fits By Nina Burleigh

Johnnie Cochran has made up his mind: After Puffy Combs's acquittal (and he's sure there'll be an acquittal), he's giving up criminal defense and getting back to his civil-rights roots. And O.J.'s former lawyer says he's giving it up with a clean conscience.

46 Cirque Master By Peter Kaminsky

Le Cirque, the city's leading proponent of food as performance, has a pair of new stars. Introducing (drum roll, please) Alsatian-born Pierre Schaedelin, a master of the classic repertoire, and pastry chef Patrice Caillot, from Provence—via Las Vegas.

48 Girls Will Be Boys By Ariel Levy

T&A is everywhere these days. And in the frat house that passes for pop culture, some women—if you can't beat 'em, join 'em—are laughing as hard as the men. They're politically incorrect gender traitors, their feminist mothers' worst nightmare. But could the joke be on them?

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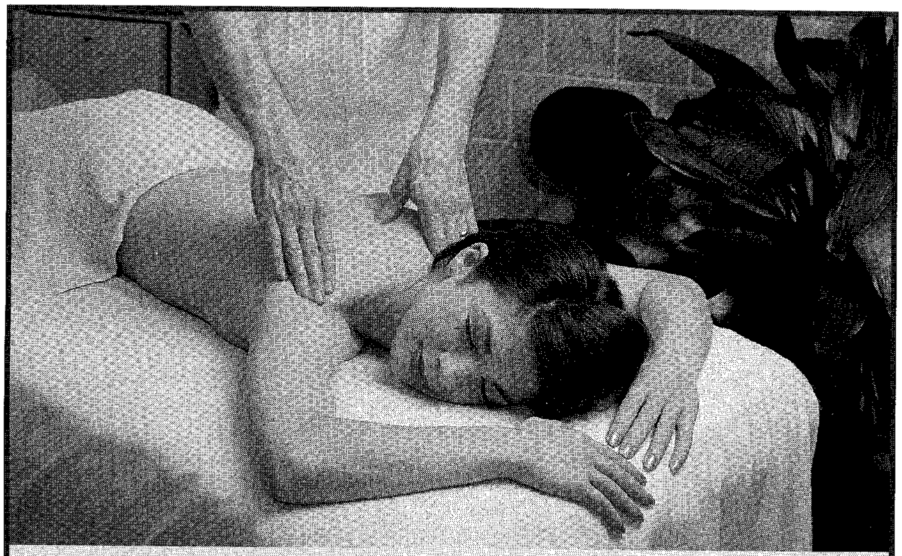
Photograph by Robert Maxwell.

Volume 34, Issue 3



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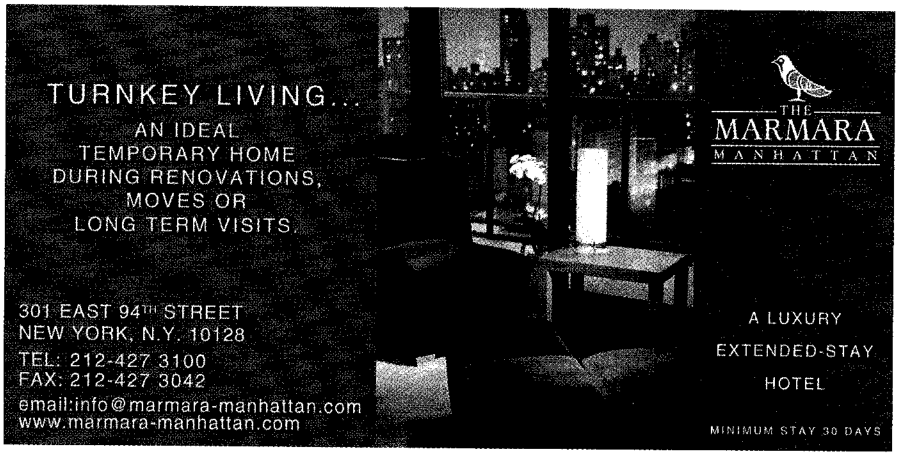

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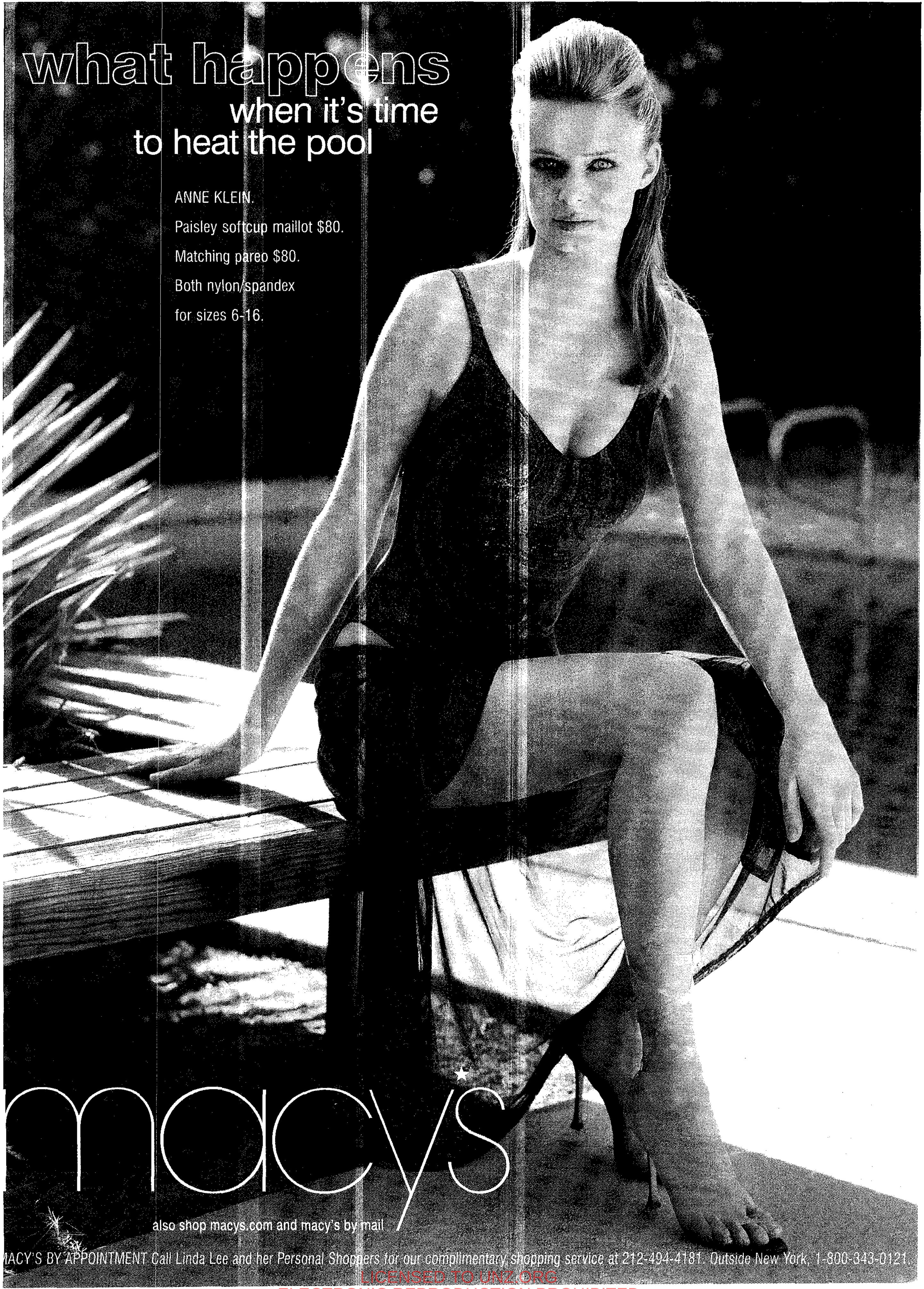

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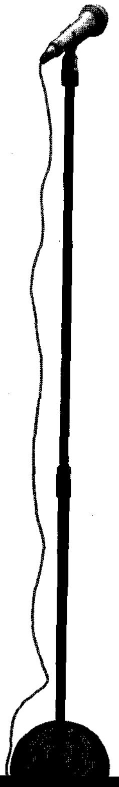

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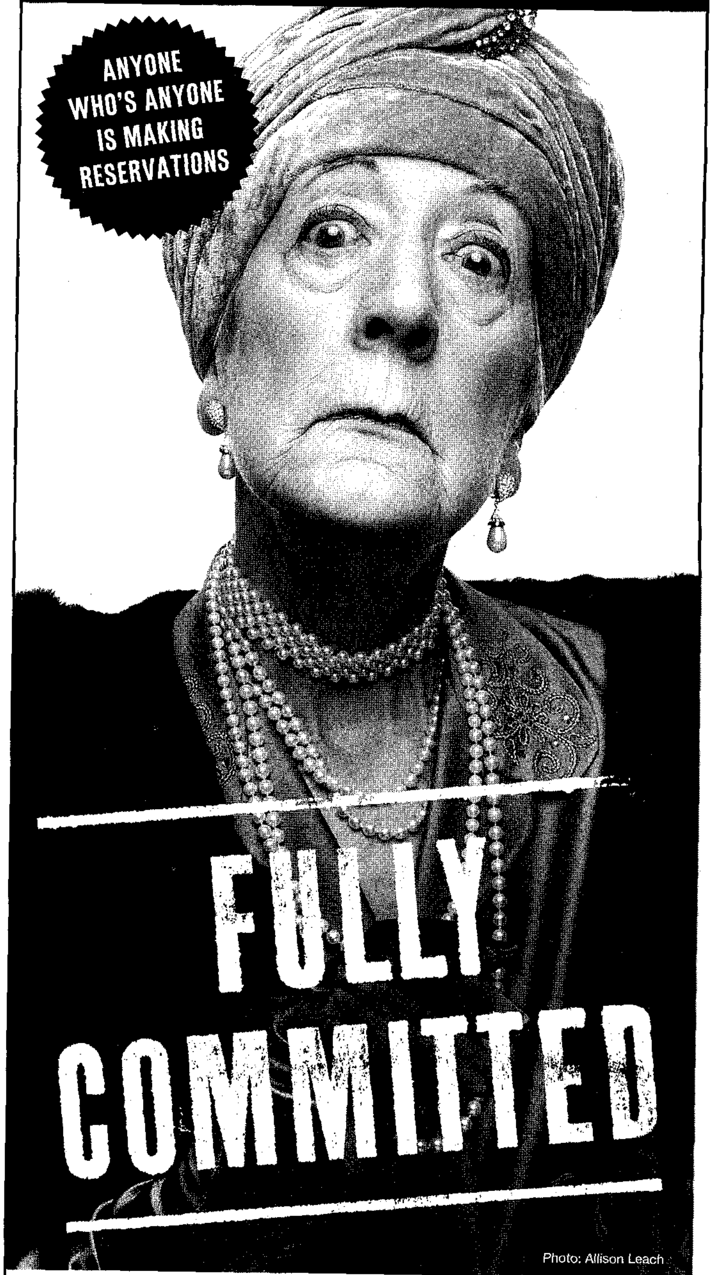

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Letters

> "I know there is a sickness here, and it's not just Lou Lowinger's."
>
> **—Name Withheld**

Two in the Hand . . .

In discussing the opposition to Bush's Cabinet appointments, Michael Tomasky noted that Gale Norton and Linda Chavez would face even tougher odds for confirmation than John Ashcroft ["The City Politic: Pay It Forward," January 15]. What he failed to note is that Chavez and Norton are probably the sacrificial lambs that will enable the confirmation of John Ashcroft. While both women have records that raise questions about their suitability, these are small potatoes compared with Ashcroft's ties to the Christian right, the civil-rights issues that surfaced in his distortion of Judge Ronnie White's record, and his extreme stance against a woman's right to choose.

Barbara Cohn Schlachet, MANHATTAN

Inflated Bill

Michael Tomasky's claim in the January 1 issue ["The City Politic: Closing the Books"] that the 1993 budget package "helped spark the boom" is ludicrous. Bill Clinton inherited a recovering economy; the devastating tax increases of the 1993 budget did nothing but hinder progress. Tomasky is maintaining the pathetic liberal delusion that Clinton's legacy is something more than impeachment and midnight basketball.

Anthony Bialy, KENMORE, N.Y

Vie Bohème

Your December 18–25 issue, "My New York," made me nostalgic about my own favorite places in the city. A few days ago, I learned that the Kiev restaurant on Second Avenue had closed its doors for good. The news was a real blow. I lingered at the Kiev many times with my fellow NYU drama students back in the early eighties. The food was great, you could always finagle a seat, and they let you hang out as long as you wanted. At the time, I lived in a slum of a building on East 1st Street that is now gentrified, like most of the East Village. Back then, Second Avenue between 1st and 10th Streets was practically my whole life. So many places along that stretch of the avenue have gone the way of the Kiev.

Georgina Young-Ellis, ASTORIA

The Joy of Giving

Thank you for including Clearpool in your "Holiday Gifts" issue ["The Giving Spree," by Tara Mandy, November 27]. The support we received for our Brooklyn-based nonprofit charter school was astounding. I received five to ten calls every day for three weeks after the article was published, and we raised more than $15,000 to support the education of young people in a community where their needs are not being met.

Michael Kirkbride, MANHATTAN
DIRECTOR OF DEVELOPMENT, CLEARPOOL, INC.

All in the Family

Kay Lowinger is a wonderful, talented, and sincerely religious woman ["An Unorthodox Deal," by Robert Kolker, December 11]. Her children were raised by her with true Jewish values and are great to be around. What kind of grandparent throws money around to everyone but her own grandchildren, then hides behind having survived the Holocaust? I know there is a sickness here, and it's not just Lou Lowinger's.

Name Withheld, MANHATTAN

CORRECTION In the January 8 photo essay, "2001: A Face Odyssey," we identified Verna Eggleston as a gay activist. Eggleston is executive director of the Hetrick-Martin Institute, a nonprofit, education and advocacy organization providing services to lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, and questioning youth.

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Intelligencer

By Beth Landman Keil and Ian Spiegelman

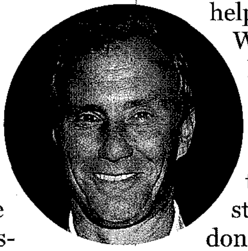
Hair Salon Accused of Anti-Semitism

A former employee of the Jean Louis David salons will file a discrimination suit against the chain this week for allegedly refusing to let him cut hair while wearing his yarmulke, a source close to the case tells us. The Hebraic hair technician's suit—which will be filed by legal powerhouse Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz—seeks punitive damages plus legal fees, claiming that he was forced out of the salon after ignoring management's demands that he remove the sacred headwear. Ironically, the allegedly ousted snipper fled Russia in 1995 to escape anti-Semitism. A rep for the salon says that the hairdresser was not fired, but our source counters that the stylist was effectively forced to resign because "they would not let him work with his yarmulke on." The Jean Louis David spokesman says his company has offered to let the former employee return to work, skullcap and all. When asked if the beautician in question was ever told he could not work while wearing his yarmulke, the rep declined to comment.

Leo DiCaprio's Members-Only Club

If you haven't seen that naughty photo of **Leonardo DiCaprio** with pals **David Blaine** and **Tobey Maguire**, you're about the only one left. For more than a month now, an explicit shot of the trio has been making the rounds through cyberspace, arriving in e-mails from here to Los Angeles. The spicy pic shows DiCaprio and the gang lounging in a Tokyo hotel room with Blaine and Maguire wearing open kimonos—leaving their respective manhoods hanging free and easy. Of course, close inspection of the shot reveals it's been ingeniously doctored. One inspector is Blaine's publicist, **Jill Fritzo**, who tells us, "I enlarged it a couple of times, and it's clearly a fake. I told David, 'If I get that naked picture of you one more time, I'm going to jump out a window.' " It turns out that a perfectly innocent photo was snapped by a friend around the time *Titanic* was released and that Blaine gave it to a fan outside their hotel room. Years later, it has clearly ended up in the hands of a twisted prankster. For Blaine's part, his only dismay comes from seeing that Maguire's instrument is depicted as significantly more substantial than his own. "I guess whoever did it must like Tobey a lot more than me," he says.

Schrager Takes NoHo



Ian Schrager may have helped colonize the West Forties and Fifties, but now he's headed downtown. The hotelier, whose world of hyper-trendy hostelries stretches from London to Buenos Aires, is finally opening not one but two new spots, in what seems like the most obvious of areas. In addition to the upscale hotel he's planning on Astor Place, the Studio 54 founder is about to sign a lease for a building on Bond Street between Lafayette and Bowery, where he plans to build a less expensive hotel with **Richard Born**, a partner in the Mercer and the new Chambers Hotel. Says Schrager, "I missed the downtown thing and I'm trying to make up for lost time, so I'm going in full-steam."

Michael Jackson's New Playmate

Never mind the Jackson Five reunion. Brother **Michael** has partnered up with Rabbi **Shmuley Boteach**—the saucy Jewish wise man who wrote *Kosher Sex*—in forming the Heal the Kids Foundation. The unlikely couple are hosting an enormous Valentine's Day bash at Carnegie Hall and have secured **Johnnie Cochran** and **Judith Regan** as panelists for the event. **Elizabeth Taylor, Shimon Peres, Elie Wiesel**, and **Stanley Greenspan** all serve as board members for the charity itself. For now, when not in rehearsals with the family, the whitewashed star has been throwing Heal the Kids fund-raisers with scads of Wall Street suits, including

Tommy Hilfiger's Hidden Taste

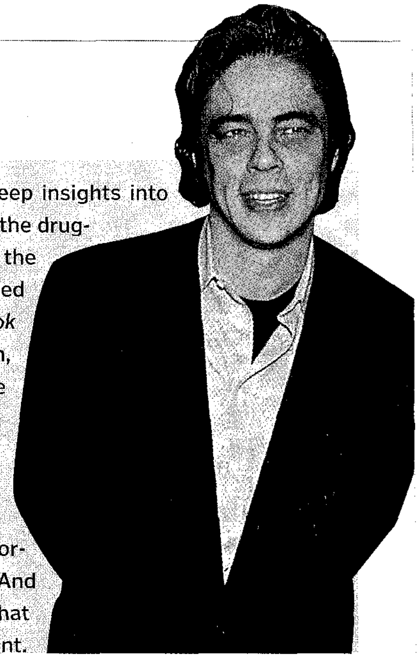
Baggy sweatshirts may be good enough for America's youth, but when it comes to his own body, **Tommy Hilfiger** prefers a decidedly slimmer silhouette. The designer and his partner **Lawrence Stroll** hit the East Sixties boutique Borrelli last week and dropped a cool $150,000 on shirts before they were through. Owner **Domenico Vacca** personally escorted the pair around the store after closing while they chose fabrics for 250 shirts, which will be custom-tailored in Naples. Vacca tells us Hilfiger's taste ran "very Italian"—he chose mostly Pietro-style collars in Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, which is the same style **Harrison Ford** picked when Borrelli outfitted him for his last two projects. **Robert Redford** is scheduled to be fitted for some threads of his own in February—which, we hope, will leave plenty of fabric for the rest of us.

Photographs: bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

Intelligencer

a surreal dinner last week at banker **Steven Schoenfeld**'s home where Jackson appeared with his babies in tow. Let the healing begin.

Benicio del Toro Is a True Moonie



We assumed that **Benicio del Toro** would have some deep insights into America's narcotics problem after having slaved away on the drug-war epic *Traffic*. We were wrong. "You know, the drugs, the war alone isn't going to win it," Del Toro cryptically mumbled at the bar of the Tribeca Screening Room, where *Blackbook* was hosting a party for the squinty-eyed star. Moving on, we wondered if Del Toro had ever had any trouble with the law himself. "Yeah," he offered, "you know, cheating . . . cheating on my term paper." Uh, okay. Finally, we asked the high-on-life hunk to tell us what was in that mysterious black bag we reported him carrying around the *Traffic* set every day. "Man, a telescope," he offered. "I get my information from the moon. I hook it up and ask the moon." And what does the moon say? "It tells me, 'Go ahead. Do what you're doing.' " The moon could not be reached for comment.

Sex and the Serial

Sex and the City scribe **Candace Bushnell** has just inked a million-dollar deal for two novels with Hyperion Books. Both will star Janey, the Hamptons-hopping, money-hungry model featured in Bushnell's recent collection *Four Blondes,* which was published by Grove/Atlantic, the house that took *Sex and the City* to the top of the best-seller lists. So just why is the sultry writer straying from former publisher Morgan Entrekin? "I have a close and successful relationship with Morgan and Grove/Atlantic," she says, "but Hyperion came to me with the idea, and I'm very excited about it." A rep at Grove/Atlantic confirmed the story but declined to comment further.

Seinfeld: The Later Years

Will there be no more jokes about airplane peanuts? According to a club insider, **Jerry Seinfeld**, **Larry Miller**, and **George Wallace** recently took to the stage at the Comic Strip to perform impromptu sets. But some of Seinfeld's material was strikingly different from the observational humor that made him a star. His half-hour routine included personal anecdotes about being a husband and father, along with a bit about wedding receptions that seemed better suited to the Lifetime channel than to his quirky hit series of the nineties. What's next: the Baby Gap Nazi?

McNally's Social Security

Brian McNally is finally returning to the Manhattan restaurant scene with his first new eateries in ten years. The man behind Odeon, Indochine, Canal Bar, 150 Wooster, and '44' has just signed a lease for a large space at Crosby and Howard Streets in SoHo, where his new restaurant will open this fall. But before that, McNally will serve as a lower-key partner in a new spot due next month on 1st Street and First Avenue with brother **Peter McNally** and friend **Maurice Bitton**. "I miss having my own restaurant," says McNally, who most recently has been involved with the upcoming launches of two hotels, the Bryant Park Hotel in New York and the Shore Club in Miami. "Tragically, it's the only way I can have a social life."

It's a Rap

Busta Rhymes has busted out, abandoning his longtime label, Elektra, in favor of **Clive Davis**'s new venture, J Records. A music-industry insider tells us that Rhymes went to the mogul's apartment in September and, after hearing new music from J artists, decided to jump ship to join Davis's roster, which also includes **Wyclef Jean**, **O-Town**, **Luther Vandross**, and **Monica**. "He loved everything he heard," says Davis, "and simply said, 'I want in on this.' " Rhymes's rep could not be reached for comment.

Disco Inferno

If you've ever secretly dreamed of seeing a posh Park Avenue hotel burn to the ground, your fantasy is about to be fulfilled. At the grand opening of the new W Union Square on Wednesday, the first- and second-floor windows of the hotel will be filled with six- and nine-foot candles to give the impression that the place is going up in flames. With any luck, we'll all survive.

Giants Score at Flesh Emporium

The Giants know what it takes to prepare for the second-biggest game of the year: strippers. Just days before their do-or-die showdown with the Minnesota Vikings, about a dozen of the boys in blue showed up at East Side pleasure palace Scores. Although it was a relatively quiet weeknight at the gentlemen's club, our witness says that some of the Giants stayed until four in the morning to close the place. "They really partied," says the source. "They're heavy drinkers. They got lots of dances and spent lots of money—a couple thousand dollars." While our source declined to name names, we're told the hard-charging players were mostly offensive and defensive linemen—and that quarterback **Kerry Collins** was *not* among them. A rep for the team insists, "Our players are at work at 6:30 and nobody looked like they'd been out until four in the morning. One of the strengths of this team is its ability to focus on the task at hand, and this week was no exception." Our tipster also vouched for the men's strength, saying, "They showed real unity. They told the girls that they were going to go all the way." To the Super Bowl, of course.

Additional reporting by Paige Herman

Photographs: from top, Paul Fenton/Shooting Star; Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

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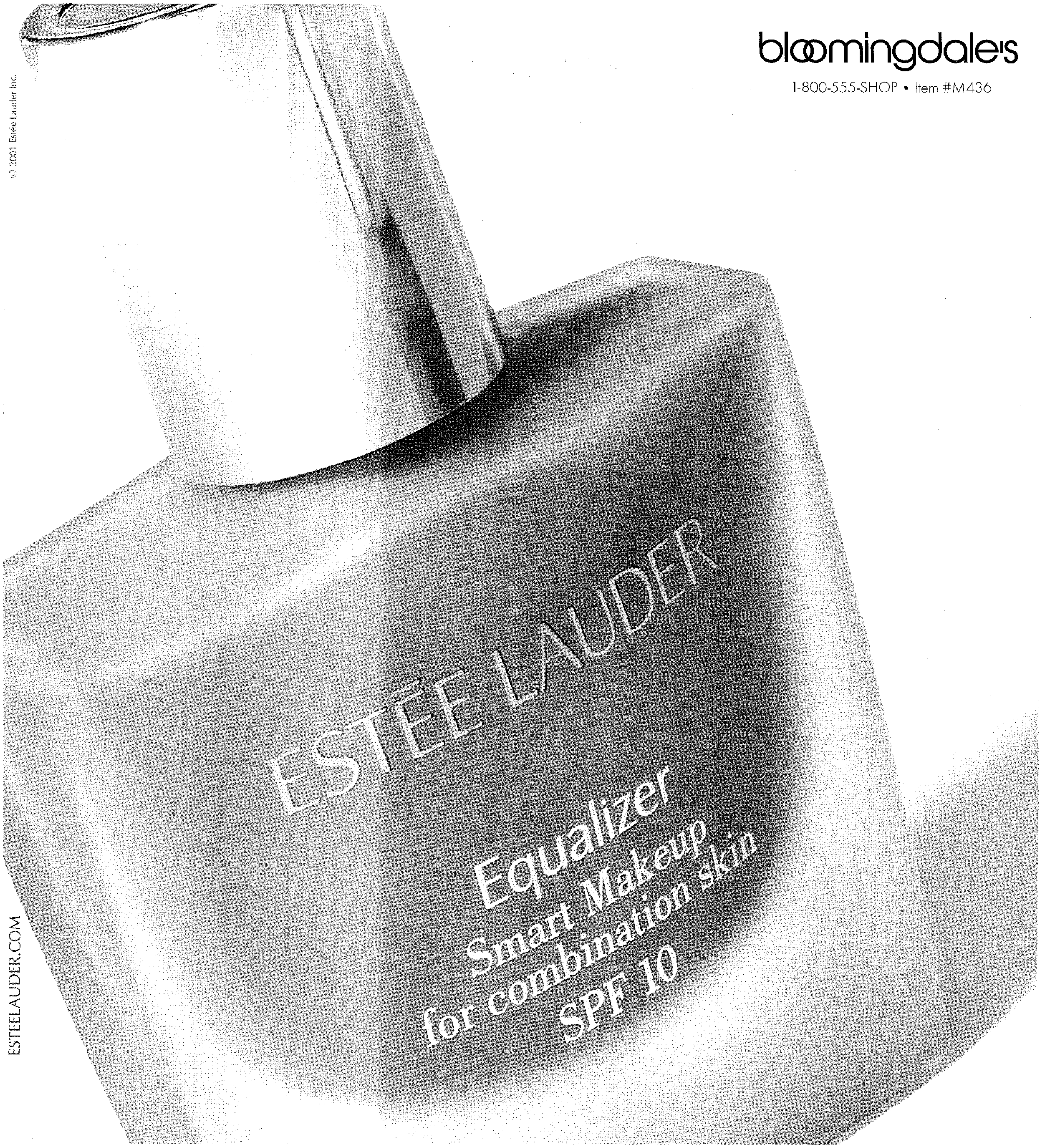
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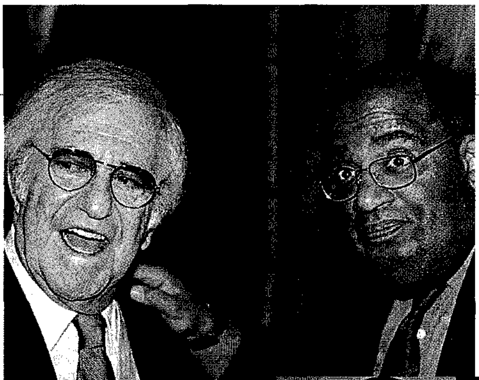
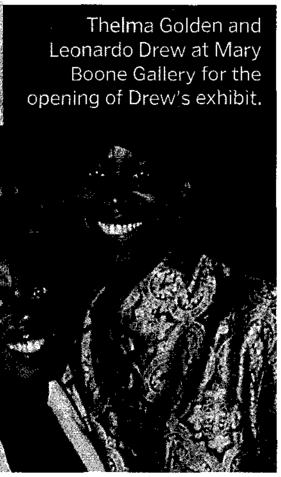
Scene



Soupy Sales and Al Roker at the Friar's Club celebrating Sales's 75th birthday.

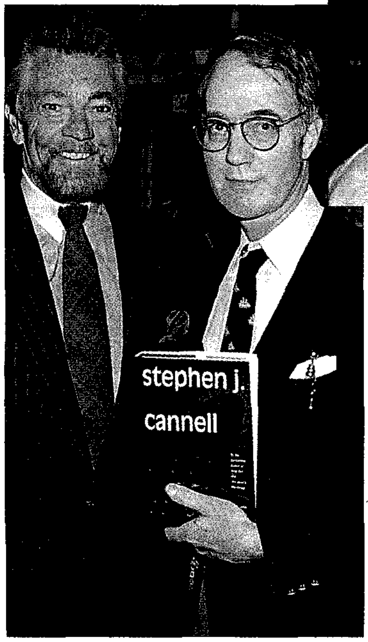
Robin Byrd, Beauregard Houston-Montgomery, Michael Musto, and Lynn Yaeger at the Gershwin Hotel celebrating the publication of *Dollhouse Living,* Houston-Montgomery's new book.

Gus Van Sant and Kathryn Freed at a fund-raiser for Downtown Artists for Freed.



Thelma Golden and Leonardo Drew at Mary Boone Gallery for the opening of Drew's exhibit.

Stephen J. Cannell and Aldon James at the National Arts Club for a signing of *The Tin Collectors,* Cannell's new book.



Chazz Palmenteri, Gloria Ruben, and Benicio del Toro at the TriBeCa Arts Center for *Black Book* magazine's screening of *Traffic.*

Stephanie March, Mark Green, and Robert Marc at Bari Mattes's apartment.

Joe Bastianich, Mario Batali, and Steve Rooney at Italian Wine Merchants.

Tom Sachs, Hope Atherton, Cecilia Dean, Sean McPherson, and Anne Christensen for an opening of Vernon Fisher's work at the Charles Cowles Gallery.

The Hunger Artist

Guests at the January 8 party for **Mario Batali**'s new show, *Mario Eats Italy,* held at Italian Wine Merchants, the wine shop and demo kitchen Batali co-owns, might have expected to taste his handiwork, but he had stepped out of his chef's whites for the evening. "The Food Network said, 'Have whoever you want,' so I said Daniel," Batali explained before slipping into the salami locker to slice soppressata made from a wild boar that **Bill Buford** had hunted himself. As megachefs **Rocco DiSpirito, Todd English**, and **Wylie Dufresne** arrived, the place started to look like a Food Network open casting call. The spotlight was Batali's, however, and he basked in it happily. "I'm no actor," he confided, "but I've watched a lot of Jim Carrey." ROB PATRONITE

Calm Before the Storm

"This apartment is outstanding!" cried **Deni Frand**, wife of public advocate **Mark Green**. "Even the bathroom—it's like a little Shanghai in there." The outstanding home belonged to **Bari Mattes**, chair of Hetrick-Martin's board of directors, and was, on January 8, host to a left-leaning crowd gathered to honor Green's support of gay people. "Go after the gay vote in New York and you're gonna win!" declared chic optician **Robert Marc**. "Look at Hillary—it's *proven.*" **Stephanie March** of *Law and Order: Special Victims Unit* was ready to cast her vote. "The past eight years have been like a Nazi regime," she huffed. Green just tried to enjoy the support while he could. "Soon enough," he sighed, "*everyone* will be coming after me." DAVID AMSDEN

**Photographs by
Patrick McMullan**

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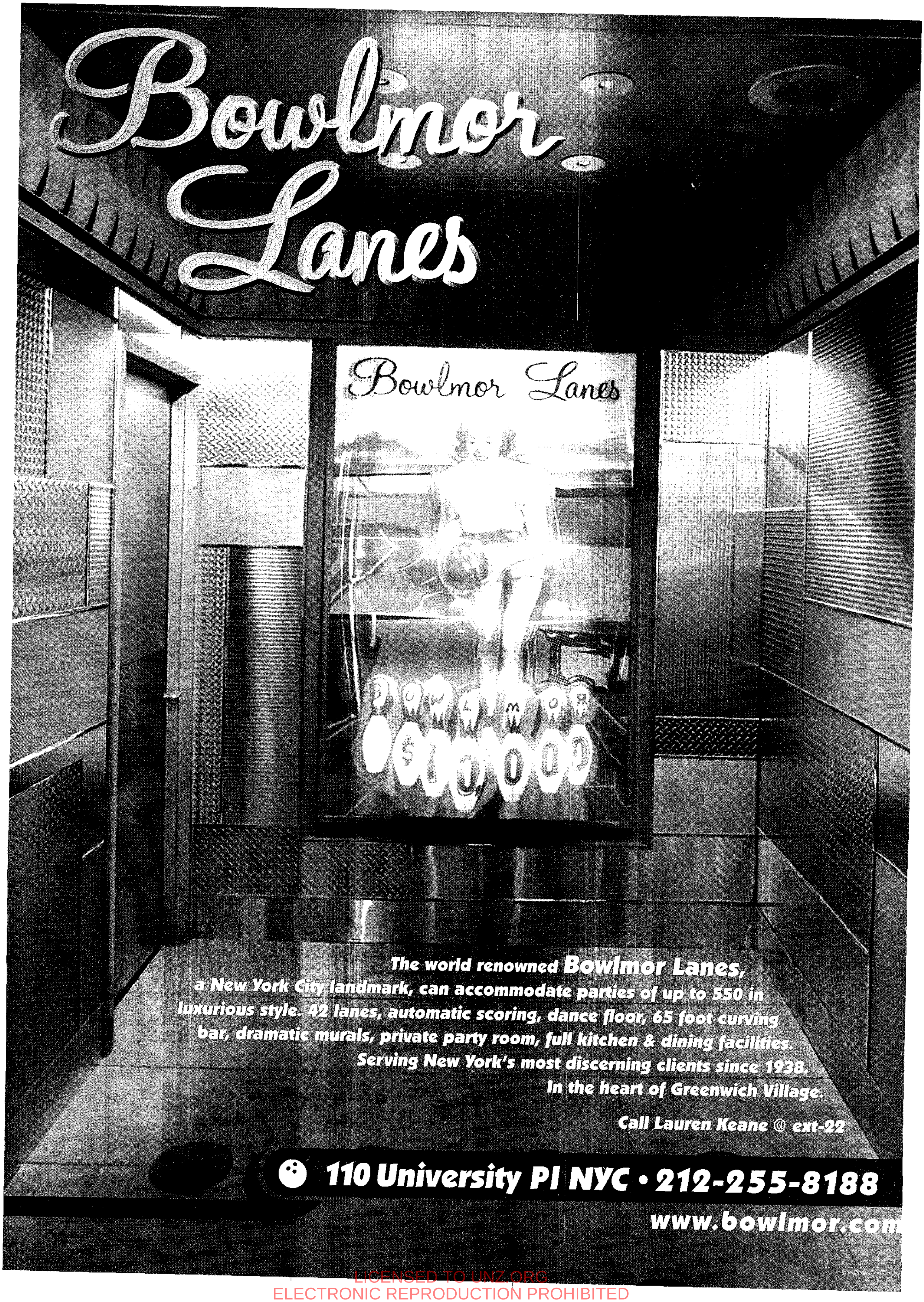

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To tell the story of New York would be to write a social history of the world—H. G. Wells

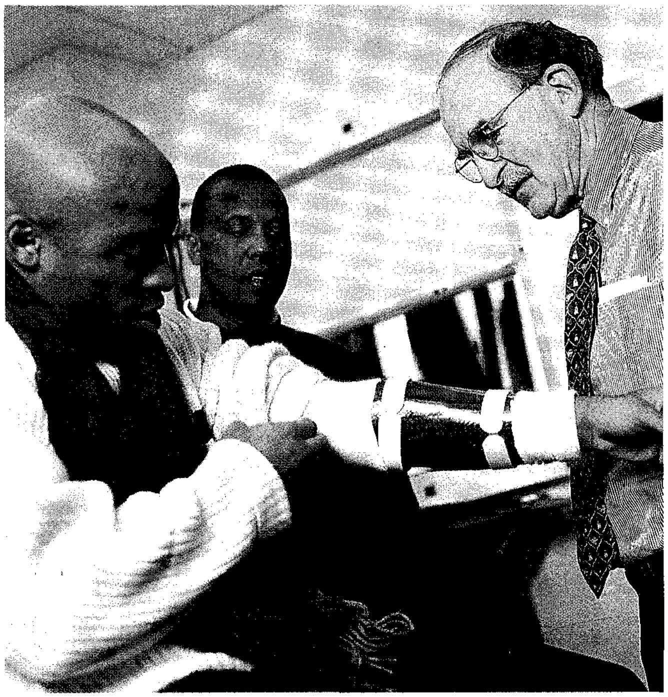
GOTHAM

Edited by Jessica Lustig

Mend Zone

When the whole season comes down to one game, Giants team physician Russell Warren is the last line of defense. By Sarah Bernard

Giants fans watching their team grunt through the playoffs have found themselves discussing medical minutiae with the fervor of first-year residents: Tiki Barber's broken left arm; the necessity of riding exercycles on the sidelines in wintry weather. But while the rest of us are mere armchair analysts, Dr. Russell Warren, surgeon in chief at the Hospital for Special Surgery, gets a closer view—from the bench, where he spends any given Sunday piecing the wounded warriors back together, often making the decisions that can send a team to the showers or the Super Bowl.



By 3:31 P.M. on January 10, after making rounds and seeing patients, Warren, who has reconstructed cornerback Jason Sehorn's ACL and former Giant Lawrence Taylor's Achilles tendon, was heading for Giants Stadium, as he's done every week since 1984, to help the team prep for the Vikings. Warren's job is to temper the coach's will to play with the doctor's will to protect. (Bill Parcells, who coached the Giants before the Jets, was "hard as nails," recalls Warren. "He wanted everyone to play with everything.") After he sees "the kids," he'll meet with coach Jim Fassel to discuss their status. "Tiki's arm, Amani's ankle," he sighs. "It's always an issue. What they can play with, what they can't play with. You've got to treat the players like private patients. Is there harm in continuing to play or not? A bruised pelvis is different than a bad ankle sprain you can't run on."

Warren's history with the team goes way back. He was a cornerback and running back for Columbia ("Back then, you played both sides," he notes) before being drafted in 1962 by the Jets, then called the Titans. He opted to sign with the Giants, but got cut in summer camp. So he headed to medical school and played in the now-defunct Atlantic Coast League for the Providence Steamrollers. "They paid a few hundred dollars a game," he recalls. "When the checks didn't bounce."

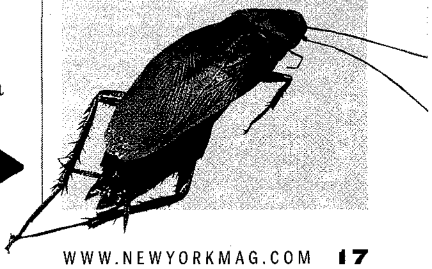
His work with the

>

Talking Points

We Win!

Despite our shortage of agriculture, New York City's war on its teeming vermin ecosystem has made us No. 1 in the state in pesticide use, according to a just-released NYPIRG–Environmental Advocates report. We season our schools, offices, and apartments with 1.6 million gallons and 7.8 million pounds of deadly stuff each year. According to EA's Audrey Thier, the city's liquid pesticide of choice—used in more than 800 products ranging from flea collars to bug sprays—is chlorpyrifos, a neurotoxin sold under the name Dursban. It's "so dangerous the EPA has now banned it for virtually all residential uses," Thier says. Dursban either may poison people outright—"You just get really violently sick"—or may cause something similar to lead poisoning by "impeding normal brain development in fetuses, infants, and children." But will we recognize New York without it? Some studies link chlorpyrifos exposure to decreased alcohol tolerance and increased anger, confusion, and depression.



Photographs: from top, Kareem Black; Novovitch/Liaison.

Talking Points

U. Goofed

Don't those fact-checkers at *The New Yorker* know how to suck up to the boss? Last week's pseudonymous "Talk of the Town" drollery about retired *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Sr.'s habit of writing to his paper's letters page under the name "A. Sock"—an item that turned out to be by editor David Remnick himself—managed to spell *Sulzberger* as "Sulzburger" throughout. The big guy wouldn't say whether he blamed the checkers or himself, but a spokeswoman offered: "You know that the *Times* itself has misspelled both *Sulzberger* and [Katharine] *Graham* many, many times. So that's going to be our only comment."

Demonology

A Philadelphia 'zinester named Karl "King" Wenclas has launched a cranky crusade against the Guggenheim Foundation and its recent grant to Rick Moody. Grumbles Wenclas in a photocopied mass mailing we received, "We see with Rick's Guggenheim grant tax-free money going from rich people to—other rich people!" (The author is the son of Hiram F. Moody Jr., an investment banker.) "Being totally ignored gets old after a while," complains

Dance

Billy Elliot's Corps Audience

A class of ten 16-to-19-year-old boys was in the midst of a warm-up session in the School of American Ballet's Alexandra Danilova Studio at Lincoln Center on a recent morning when Jamie Bell dropped in. As the 14-year-old star of *Billy Elliot* made his entrance, surrounded by a phalanx of publicists and admirers, the students' stretching pliés give way to nervous jetés.

The film, about an 11-year-old boy who stridently disobeys his hyper-macho father to pursue ballet, has left an indelible mark on the boys of the SAB—particularly that whole bit about ballet being seen as a sissy thing. "As dancers, we all know what it's like to be verbally tormented," Bell says to the class. "Everyone calls you 'gay,' 'pouf,' 'ballerina boy.' " There are tentative nods of recognition and nervous giggles as feet shift and eyes go to the ground. Keith Mearns, a 17-year-old student, hands Bell a Xeroxed *Billy Elliot* flier to sign. "The film really inspired me," Mearns says, smiling shyly. "It opened me up to why I'm really doing ballet."

Now Bell wants to observe the class, and it's time for the boys to *shine*. As the pianist launches into a peculiar medley of "Moon River" and "Oops! . . . I Did It Again," the star sits and observes the class, wrinkling his brow at the choice of music. (He's a sworn Dr. Dre kind of guy.) "Whoa, these boys are good," he confides. "Really, really good. *Whoa!*" He nods, watching intently for a few minutes. Then, as the boys strip off their sweatpants to reveal tight black leggings and the ecstatic high kicks commence, Bell leans in and whispers, "So—do you know where the girls are rehearsing?" DEREK DE KOFF

MEND ZONE

continued from page 19

pros has benefits for his lay patients: He's able to observe the athletes' injuries at inception and see their development every week, almost as if they're research projects. "But you end up as more than their orthopedist," he says in the stadium parking lot. "There's a depressing side to being injured. You're not relating to your friends, you're not contributing. There's nothing worse than athletes who can't play, especially when there's a big game coming up."

"Hi, Doc!" calls defensive end Michael Strahan as Warren bursts through the doors to the exam room. The assembled crowd shouts his name and clamors for a place in line. "They have to see me," he explains, "or they get fined $5,000." Offensive tackle Lomas Brown is the first to make it in. "Any pain, numbness?" asks Warren, prodding his lower back. "Nope." Next, the massive offensive tackle Luke Petitgout discusses his toes. Amani Toomer, who didn't practice that afternoon, offers his sprained left ankle for inspection. Tiki Barber takes a seat on the edge of the exam table as a swarm of specialists arrive to show Warren the custom-made titanium cast they've fashioned. "It's like airplane wings," says Warren, turning to check Barber's X-rays on the light box. "That's a lot of bone to lay down this quick," he says, impressed.

Warren heads up to the second floor for a closed-door meeting with Fassel and team trainer Ronnie Barnes, where they review the injury report and risky remedies like sending Sehorn—who tore that ACL the last time they tried this—to return punts instead of Barber and Toomer. "It's a fine line," says the doctor when he emerges. "A lot can be done in three days—swelling can go down—but you're always trying to protect the players."

Photographs: from top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Sylvia Plachy;Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.

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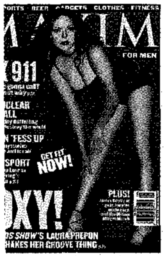
Talking Points

the unfamous Wenclas. Moody won't comment on his family finances, but Guggenheim Foundation president Joel Conarroe notes that selection for the awards is "absolutely need-blind . . . We then assign money according to the budget request that the person sends in." Grants are usually about $35,000. He wouldn't say how big Moody's check was, but observed that Wenclas "must really get upset about the MacArthur awards, which are half a million."

Maximum Investor

The just-released *Maxim* Holiday Buying Study revealed that 87 percent of the magazine's readers "are not apprehensive about an economic downturn." Furthermore, 62 percent say a recession won't affect them in the workplace, and 38 percent are still betting on stocks. So does this manly Pollyannaishness show that *Maxim* readers really are testosterone-sozzled dumbasses? "Nope, nope," says editor Keith Blanchard. "I got battered this year," he admits. "But the worst-case scenario is the crash of '87, where we have a correction and then six months later everything has worked itself out." Actually, it took five years—but *Temptation Island* should make this recession fly by.

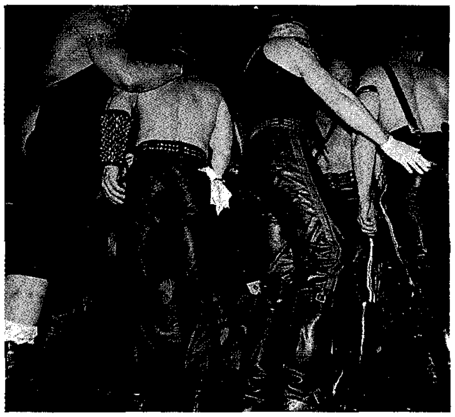


Fashion

Hide in Plain Sight

When the Gap commanded EVERYONE IN LEATHER!, we submitted—whether Spring Street glamour groupies ("They're Helmut"), East Village artists ("They're vintage"), or Upper West Side moms ("I'm a rock star!"). With hard-core leather clubs the Spike Bar and the Eagle closing their doors last year, the democratization of leather makes it difficult to remember a time when rawhide was the exclusive right of Hell's Angels, homosexuals, or unsettling hybrids of the two.

"I used to think the only people who could get away with leather were Jim Morrison and this foreign-exchange student in college who rolled his own cigarettes," says Liv Grey, a 35-year-old Flatiron-district mom. "Then I figured, if the Gap is selling them, I should be wearing them. After I had my baby, I thought, *Well, this will be my hip thing!* My girlfriends make fun of me, but, hell, the pants fit and they're great for cleaning—you just wipe them off."



Does the gay S&M community that started the trend feel cheated? A few representatives are found at the Lure, Manhattan's last standing gay men's leather bar. As beer-bellied daddies in leather caps smoke cigars and boys in leather chaps shoot pool, slaves in leather jockstraps furiously shine patrons' leather boots. Jerry, a sinewy, pale 66-year-old, growls, "How do I feel about leather pants being sold at the Gap? I don't shop at the Gap! Here's my Gap!" He roughly slaps his naked rump, prominently displayed in his leather chaps.

"I don't feel at all cheated," insists Michael, 33, decked out in a leather vest and matching pants. "Whether you're a mom or a motorcycle daddy, leather just makes you feel sexy. And I've yet to see an Upper West Side mom wearing a leather codpiece," he adds, "so there's still something left for us." DEREK DE KOFF

Publishing

Agent Provocateur

Keen publishing eyes have been watching William Morris for the past few months. There was the bloodletting in June and July, when the agency's 800-pound gorilla, Robert Gottlieb, rolled over a few of his young. "I'd prefer to call them departures," says international literary head Owen Laster. Gottlieb, notorious for his bullying behavior, had a 1995 stare-down with Random House's Alberto Vitale over rights to book text in CD-ROMS—a bruising battle that proved pointless. (Buy any good CD-ROMS lately?) In August, Gottlieb tried a repeat performance with Michael Ovitz after Ovitz signed Gottlieb's star client, Tom Clancy. "Mike Ovitz has put his company in an adversarial position," Gottlieb said in the *Times*. "I believe it is open season on him." But William Morris didn't back up the threat, and Gottlieb left in September. "He was not fired," says the agency's new president and co-CEO, Jim Wiatt. "His contract was up and he wanted to do something different." William Morris has just announced its acquisition of the Writers Shop, run by Virginia Barber (Peter Mayle's agent) and Jennifer Rudolph Walsh (Ethan Hawke's agent, pictured). The 33-year-old Walsh, whom Wiatt has installed in Gottlieb's former post, is widely recognized as brash ("I know I'm an acquired taste," she admits) and ambitious ("A dream of mine is to open an office in every single market around the world"). And she hints that her move will set off more industry instability. "There are people I've been watching for some time," she says of her plans to hire. "I am willing to tie my success or failure to them." MARION MANEKER

Maybe I was supposed to get Parkinson's.

Maybe the last 20 years were just a warm-up for this moment. After all, my career has given me a certain stature (even for a short guy). And people seem to pay attention when I speak. So listen to this: Of all the brain disorders, Parkinson's is the one that scientists truly believe may be closest to a cure. Yet it remains severely underfunded. In fact, with enough funding, they feel they can crack it within 10 years. And if they can cure Parkinson's, then similar diseases like Alzheimer's, Huntington's, and ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease) may not be far behind. You can help make that happen. Go to my Web site. Or call to make a donation. You have the power to wipe out this disease. To affect millions of lives. Okay, okay. I'll get off my soapbox now.

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Gentriflagration

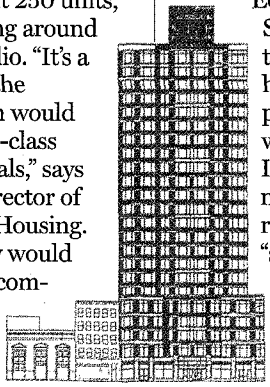
Katz's—meet Zabar's! Lower East Siders rally to fend off bourgeois blight in the form of a proposed Ludlow Street luxury high-rise.

"This neighborhood has been treated like a $2 whore," groused a knit-capped musician at a meeting of Community Board 3 just before Christmas. He was upset by Edison Properties' plan to build a 23-story apartment house on a parking lot at the corner of Ludlow Street and East Houston—right next to Katz's Delicatessen and hipster joints like Max Fish.

Even if the neighborhood's retail trade shifted some time ago from cheap luggage and street heroin to trust-funded boutiques, plans for the tower have rallied local activists. CB3 reversed an earlier vote favoring the project, citing issues including "secondary displacement"—the principle that once there's a doorman on the block, everyone's rent will go up. Locals also expressed concern with increased traffic and construction hazards posed by an F-train tunnel running a few feet below the lot.

Designed by Donald Trump's favorite architect, Costas Kondylis, the tower would have about 250 units, with rents starting around $1,800 for a studio. "It's a good guess that the people moving in would be upper-middle-class white professionals," says Jenny Laurie, director of Met Council on Housing. She believes they would overwhelm the "commercial-residential low-rise minority neighborhood." Even if they already party there on weekends.

Edison will go before the city's Board of Standards and Appeals on January 23 to ask to be allowed to squeeze through a zoning loophole that allows area commercial structures to be twice as big as residential ones. (Without the variance, it would be only thirteen stories.) CB3's Lisa Kaplan says that the loophole was created in the sixties to "keep the Jewish shopping-and-commercial district alive." Kaplan says two other developers have also applied for density variances.



Edison's Douglas Sarini explains that the city needs more housing, and that 20 percent of the tower will be "low-income." Laurie thinks that's not enough, but can't recall a time when "secondary displacement" ever stopped a project.

LISSA T. RODGERS

Big Deals

Upper West Side

133 West 69th Street

6-bed, 4-bath, approximately 6,000-square-foot townhouse. Ask: $4.5 million. Sell: $4.3 million. Two months on market.

Douglas Elliman's Marjorie Magid had no problem finding interested buyers for this brownstone—the problem was convincing the owner to sell. Miki Henry, the owner, first contacted Magid about selling the house more than two years ago, "But it was a long time before she was ready to leave," Magid says. Henry bought the house in 1969 with her late husband, Don, and they used the ground floor as the headquarters of their harp-music-publishing company, Lyra Music. Magid found Henry a smaller apartment in the Ansonia; Lyra's relocating to 60th and Broadway.

Sutton Place

425 East 58th Street

3 bed, 4 ½-bath, 2,800-square-foot co-op. Ask: $2.6 million. Sell: $2.4 million. Maintenance: $3,654. Four months on market.

Sometimes you *can* go home again. In 1988, Leroy Schecter, CEO of Marino Ware Industries, sold his apartment at the Sovereign to move to New Jersey. When Schecter, now 73, eventually tired of Jersey, his thoughts turned to his old building, and he called up Charles H. Greenthal & Co.'s Jessica Ushan, the on-site broker, to see if there were any vacancies. Sure, she said, 25H—his old place!—was available. Schecter immediately made an offer, which was accepted. There was just one catch: He paid about a million dollars more than what he sold the place for twelve years ago.

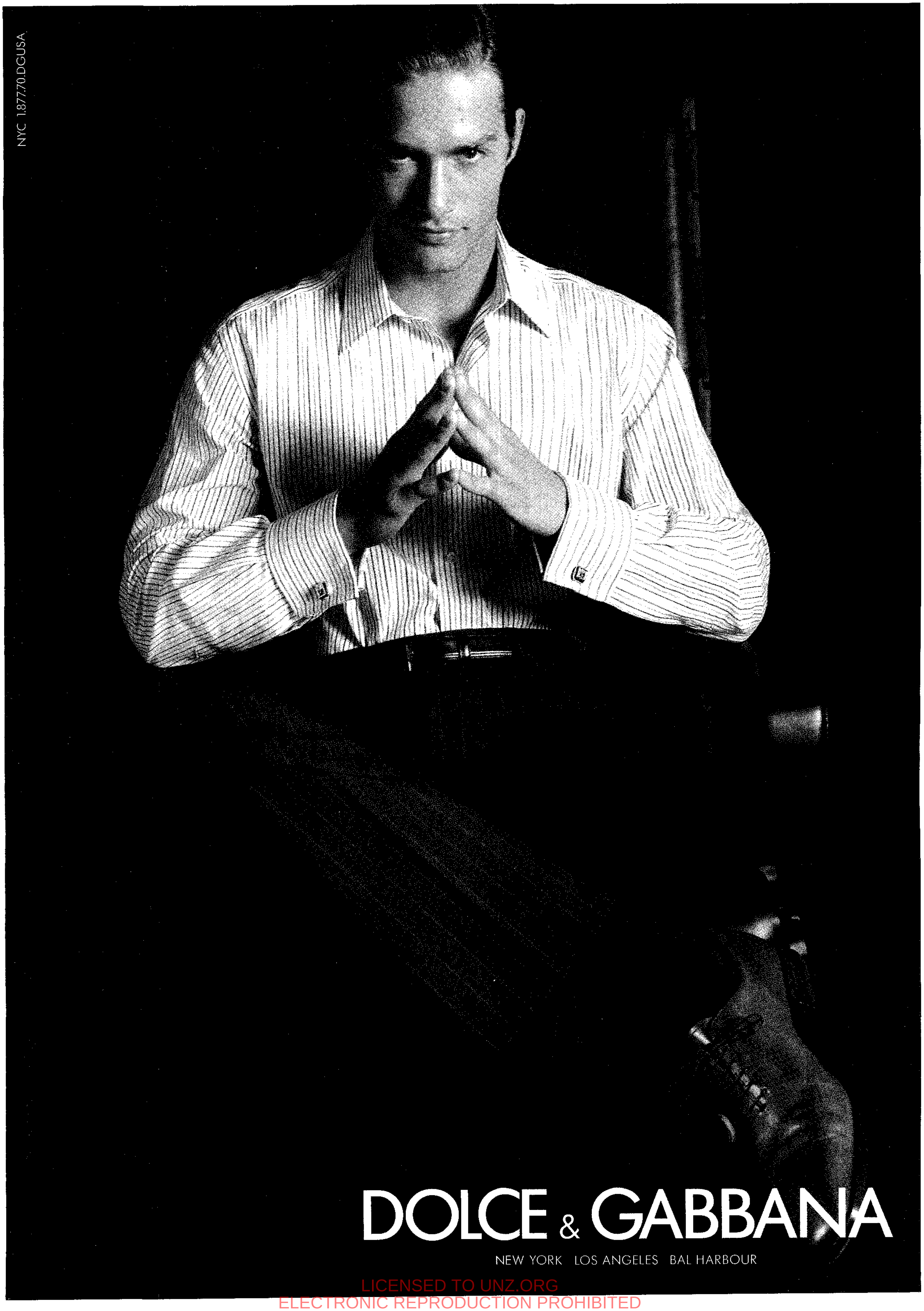
EMILY GITTER

On the Move

Cottage Industry

Back in 1999, Wasserstein Perella president **Fred Seegal** snubbed Jerry Seinfeld's $14.5 million bid for his East Hampton spread in favor of Helmut Lang. Seegal later bailed on New York entirely and moved to San Francisco, where he's been busy merging foundering dot-coms. Now he's returning to the Hamptons. He's buying lawyer Michael Kennedy's guest house on the ocean in Wainscott through Prudential for a price said to be $6.5 million. It's a combo of a cottage (dragged there some years back to house the widow of the former owner of the big house) and a two-bedroom barn and a garage that were added later. Donald and Ivana Trump rented the complex for a while, before Kennedy was Ivana's divorce lawyer. "The original cottage is very small and cute," says broker Tina Fredericks.

Photographs: top, Sean Hemmerle; bottom, Jay Gullixson.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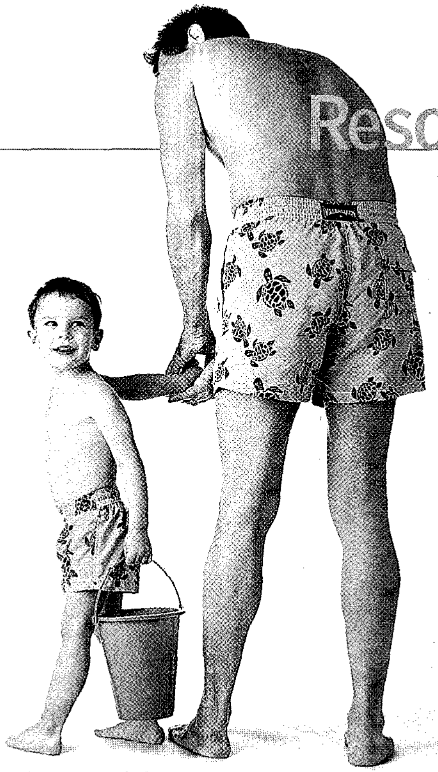
Style AMY LAROCCA

Resort Edition

The Tide Is High

The whole hemline question is supposed to be over. Obsolete. We're meant to have all these choices. But suddenly . . . resort . . . spring . . . everything's mini! "Right," confirms Bergdorf Goodman fashion director James Aguiar. "It's all about the rising hemline." "The mini is so great," promise happy retailer Stefani Greenfield, whose Scoop boutiques have already sold out of twill Katayone Adeli minis in khaki and navy ($136; 1275 Third Avenue, 212-535-5577; and 532 Broadway, 212-925-2886). Marc Jacobs's Marc line is heavy on minis—choppy, tiny denim ones ($98 at Intermix, 1003 Madison Avenue; 212-249-7858), and Oscar de la Renta has revived that perennial teensy favorite: the tennis skirt. "*I* think where it looks best is just above the knee," cautions Aguiar. "If you've got great legs and a youthful quality, you can go as short as you want. Otherwise . . ." A.L.

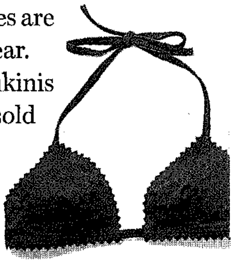


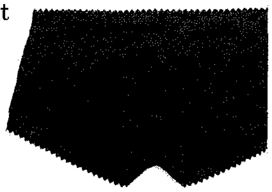
The Buddy System

That whole mother-daughter thing conjures images of dowdy Laura Ashley jumpers, but now it's the boys' turn, and masculine matchy-match turns out to be a lot more eye-popping. Vilebrequin father-son trunks come in delirious prints like juicy kiwis, pink paisley, or snapping turtles. "They're not," says Jeffrey Morris, a banker who buys them, "the type of designs you see on every other fellow on the beach." They're selling out at the St. Tropez line's New York shops (boys' sizes $37–$58, men's $100–$135; 1070 Madison Avenue, 212-431-0673; and 436 West Broadway, 212-650-0353). "They make it easy to find your son in a crowd," adds Morris. Even Guy Ritchie, who shouldn't have that problem, shares pairs with baby Rocco—they got the orange elephants. A.L.

Suit Alors!

You don't have to be a Francophile to admit that French people are just far less weird than Americans when it comes to naked bodies. That might be why Eres, a Parisian lingerie-and-swimwear company that recently opened a shop at 621 Madison Avenue, is where all the off-to-St. Barts types are heading for swimwear. For one thing, the bikinis (around $200) are sold as separates—naturally, if one is Riviera-bound, one can always discard those pesky tops—and available in a range of cup sizes. The sleek tanks ($150–$300) are made from superlightweight parachute material or cut with zigzaggy laser-pinked edges. There are Tom Ford–ified deep Vs, and bombshell boy-cut bottoms. Of course, if you're still feeling American, there are pareos ($100–$250) and jumpsuits and slinky cover-up dresses. That odd French cellulite cream, however, you'll have to pick up elsewhere. A.L.



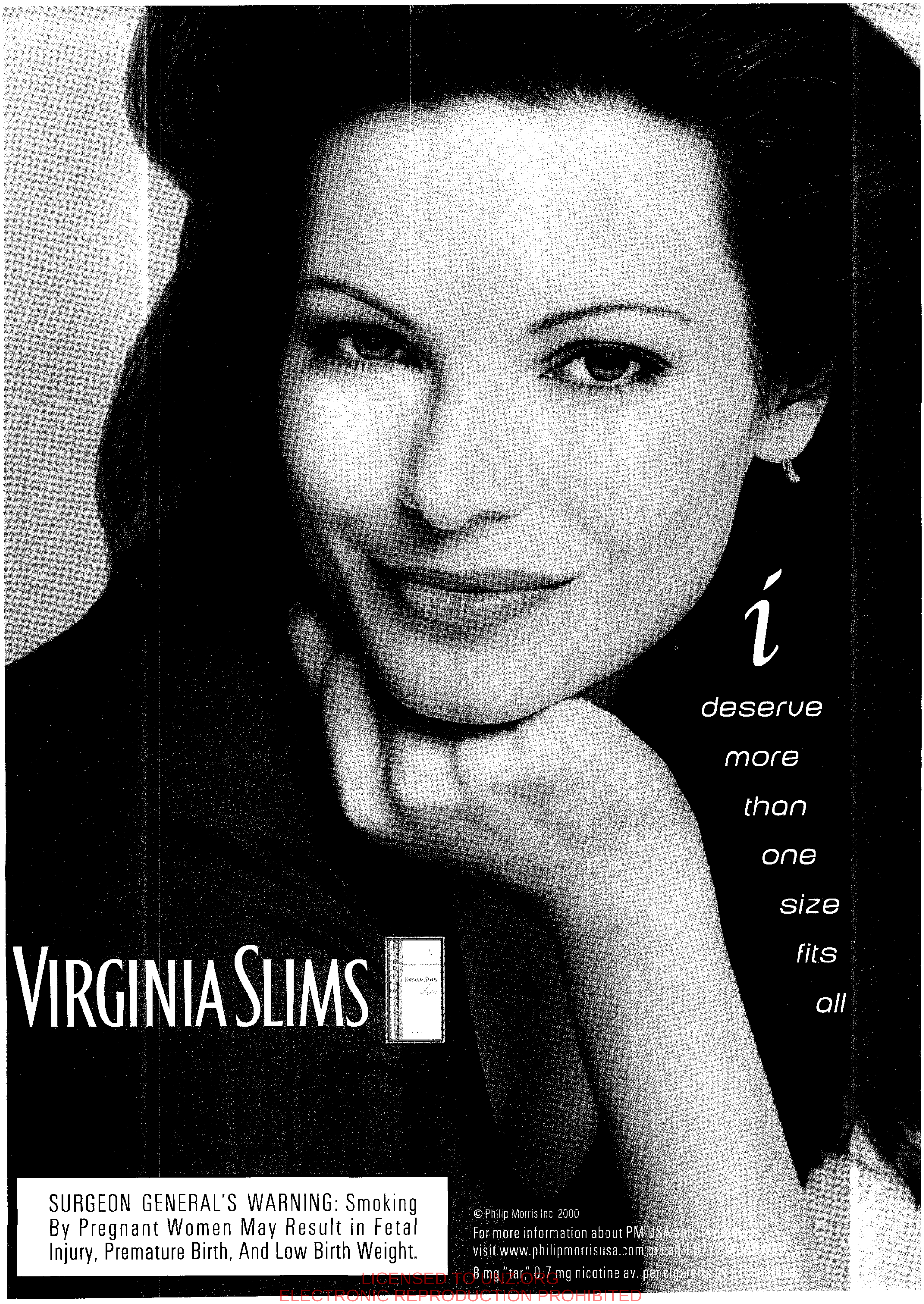


Smart Set

Michelle Riley and Rochelle Relyea

Models, like dancers and pop bands, have a short shelf life. Those who are more enterprising but haven't yet achieved spokesperson status begin searching for options when they hit their late twenties. So when Miami-based Elite girls Michelle Riley (left) and Rochelle Relyea turned 30, they were prepared. The two found a thirties bungalow and converted it into Il Paradiso (305-672-2600), a cozy day spa on Alton Road in South Beach, with homey décor, cushy couches, and the feel of a friend's living room. "We went to Home Depot and drywalled and plastered it ourselves," says Riley, who still does some modeling work with Florida agency Irene Marie. Though Miami has plenty of resort spas, Il Paradiso is one of the area's only intimate spots, and word has already spread among fellow models and bookers. "We get those girls in their twenties with flawless skin," Riley says with a laugh. "They get a tiny wrinkle and want to sandblast themselves." BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Photographs: clockwise from top left, AP Wideworld; Andrew McCaul (2); Brian Smith; Karen Pearson.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THIS MEDIA LIFE **Michael Wolff**

The Great Pretender

To the blinkered Washington press corps, this inauguration is just politics as usual. Does a man who won the election on a technicality really deserve a free ride?

YOU COULD CALL THIS THE TONE ISSUE.

The celebratory approach—new faces, new jobs, new beginnings, etc.—that greets most incoming administrations is generally out: Few reporters are that tone-deaf (although the inaugural stuff may change this). But resentment—for instance, the kind that greeted Richard Nixon upon his first inauguration, and snowballed into Watergate upon his second—seems also under wraps, regarded as too obvious or in bad taste.

Nobody, except Maureen Dowd, is suggesting that there's something unspeakable in the middle of the table, and her mutterings, with their obsessive, crazy-lady quality, make reporters shrink even farther from the horrible thing.

"Get over it" is what everyone is saying.

The tone, lacking celebration or contempt, has fallen into some limbo. It has a flat affect. The playing field has been leveled. Everyone is treated the same: the competent and incompetent, the legitimately elected and questionably elected. There's an effort, possibly even a well-meaning one, to pretend nothing exceptional or out of the ordinary has taken place. It's politics as usual.

The conventional view (the media view of the Washington media) that makes political reporters out to be outsiders and cynical types is almost entirely false; it's the view of another era (a Nixonian era). Political reporters, especially the day-to-day recorders of official Washington developments and events, are protective of Washington.

You would not, for instance, get much buy-in to the notion that this—the inauguration of a usurper—is a really wigged-out, psychically destabilizing situation.

The New York Times Magazine assembles its Bush Years issue just as it would have its Gore Years package.

Even if the election was usurped, which many people in Washington accept, that does not mean you change the way you think about Washington and the way you cover the government. Nobody would take you too seriously if you proposed that an electoral crisis has now led to a perceptual crisis.

ALISON MITCHELL, WHO LATELY HAS BEEN commuting between Austin and Washington, is one of the senior people in the *Times* Washington bureau. She has an old-fashioned reporter's bearing and seems to be highly thought of at the *Times* and in Washington circles. She's all nerves, all concentration, waiting for the details—phone, computer, news releases. She vibrates impatience. No time to think. No time to analyze. Those are indulgences.

Mitchell recently got the job of writing the *Times'* principal appraisal of the Bush Cabinet selection, a story I have been puzzling over for the past week.

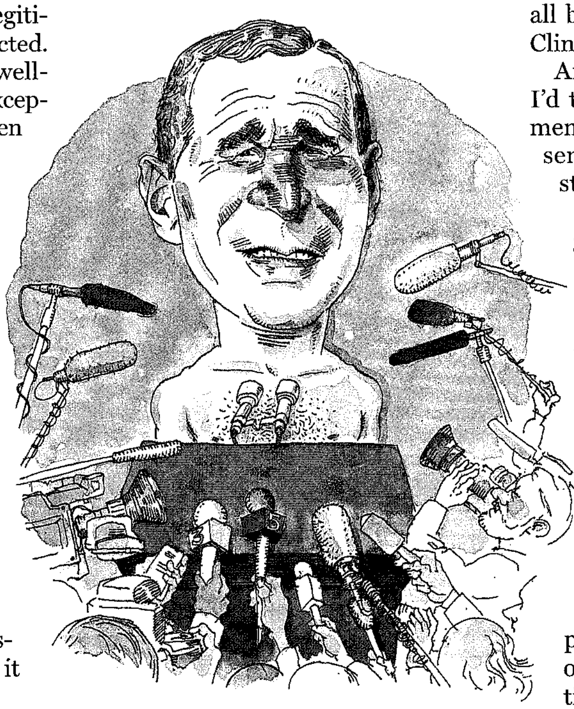


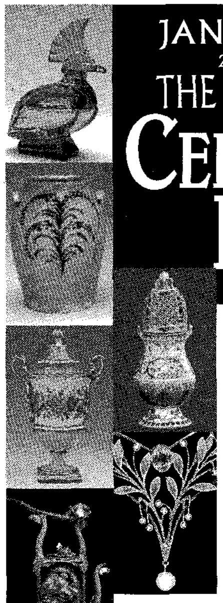
Illustration by Joe Ciardiello.

Most people, I figured as I tried to deconstruct her analysis, at least most people outside of Washington, might assume the challenge in a story like this would be to portray the oddness of the new Cabinet, its time-warp quality—how retro it seems. Or even, depending on how far you want to push it, that Bush's picks represented some purposeful misreading of national sentiment (indeed, if you were so inclined, you could call it the second stage of the usurpation). In other words, instead of using the Cabinet selection to acknowledge that his election is problematic (i.e., let's not pretend we don't have a very messy situation on our hands), he rounds up a country-club crew of right-wingers, as though he were a true landslide Republican. Indeed, his choices suggest that he sees the Clintons as the usurpers and now it's time to put it all back again just as it was before the Clintons wrongfully took it.

Anyway, whatever your perspective, I'd think that if you drew this assignment you'd clearly want to deal with the sense that there's weird, disjointed stuff going on.

Mitchell, however, seemed to regard her challenge as how to transcend the weirdness. She seemed to be looking for some sort of literal basis on which to take these people in this new government at their word. I suppose you could almost understand it as an ordinary kind of office or social situation: the need to treat these people with respect, together with the great difficulty of doing just that. It's a dinner-party dilemma.

What is, of course, most evident to the naked eye about the new Bush people, before you even get to the ideological bent, is that many are of retirement age, several have not worked



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in a generation, and virtually all are attached, professionally and, one might assume, emotionally, to other, rather long-ago political eras. Indeed, while they have a definite corporate cast, few would be viable candidates in any competitive CEO search. Even Colin Powell, a man of past accomplishments, has not had a job in almost ten years. Donald Rumsfeld—"Rummy"—once a fire-eating hotshot, has not held a big job in 25 years. They appear to be a group of men and women determined to pick up where they left off without much regard for any changes that might have happened in the interim to society or to their own biorhythms.

Mitchell leads, however, in her news analysis, with a description of their ethnic diversity (of course, they might be technically diverse while still being startlingly homogenized). She describes these relative cookie-cutter types as showcasing "the breadth of the conservative movement." She proposes that the Bush choices answer "one of the most tantalizing questions of the campaign: Just what will 'compassionate conservatism' be in practice?," quoting Bush advisers as saying the Cabinet selection demonstrates that it means "Republican synthesis." Indeed, the words that creep up in Mitchell's story—*diversity, inclusion, balance*—begin to defy definition. Then there is Gale A. Norton, the nominee for Interior secretary, who, while "a staunch advocate of property rights" and "a protégée of James G. Watt," certainly the most antagonistic figure ever to head the Interior Department, may, according to Mitchell, "prove less doctrinaire than some expect."

IT ODDLY FOLLOWS FROM THIS AFFECTlessness, or willful obtuseness, that Linda Chavez gets the boot ("I can read the tea leaves"). One side, aided by a resolutely literal, procedural press (okay . . . an immigrant in the attic . . . bingo!), attacks the low-hanging fruit of the other side. It helps, too, that this story has already been written once before.

Whereas the newer and surely more interesting story, which is *Who are these people and by what right are they here?*, is a long way from being told.

I am even starting to think of John Ashcroft with some pity. He will become the issue instead of the other, rawer thing. The elephant in the room isn't a set of unreconstructed southern views but that we have a disputed government.

For stalwarts and would-be players in the Washington business, however, that is not an acceptable topic of conversation. "The healing process" (whatever that is) is what you have to talk about. (Even in private, people talk about the healing process—only the rude and obsessed talk about the illegitimacy thing.)

Gore himself seems to feel he has to make manful, self-deprecating jokes about having his election stolen. (It's Clinton who's making the pointed digs.)

Obviously, there are reasons Alison Mitchell does not want to appear to be snarky. Everyone in Washington has to work with everyone else—they are all collaborators (in either sense of the word). That means following your mother's advice and *trying* to find reasons to like them. I would wager, too, there's an unstated policy at the *Times* and many other serious papers that goes something like "Let's not go out of our way to cast doubt on the legitimacy of this inauguration." Then I think there is also a strong sense in Washington that polls will shortly confirm a relative degree of sanguineness in the nation. (Last week, *USA Today* found 60-some-odd percent of the nation feeling good about the transition.) The country, I am assured, is not much bothered by what it sees so far of the Bushes.

But then there is, I think, a further resistance, a deeper difficulty.

Assuming things are really cockeyed, how do you express it? I mean without being a bore or a crank. A crime, an irregularity, any various allegations, if they are manifested through the proper channels, all right. But how do you deal with what you can't quite acknowledge has happened—even though everyone knows what has happened? Here's an absolutely novel circumstance—a tainted American presidential election—and there is no language with which to express it.

"The newer, and surely more interesting story, which is **Who are these people and by what right are they here?**, is a long way from being told."

The New York *Times* can't call the president a pretender or usurper—no more than it could say Bill Clinton fucked Gennifer Flowers, even though every reporter knew he had.

"Do you want us to say he's not the president? He is the president," Mitchell said irritably when I inquired about all this. "There's no other way to look at it."

"But the emperor's new clothes—"

"That's ridiculous. I'm sorry, that's entirely ridiculous."

"What I'm trying to get at is the situation in which we feel that things are off, that everyone's pretending, that—"

"Fifty percent of the country voted for Bush for president, so I assume at least 50 percent of the country is happy that he is president."

"But still, people know he might not be president."

"Well, he is president. Or he will be."

"When you wrote about the Cabinet selection, here, too, there's no sense of—I mean, you seem to be playing this so straight. No shades of the peculiar. I mean, these people—Powell, Rumsfeld, Norton, Chavez—they're so . . . been there."

"We've said in other stories that many of these people are from past Republican administrations. So?"

"But, for instance, the ethnic diversity which you emphasize—"

"They *are* diverse."

"Well, they're not really diverse."

"I completely disagree. They are. If Bill Clinton got credit for having a diverse administration—"

"It just seems to me that you are willing to take these people on face value. You take them very seriously."

"Well, yes. I do take them very seriously. They'll be running the country."

"They won't be running the country, actually. They'll be involved with various administration functions with regard to running the government."

"Whatever."

"What I'm trying to get at—just the strangeness of it all, of being able to communicate that this is different. The cognitive dissonance. That we've never had something like this, never had such an awkward situation. Don't you feel that this is a weird moment?"

"Not particularly."

"Is there a possibility you have a Washington-centric point of view?"

"Well, you have a New York point of view. Listen, I would like to help you, but . . ."

You could start to think that Alison Mitchell sounds perfectly reasonable. ■

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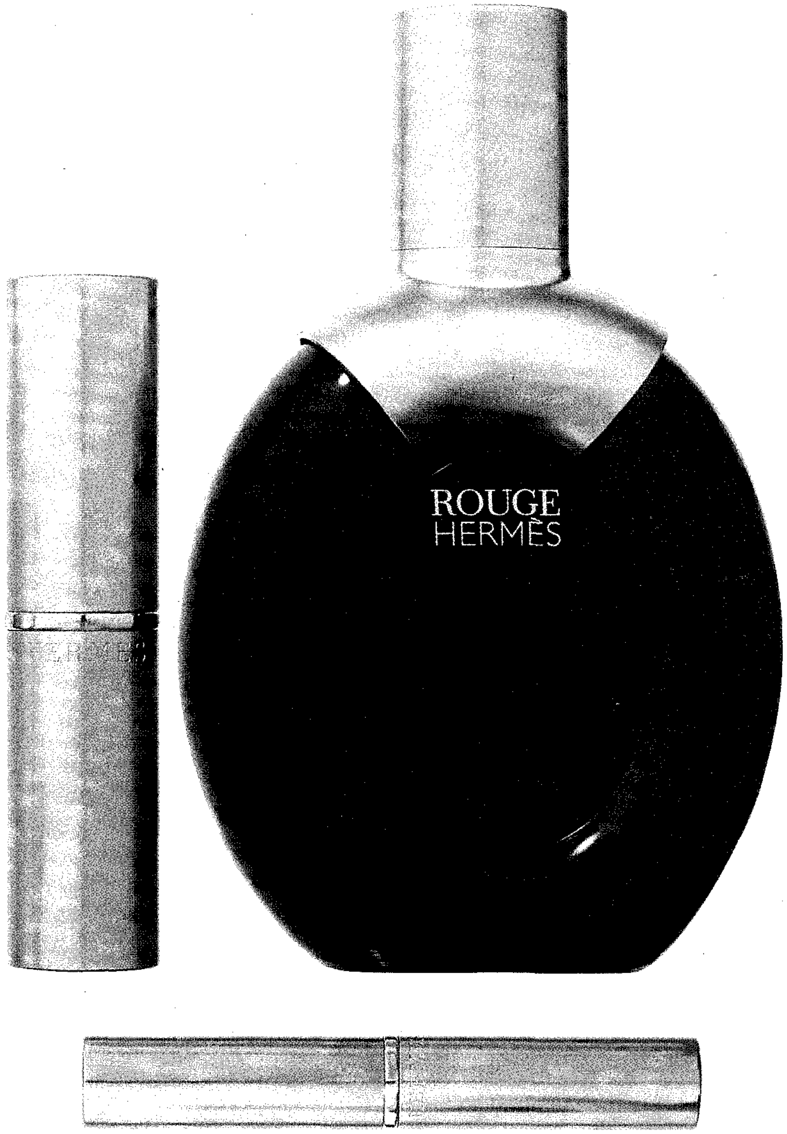

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Maer Roshan POSTSCRIPT

Dana Does Detention

While Dana Giacchetto pens poetry and pumps iron in jail—awaiting sentencing this week—his fiancée is storing his Prada suits and dreaming of their wedding.

ALLEGRA BROSCO WAS NOT THE SORT OF woman who had ever imagined herself married to a convict. Still, when Dana Giacchetto suddenly popped the question last August, during her weekly jailhouse visit, Brosco pondered for just a few minutes before saying yes.

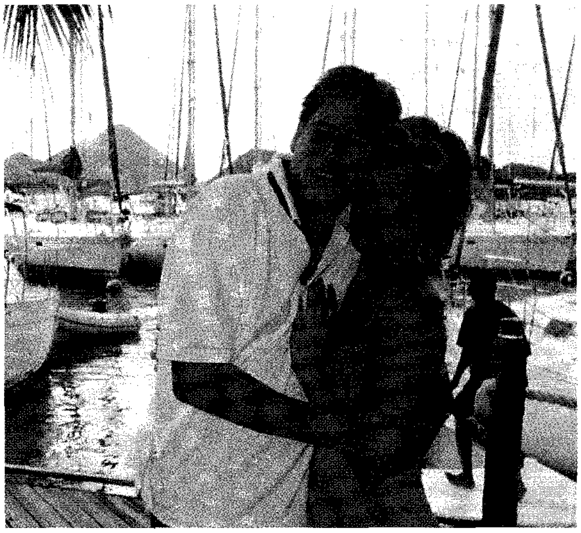
It was, she admits, an inauspicious debut to a lifelong commitment, but in her retelling it seems dangerous and romantic—like a scene from a Brontë novel. "There was a guard who was watching to make sure we didn't get too close," she remembers. "And all around us these sad, tired people. I didn't want to get tossed out, so we just pressed our foreheads together and cried." When he proposed, they had been a couple for eleven months.

During that time, Giacchetto, the manic, starstruck money manager, pleaded guilty to one count of fraud. Due to be sentenced on January 17, he faces 46 to 57 months in jail. The couple initially resolved to marry in prison, a plan they've since reconsidered. "Both our parents were against it," Brosco explains. "And we've caused them enough pain already."

THERE HAS BEEN, AMID THE TORRENT OF press documenting the fall of Dana Giacchetto, little mention of Allegra Brosco, the 32-year-old woman who had the closest view of his spectacular flameout and stuck around to help clean up the mess. When they began dating, Giacchetto was at the top of his game, a millionaire investment whiz and offbeat guru to an adoring flock of movie stars, musicians, and media types. As head of the $100 million Cassandra Group, he spent his days managing funds for clients like Leonardo DiCaprio, Q-Tip, and Michael Stipe, his nights picking up their tabs at Moomba and Lot 61.

Disarmingly down-to-earth and unfussily attractive, Brosco seemed out of place among the glossy starlets and socialites in Giacchetto's orbit. She'd moved to New York four years earlier, following a brief marriage to a Boston doctor, determined to become a film producer. She worked as a personal assistant to Ted Hope, co-founder of indie production company Good Machine, and lived for three years with a promising young filmmaker in TriBeCa.

In the fall of '99, bored with her life and her boyfriend, she called Dana, whom she'd met years earlier, and asked him for a job. Romance, she says, was not on her mind. "I knew all about Dana," she says. "I didn't want to be balanced between a supermodel and a movie star." But Giacchetto pursued her with typical zeal and eventually won her over, though friends were surprised by his ardor. "Dana was like a child," explains one, "always reaching for the shiniest object in the room, but Allegra wasn't like that at all. She was always at his side, but never really engaged. She just seemed mesmerized by his life."



Before the crash: Giacchetto with Allegra Brosco in St. Thomas, above, and at a party for George Condo, opposite.

Barely a month into the relationship, Giacchetto's partners had tossed him out of the $100 million venture-capital firm they had started with Chase Manhattan; his best friend, agent Jay Moloney, had hung himself; the SEC had begun an investigation; and dozens of anxious clients were pressing him to return their money. Giacchetto seemed oddly detached from his growing woes. "We went on walks, we watched movies, he didn't want to talk about business," Brosco says. "We were too busy falling in love."

But by the time she moved into his Prince Street loft in November, the situation had become too dire to ignore. She returned home one afternoon to find Dana sobbing uncontrollably on the phone with DiCaprio's mother, begging her to persuade Leo not to leave him. ("Losing Leo was like losing a brother," Allegra says.) The same month, the FBI launched an early-morning raid on his home and downstairs office, carting boxes of bills and documents while she watched in her nightgown. She was also there, alone, when the agents returned at 5 A.M. six weeks later with a warrant for Dana's arrest. They spent twenty minutes searching the apartment for Giacchetto, who was flying back from a trip to Tokyo. Brosco picked him up that night at the airport, and he surrendered the next morning.

He was charged with looting upwards of $9 million in funds belonging to clients. Prosecutors claimed he was using investors' funds as a personal slush pile, moving money in and out of various accounts to mask his losses and to finance his lavish lifestyle. He and his pals ran up an $80,000 bill on a weeklong stay at the Chateau Marmont. Another $12,000 went to help purchase a car for his sometime security guard and close friend, a handsome NYPD cop. With Dana's help, some of his clients succeeded in getting back their

Photographs: left, courtesy of Allegra Brosco; right, Patrick McMullan.

money. Other clients, especially the less celebrated ones, were left holding the bag.

GIACCHETTO'S ELDERLY PARENTS PAID HIS bail by mortgaging their house, but their son's freedom was short-lived. On April 9, he violated terms of his release by flying without warning to Las Vegas. Brosco says he headed out West to "clear his head and make a few deals." He returned clutching a briefcase stuffed with 80 first-class airline tickets, $4,000 in small bills, and a clumsily doctored passport that had long since expired. Drunk and incoherent, he was arrested and confined to an isolation cell at the Metropolitan Correctional Center, which he later described to friends as "the VIP room of jail."

Giacchetto's troubles filled Brosco with new purpose, and she devoted herself full-time to his redemption: helping him find a lawyer, raising money for his defense, calling up his old friends to plead for their support. She has not always been successful. "I couldn't believe the gall," says the recipient of one such call. "I told her I already gave at the office."

"Brosco claims that Giacchetto, who traveled constantly, always stockpiled airline tickets so he could have them readily available. She has a little more difficulty **explaining the doctored passport."**

Brosco is not unaware of the frustration she inspires. "Most people who read this will think I'm either desperate or crazy," she admits matter-of-factly. It's a frosty winter evening, and a shivering Brosco is nursing a vodka on the patio of a SoHo restaurant, where we have retreated to elude eavesdropping diners inside. Jobless for months after Dana's arrest, she now lives with a roommate in a cramped one-bedroom on Cleveland Place and supports herself doing temp work.

GIACCHETTO IS CURRENTLY INCARCERATED IN a dormitory at the Metropolitan Detention Center in downtown Brooklyn, the third facility he's occupied since his arrest. He sleeps in a bunk bed in a room with about 200 other inmates, rises each morning at six, eats dinner at five, and must be in his bunk by eleven. To occupy his time, he reads, plays Scrabble, listens to the radio, and writes long poems to his fiancée and his prominent lawyer, Ronald Fischetti.

The once-plump moneyman works out three times a day, bulking up as he's shed twenty pounds. As part of his "spiritual transformation," says Brosco, he reads from the Gospels at services each Sunday and works the pay phone trying to make amends. Not long ago, she says, he waited in line nearly two hours to call Michael Ovitz, whose receptionist refused to take the call. He has also sent dozens of letters to former clients, asking for their help and forgiveness. Most have gone unanswered.

Early on, there were rumors that the high-profile, effete prisoner had been assaulted by other inmates, but Brosco denies this. "He just tries to keep to himself," she says. Since his arrest, Giacchetto has declined all interview requests, including entreaties from Barbara Walters and *60 Minutes*. But he still keeps up with his press. "He knows when he's in the paper before I do," says Brosco, who adds that Dana tries not to dwell on the past. Once, while strolling though the prison yard during a stint upstate in Otisville, Giacchetto spotted his old friend Johnny Depp, there to research a movie. "The old Dana would have fallen over himself to get to him," says Brosco. The new Dana walked sheepishly the other way.

Brosco insists that hubris, not greed, caused Giacchetto's downfall. "I'm not here to tell you he's innocent. I'm not stupid," she says. "Dana pleaded guilty. He's *sorry*. He knows he fucked up, and so do I. But money was never his god. He *could* be a sycophant and a star-fucker, so desperate not to disappoint anybody that when things got bad, he took money out of his *own* account to pay people off. When Dana invested in Iridium and Iridium went bad, his clients came to him and said, 'Give me my money back.' And the dumb-ass, instead of saying, *You know what? I fucked up, it was a bad investment,* he paid them back!"

The problems at Cassandra were exacerbated, Brosco admits, by Dana's frenetic socializing: "Some nights we'd be hanging out quietly alone, it would be like four o'clock in the morning, and the doorbell would ring, and in would come fifteen people." Drugs were an inevitable part of that scene, though Brosco claims Giacchetto's taste ran to alcohol and tranquilizers rather than to club drugs or cocaine. "People were doing whatever their recreational drug was. And that was part of his demise. All the money and fame and partying made him lose his center."

WHEN HE WAS FIRST ARRESTED, A FEW friends, like Alanis Morissette, rallied around him. But his bizarre Las Vegas high jinks scared off even his most die-hard fans. At a subsequent bail hearing, Dana, cuffed and clad in his prison jumpsuit, tearfully denied he intended to flee, but Brosco claims his lawyer at the time, Andrew Levander, privately denounced him as a liar and asked to be let off the case. "He basically left him for dead," she says bitterly. ("Under the canon of ethics," Levander responds, "I cannot comment on my dealings with Mr. Giacchetto.")

Brosco also claims that Giacchetto, who traveled constantly, always stockpiled airline tickets so he could have them readily on hand. (Others speculate that the one-time millionaire, chafing at his imposed $100-a-day allowance, hoped to trade in the tickets for $40,000 in cash.) She has a little more difficulty explaining the doctored passport. "The only speculation I can make is that he was fucked up drinking, taking prescription drugs, under unbelievable pressure, and he just cracked," she says. "His parents, who aren't wealthy, put up their house. Dana would never fuck them over like that. He would never have done that to *me*."

Prosecutors charged that Giacchetto planned to elope with Brosco to Italy, a scenario she doesn't deny. "Dana called me and said, 'I just bought two first-class tickets to Rome. Do you mind getting married in Rome?' " she recalls. "And I said, 'Of course, I'd love to. But Dana, you have a bit of a passport problem.' And he started to laugh and he said, 'I know. But isn't it a *(Continued on page 113)*

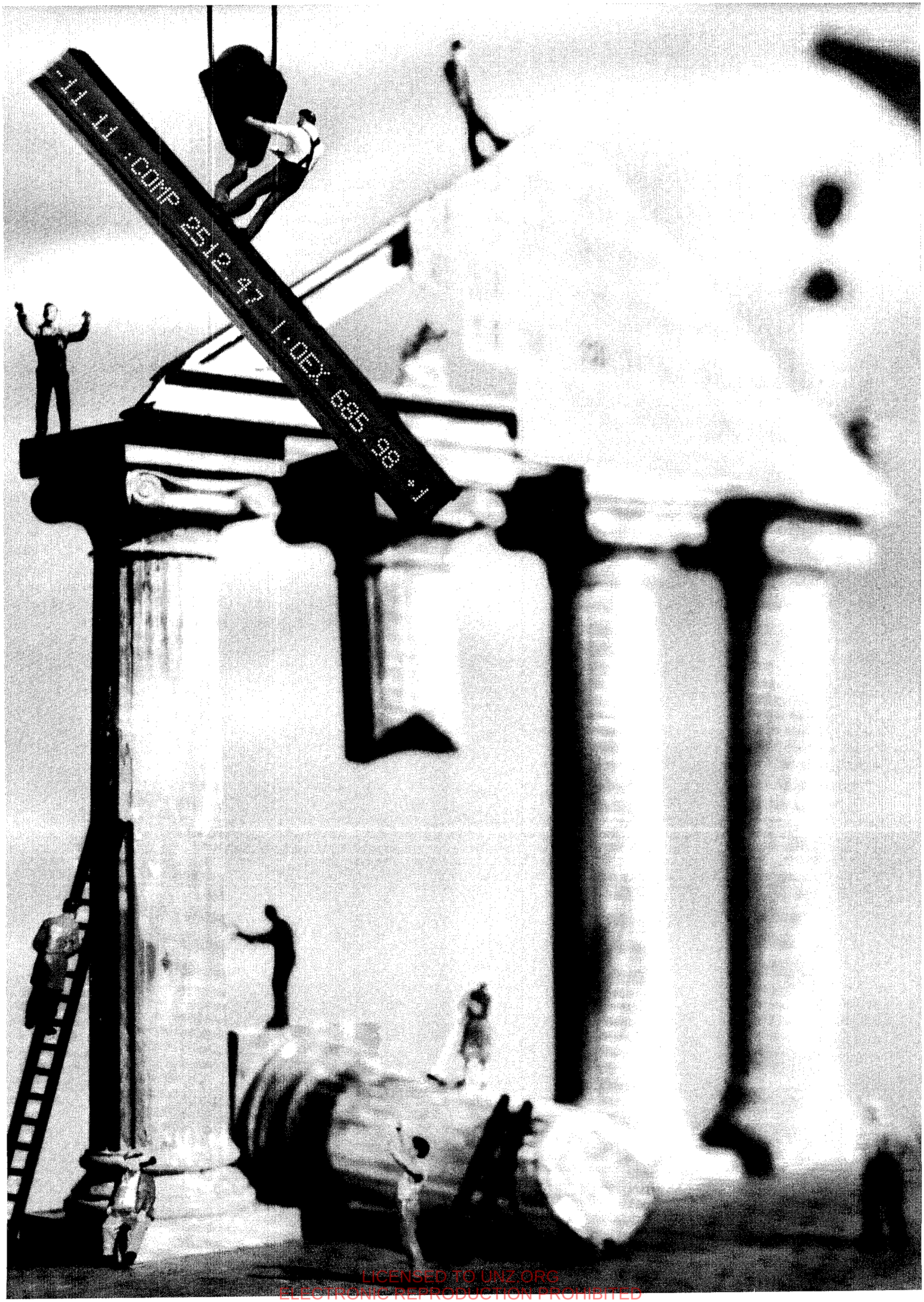
2001 FINANCIAL SURVIVAL GUIDE

Quit moping about last year's stock market meltdown. **That's ancient history.** The time to get on with the rest of your investing life is **right now!**

REBUILD TO LAST

BY JAMES J. CRAMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN WEBSTER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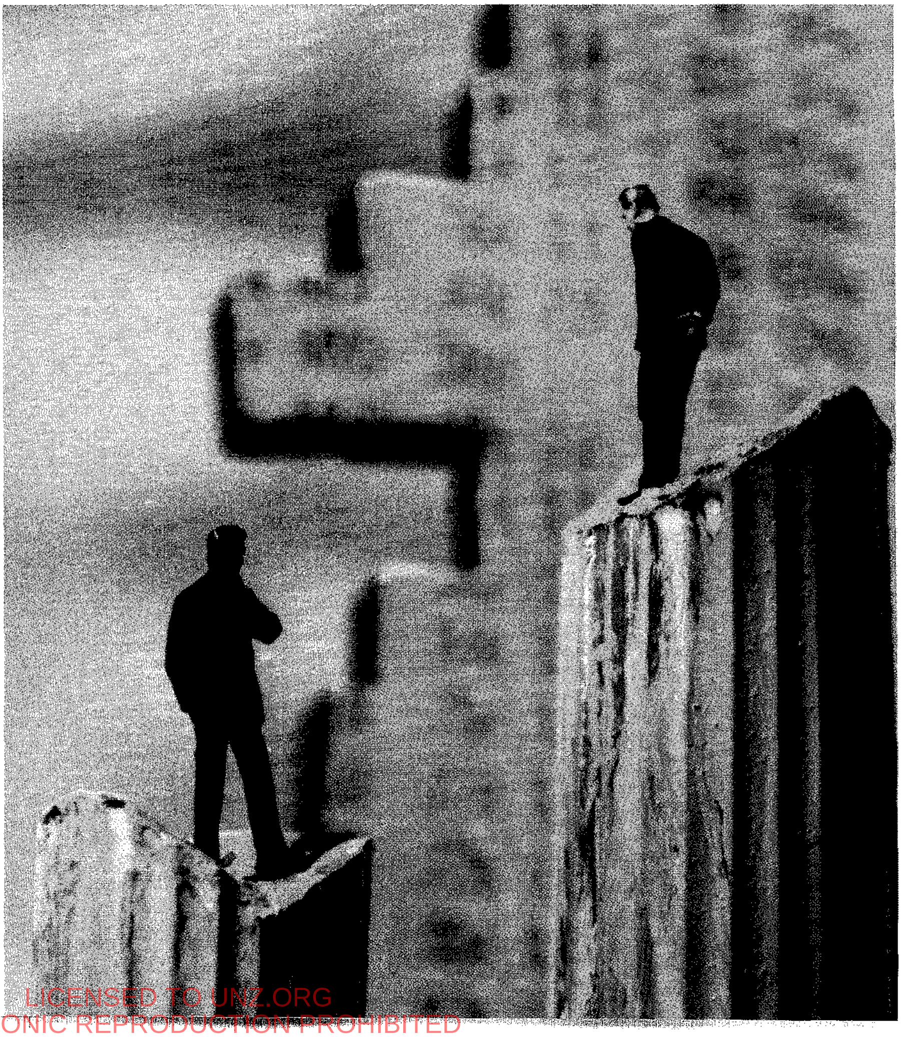
MOST PEOPLE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM. They thought they would be safe in Intel. They thought they could hide in Cisco. They didn't think the granite wall of Microsoft would ever crack below 100, let alone crumble to 90, 80, 70, 60, 50, or—this isn't happening!—40 measly dollars per share! The prudent among us didn't traffic in shooting stars like Scient or Viant or Internet Capital Group, bits and flashes of light that arced long enough to attract and destroy *tons* of capital. You and I owned the good ones, the solid, long-lasting blue-chip tech, those wonder companies that beat the estimates effortlessly. We bought only the trusted techies that *never* go down. We thought these stocks were growth annuities that one could buy and forget about, and total up all the gains at year's end. • Wrong! • Now, as we reflect on the miserable year past, where all the averages dropped single digits, except that mangy Nazzdog, which shed almost 40 percent of its value, we are waking up to the idea that any stock, but particularly any technology stock, has a tremendous amount of risk to it. We are discovering that diversification does not mean buying Compaq and Intel and Sun Micro! Those three turned out to be joined at their sagging hips. On New Year's Day, it finally dawned on too many people that they may not have been such stock-market geniuses after all. That they were simply *bull-market players*, that derisive term we professionals apply to jokers who lose more in bad times than they ever make in the good years.

To which I say, relax. Now that I've retired from managing a hedge fund, where I could trade in and out of a stock in seconds if I didn't like the way it drooped on my screen, I am in the same private-investor lifeboat as everyone else. I now have the same longer-term time horizon as you should have.

My new job, finding stocks and, instead of trading them, *owning* them, challenges me far more than I thought it would. It forces me to think about what will happen to companies three or four more Fed eases down the road. For example, now that the Fed has started letting up on the brakes, it is time to buy the stocks of companies that directly benefit from the lowering of rates: banks, savings-and-loans, and brokerages. And when the Fed really puts its foot on the gas, cutting rates faster and faster, you have to gravitate toward what is known in my business as deep cyclicals—i.e., companies that start doing well after the economy goes into high gear. That's when you want to be in the paper and chemical stocks, and even the metals. I have to think that far out into the future now, and I'm psyched.

I do so with some degree of contrition, though. From 1996 until the spring of 2000, a tremendous number of you wanted to be me, the gunslinging fund manager, shooting in and out of stocks on a moment's notice. But when stocks crashed in April, I *stopped* shooting, while many of you didn't. Now some of you are out of bullets. Yet this is precisely the moment, at the beginning of the new cycle, when you want to buy and hold and let the Fed work for you. Now the tables have turned: I want to be *you*. I want to get long and stay there and let the business cycle make money for me.

And in preparation for managing my own finances, I have put together a Survivor's Guide to this new hard market. I can show you where the bulls still live and the bears prey on senseless online neophytes who are waiting for the next big IPO or the next Microsoft. I can even suggest a scenario for how things just might work out positively this year, exactly the outcome that few professionals expect for 2001.



But first, what can we learn from last year's fiasco?

We have to address it, because what happened in 2000 may turn out to be less aberrant than we want to admit. So many of us made mistakes, casualties of our own hubris, that we have to learn not to repeat them if we are to remain in the stock market. (For the record, I retired with a plus-35 percent year, so I may very well be worth listening to on the subject.)

One thing is certain: If you traded a stock that did not even *exist* before 1998, chances are you lost a fortune. You're probably thinking that the market must be rigged or that you're just stupid or that you will never, ever be able to get it right again. Guess what: You're right on all three counts. If you didn't switch out of the newly minted tech at some point in early 2000, you were stupid. The game *was* rigged, because most of these companies weren't seasoned and the callow managements didn't know what the heck they were doing. And you may *never* get it right again, at least all by yourself, so perhaps this time you shouldn't do it all on your own. Which brings us to the first of four hard lessons of 2000.

LESSON 1:

Doing it yourself is not for everybody. Five years ago, I used to tell anybody who would listen that the Net and all its information would revolutionize stock investing. The Net, and sites like TheStreet.com and its competitors, CBS-MarketWatch and the Motley Fool, would serve as your personal Home Depot, where you could get all of the tools you needed to compete with, if not beat, the professionals. To some extent, that happened. You could learn about stocks and execute trades with extremely low commission costs. But just as everyone can't build a house or wire tricky electrical devices or install a furnace, there are investing tasks that turned out to be too overwhelming and time-consuming for most people.

This conclusion is painful for me, because as someone who encouraged people to go online, I never thought that it would turn into the reckless binge that it became. I never thought that so many people would financially electrocute themselves or shoot one another in the heads with nail guns. But that's what happened.

It was ghastly. People lost trillions in individual stocks, stocks they might never have bought if they had never gone online and found out how easy it was to trade! They bought stocks with less thought or angst than they picked movies out at Blockbuster. And when the stocks went down, they bought more, because, after all, they were taught to "buy and hold" and to "average down" and to "dollar-cost average." They were not taught to sell, because every dip is buyable and *everything*, just like in a good old-fashioned Hollywood movie, works out in the end. Getting blown away by CMGI? Buy more. Extreme Networks got you down? Double up. How can you go wrong buying more Internet Capital Group at the bargain price of $30 if it once traded at $200? Well, how about if it ends the year trading at $3, as it did last year?

And who can blame ordinary investors? The pros made tons of mistakes, too. I have never seen so many mutual-fund managers drop 40 percent of people's hard-earned capital so fast in my life, many of them household names who should have known better. The brokerage houses were no better. The dot-com dreck never came off the recommended lists until it was too late, and tech remained at the heart of most of their table-pounding because that's where the underwritings were. And underwritings were where the profits were.

Still, some of the old-fashioned professionals, scorned as fuddy-duddies for dwelling on brutal times past, *can* teach the amateurs something and must belatedly be given their due. For example, they knew from training and history the value of diversification. Or, in English, you can't just have a portfolio full of tech stocks, because tech trades together as a monolith, even if it shouldn't. They could have served as much-needed circuit breakers for some of you do-it-yourselfers who overheated on highfliers.

Talking it over with someone can help. Some of the more harebrained, crazier propositions did get vetted out in the old client-to-human-broker process. My old friend Byron Wien, head strategist at Morgan Stanley, told me four years ago that people would still need to speak with other people before they made investment decisions, if only for a sanity check. But I argued that they would just go directly online. I was right, *and* he was right. They did do it by themselves, but they *should* have talked to someone else. Certainly, less capital would have been vaporized if we had simply run more of our investing ideas by others before pulling the trigger.

LESSON 2:

Investors and traders discovered during the heady days of 1999 and 2000 that if you are making a ton of money in the market, you can guarantee that you will make even more if you just leverage up your account. If you are going to turn $500,000 into $1 million buying stocks, why not borrow $500,000 from the broker and make double that? Brokerage houses issued margin by the billions and the public gobbled it up like popcorn. The loans were cheap, and the collateral, the stocks you owned, was right there in the account. You could borrow $500,000 from a brokerage house easier and faster than Bill Gates could get a $500,000 mortgage from Chase.

The dirty little secret behind the immense profitability of brokerage houses is the credit balance on your account. They loan virtually risk-free if they are prudent about maintaining margin accounts, because they already have your collateral in their possession. It can be sold in a flash with or without you, and I can't tell you how many people wrote and told me how outraged they were that their positions were simply sold out when they ran afoul of the margin clerk. But they agreed to that sell-out provision from the get-go! The luckiest only gave up 1999's and 1998's gains. The unlucky souls gave it all up. That's what happens when you buy stocks with the

Now that Greenspan has taken his foot off the brakes and begun to force interest rates down, you want exposure to the stock market.

CRAMER'S SURVIVAL GUIDE

brokers' version of MasterCards.

Margin debt turned out to be the biggest source of woe in 2000. Not only did it infect everyday buyers, but its contagion wiped out a whole officer corps of chief executives who borrowed against their tech stocks to finance their New Economy lifestyles. The top dogs at Safeguard Scientific, PSI Net, Worldcom, and the chimerical Priceline got sold out at the bottom when their margin calls came due. They distinguished themselves as the true goats of the 2000 game. I can personally attest to brigades of millionaires who are now thousandaires because of margin calls. They never thought the markets could go against them, and nobody told them otherwise. Shame on everyone, and, of course, better luck next time, if there is a next time.

This is the lowest-risk, highest-reward environment possible. You have the Fed—and history—totally on your side.

LESSON 3:

In 2000 we learned the virtues of that long-forgotten, old-fashioned asset—maybe you once heard your parents talking about it—they used to call it *cash.* Somehow, at some point in the past five years, we decided that cash was like some weird form of flesh-eating disease, and as long as we didn't have any, we were safe in our skins! Mutual-fund managers thought they would lose their jobs if they had cash lying around. Brokers swept accounts regularly to be sure there was no cash buildup—it all had to be "put to work"! Individuals thought owning cash meant they didn't know what they were doing. Having cash meant you weren't drinking at the greatest Bacchanalian Bull Bar of all time. Owning bonds, another form of cash if they are short-term (they're riskier in the long term), also became sheer blasphemy, the equivalent of giving your portfolio a lobotomy. No wonder the ten-year bond turned out to be one of the single greatest-performing investments for 2000. It was the most despised and hooted going *into* the year! In 2001, we must disabuse ourselves of this notion that cash is terminal. You're going to want a lot of it around for much of the year.

LESSON 4:

Finally, we sincerely believed, going into 2000, that only tech stocks were capable of making big money. It was the bizarro version of the classic Peter Lynch method (buying only the stocks of companies we know) combined with a bizarro version of the Warren Buffett method (buying tech "brands," then holding them or buying more over time). This produced a portfolio of stocks we thought we knew that went down every day beginning in March. And so we bought more. We bought more of the Covads and the Rhythms and the Northpoints because they installed our nifty DSL lines that made us trade faster. We bought more Gateway and Dell because we liked our computers. We bought more Ericsson and Motorola because we liked our cell phones! And we were slaughtered every time.

None of this would have happened if the Federal Reserve hadn't taken action. Year 2000 had to be the first federally mandated bear market in history. But what's a Fed to do? We had this glaring lesson of Japan staring us in the face every day, where, in 1989, the most prosperous nation on earth, if we use stock-market valuations, sank into a still-continuing depression that probably rivals that of the thirties in this country. Margin buying was at the root of the Great Japanese Depression. Near the height of their stock-market bubble, earnest Japanese brokers would call me at my hedge fund and say, "We are taking up the railroads tonight; you can buy 30,000 shares of Tokyo Rail at 300 yen and sell it at 350 yen tomorrow." It was that simple.

"Why bother to even do the trade?" I would joke back. "Just deduct the commission and send me the proceeds." They wouldn't even laugh. That's just what they were doing. So the Federal Reserve jacked up rates six times in succession and raised the cost of anything borrowed. The effect, not clear initially, was to create a most inhospitable climate for renting stocks with borrowed money, which is all that people were doing anyway. You needed to borrow the money to own the hundreds of stocks that traded in the 200s and 300s, and when they fell below the levels where your collateral was safe, you got sold out in a hurry. Because of those hikes, you were forced *out* of tech with the same gusto with which you dove into it. Anyone who switched from tech to nontech, *literally anything* nontech, made fabulous money in 2000. Phillip Morris bested all of the Dow stocks. Anything in your fridge or your pantry crushed anything in your personal computer or on the Net. In fact, we had a wild bull market in 2000 in everything from drug stocks and oil equities to the good old utilities and transports. Some of these stocks hit new highs every single day in the last months of the year even as tech stumbled, faltered, and crumbled into oblivion. This was the year when my mother-in-law's ossified 1967-vintage portfolio, filled with the Niagara Mohawks and the Southern Energys, crushed the sharpies at Putnam OTC Emerging Growth and Pilgrim Baxter.

Then again, who didn't? And will it be the same in 2001? The year began with a bang as the Fed aggressively eased interest rates. (The interest rates on your credit card won't come down, but what the banks pay for the money they're lending you will. And as they make more money, they become freer about lending money, which eventually makes all of us freer with our money . . . and that is supposed to restimulate the economy.)

So can we stick with those mundane winners of the second half of 2000? Or must we return to beaten-down technology, betting on a revival because the stocks are so darned low now? I wish it were that easy. I wish I could just tell you to plunk your money down on the values that the fourth-quarter selling created.

No can do. Two little problems stop me: earnings and stock price. Put simply, the earnings of technology companies are still plummeting, and the stock prices, if you back out through all of those years of splits, are still much higher than we thought. A stock like CMGI, which might seem so cheap at $5, is really closer to $100 without the splits. That's an unholy combination of high ex-

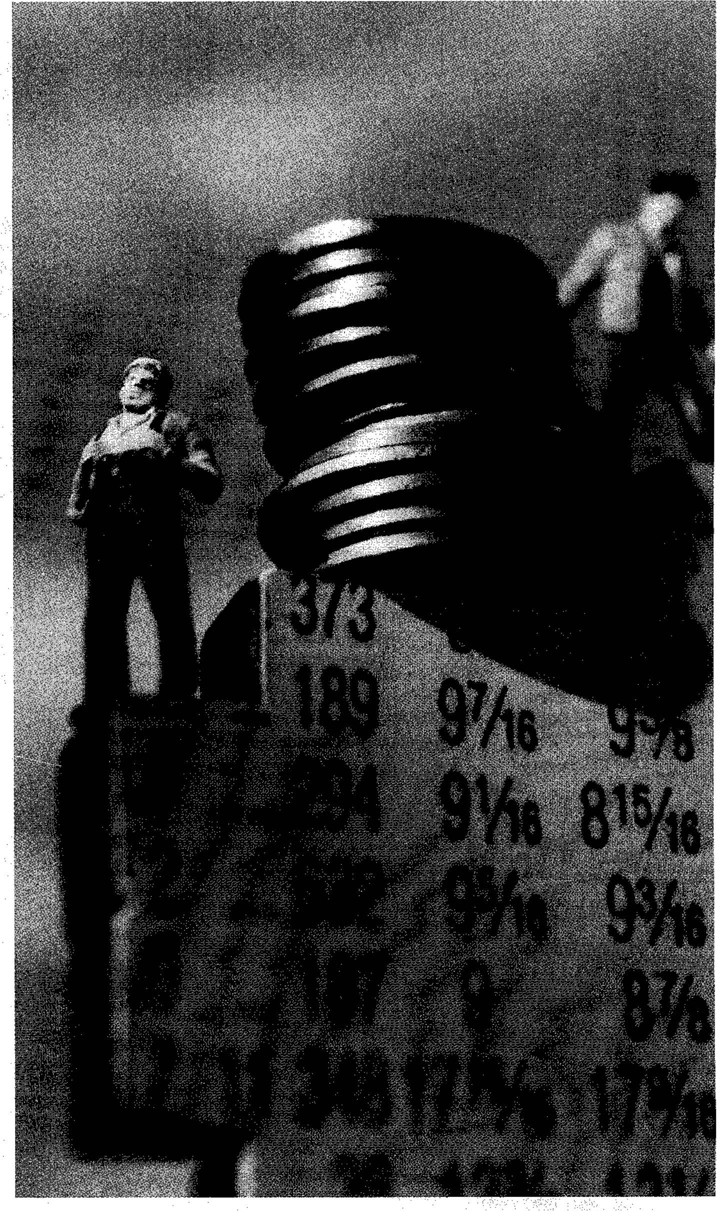
THE FEELING'S MUTUAL

Tired of doing it yourself? Ready to take a break and leave the daily trading to the experts? Here are my **10 FAVORITE MUTUAL FUNDS FOR 2001.** It's time to give yourself a break.

Mutual funds got a bad name during the great do-it-yourself days. We looked at how some hot tech stocks performed, and then we looked at our mutual funds and thought, *What a bunch of fuddy-duddies; I can do it myself.* Aha! Doing it yourself when things are easy and the trend is clear is one thing. But doing it yourself when the Fed is easing because we might be in a recession—well, that is another. I like to have a couple of pros working for me who have seen a tough economy. Three of my favorites right now are Howard Ward's **Gabelli Growth** fund, Will Danoff's **Fidelity Contrafund**, and Foster Friess's **Brandywine** fund. These aren't fund managers who just got into the business five years ago. Those newbies are in uncharted waters now. They have to learn how to buy more than networking and fiber stocks. It is not enough to know the semi cycle. The big buys now are in classic S&P names, businesses like Masco or Bank of New York or Black & Decker. You have to be able to swing into the oils and out of the housing stocks. You must understand health care. You must be diversified, and most of the new managers who run big money know nothing about diversification. Which is why I like these folks. They have been around the block dozens of times. And they can navigate this year's rate cuts better than anyone.

Bill Miller at the **Legg Mason Value Trust** is another one. When everyone loved tech in March and April, he switched to overweighting the financials and some down-and-out industrial and health-care names like Waste Management and HBO McKesson. That's why his fund maintained its unbelievable record of beating the S&P 500 for ten years. Or Richie Freeman, the master of **Smith Barney Aggressive Growth**, which finished the year up 19 percent, an amazing feat for a fund with the curse word *aggressive* in its name. You may want to consider Elizabeth Bramwell, who, with much less publicity, managed to steer her **Bramwell Growth** to a down-2 percent year by switching out of tech correctly. She kept her five-year up-20 percent record intact by doing so. Or how about Bill Nygren, at **Oakmark Select,** who delivered a monumental 25 percent return for 2000 by being in out-of-favor stocks? That's fabulous work.

I like **Mutual Shares,** run by Peter Langerman, who is the ultimate value manager and is doing a heroic job filling the shoes of Michael Price, a personal hero of mine.



And what if you still can't shake that tech habit? At least go with seasoned pros like Peter Anastos and Gerry Malone at **Alliance Tech,** one of only a handful of funds that beat my record in the past ten years, with a 26 percent gain. I know Alliance got hammered last year like all tech funds, but at least Peter and Gerry have seen downturns and know what comes out on top once they are through.

Need one more to round things out? I like the **Vanguard High Yield Corporate Bond** fund, the perfect pastiche for a Fed ease, and with no fees to boot! I have urged people to play this fund for the next nine months as the Fed eases aggressively. I even put my dad into it. J.J.C.

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pectations that must be dashed and high prices that must come down.

Wall Street is a silly place. Analysts will only recommend a stock if they expect up earnings year after year. But the recession in tech is so great that many companies will report negative "comparisons." These "difficult compares," as they are known in the business, will give way to the delightful "easy compares" in the second half of the year. That's when I want to pounce on the group. Patience, another term that was rarely confused with brains during the heady days, may be your best friend when it comes to tech.

So what should we buy now?

How about the stocks that do well whether the economy improves or not? Can we just stick with Pepsi and Phillip Morris and Merck, to name three standouts from 2000? Can't we continue to ride the United Healthcares and the General Mills's? Listen carefully.

Now that Alan Greenspan has taken his foot off the brakes and begun to force interest rates down, you want exposure to the stock market. When the Federal Reserve eases, two things occur: The psychology toward investing goes from being absurdly negative to being ridiculously positive, and companies that use short-term borrowed money—banks, auto, and retail—soar. Some of this action had already been anticipated. We saw a surge in the bank stocks, and the lowly retailers roared back into action in the last few weeks of the year.

AUTOMAKERS

The auto stocks, crushed by the worst karma I have ever seen in my investing lifetime, will start working again as the Feds get the economy back into gear. I *love* **Ford**. And **General Motors** too, but not with quite the same undying passion.

FINANCIALS

It's the financials, though, that really rock when the Fed injects liquidity. As part of my work at TheStreet.com, the place I have retired to, I have decided to link my new portfolio's fortunes to the fortunes of those people who manage to make money in good times and bad. In financials, that means Charles Schwab and his eponymous **Schwab**, Hank Paulson at **Goldman Sachs**, and Sandy Weil at **Citigroup**. All three stocks seem like must-owns to me here, with only Goldman having sprinted too far to put on a full position. Any sell-off for the great Goldman Sachs, and you will see me buying stock for my personal account.

RETAILERS

Retailers come up second after a Fed ease, and this is where I like to go with a mixture of fallen angels and dominant players. **Wal-Mart** and **Target** are the dominant ones and make the most sense to me, but the one that keeps attracting my attention is **Best Buy**. Here's a former highflier that got decked by the one-two punch of a slowing economy and what seemed to be a stupid-as-wood acquisition of Musicland, which owns the chain of Sam Goody music stores. Everyone knows that we won't have to pay for CDs anymore because of the Net, right? Let me share something with you. It's a thought that struck me in the waning days of my hedge-fund tenure. Richard Schulze, the CEO of Best Buy, may be one of the smartest merchants of the past twenty years. I have puzzled and puzzled over his acquisition of all those brick-and-mortar Sam Goody stores and can only conclude that Schulze knows the days of free music on the Net are almost over and wants to position himself as the national CD retailer. I want to join him as a shareholder.

CYCLICALS

You want cyclicals when the Fed is easing up. These are the companies that need the economy to be strong so their earnings will exceed last year's benchmarks. Many of these companies, unfortunately, can be owned only for short, sharp bursts of performance, not my new style as a private investor. But if you are willing to be a tad nimble, try on **MMM** and **United Technologies** for size. The former just got a General Electric exec who will shake things up terrifically, and the latter has the best cyclical manager in the business, David George, at the helm. If these stalwarts don't suit you, why not bet with me that Jack Welch tabbed the best man for the job of replacing him and buy **General Electric** itself, the consummate financial and industrial leader that has done extremely well even when the Fed was fighting the economy? Who knows what kind of numbers Jack Welch can put in his last year on the job with the Fed juicing the economy?

BONDS

The ideas above could suffice for a portfolio in itself, but let's put some spice

TAKING STOCK

As the Fed steps on the gas, the old verities like diversification and long-term value are back with a vengeance. Cramer's **BEST BUYS FOR 2001** are twenty classics with proven abilities, the kinds of solid performers that will be leading this year's market out of last year's tech debacle.

Financials are always must-own winners after a rate cut:
- **CHARLES SCHWAB** (SCH)
- **GOLDMAN SACHS** (GS)
- **CITIGROUP** (C)

The big **automakers** may be down now, but with the Fed on their side, they are far from out:
- **FORD** (F)
- **GENERAL MOTORS** (GM)

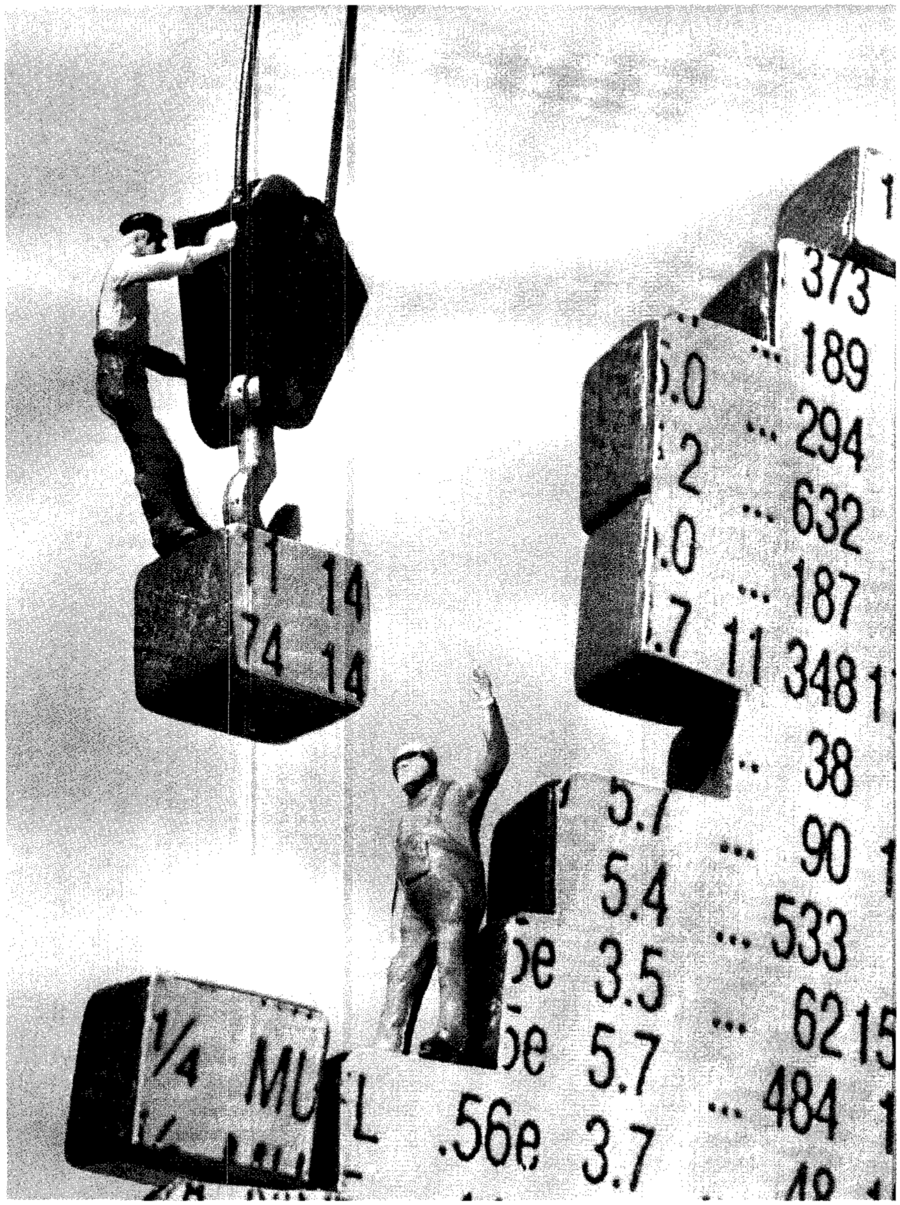
With strong management and good 2000 numbers, these **retailers** are good to hold:
- **WAL-MART** (WMT)
- **TARGET** (TGT)
- **BEST BUY** (BBY)

A Republican in the White House and a weak economy spell new heights for **drug and health-care** stocks, but watch closely for slippage as the market recovers:
- **UNITED HEALTHCARE** (UNH)
- **PFIZER** (PFE)
- **MERCK** (MRK)

Cyclicals are the first to buy when the Fed begins easing up, but watch them closely later:
- **3M** (MMM)
- **UNITED TECHNOLOGIES** (UTX)
- **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (GE)

Food stocks were a standout last year, and these three remain a good hedge if you think the Fed isn't going to cut rates aggressively enough:
- **PEPSI** (PBG)
- **GENERAL MILLS** (GIS)
- **PHILLIP MORRIS** (MO)

And if you just can't stay away from **tech**, especially when it rallies, as it did last week, at least stick with quality:
- **CISCO** (CSCO)
- **EMC** (EMC)
- **BROCADE** (BRCD)



into the mix: high-yield bonds. Everyone from Warren Buffett to Floyd Norris, the sour but sage New York *Times* columnist, has written positively about those pieces of paper known as junk bonds. The more adventuresome of you can actually pick a diversified portfolio of corporate bonds of the lesser-rated variety—I am drawn in particular to the high-yielding telco paper—but in general I prefer the pastiche method, a high-yield-corporate-bond fund. I don't want fees weighing me down, so I'm buying the **Vanguard High-yield Corporate** fund. Better to diversify than to own the one piece of paper the Fed can't save. And as the Fed cuts short rates, these companies will have much more of a chance to improve their balance sheets and their operations, and their low-grade bonds could become high-grade ones. That's how you can make good capital gains and get good yields in the meantime. But remember, this only works when the Fed *begins* easing. You can usually keep it going only up to five months after the first ease. But I think that come fall, once the big gains have been made, you will have to sell these funds.

DRUGS

Finally, there's room for a little cash here to be deployed when the inevitable sell-off occurs in the drug and health-care stocks, long my favorite groups. Keep your eyes on **Pfizer**, **Merck**, and HMO giant **United Healthcare** for any economic-related declines (i.e., bargains). These stocks drop anytime it looks like the economy is set to roar again. I like them because they have solid businesses that have been handicapped by eight years of potential Democratic political peril. That's history. HMOs and drug companies plus George W. Bush in the White House equals 52-week highs for these stocks multiple times in 2001.

FOOD

If you don't think the Fed is going to cut rates aggressively enough, the best way to hedge your bets is with well-positioned companies like **Pepsi**, **Philip Morris**, and **General Mills**. But these are hedges only, and frankly, I don't think you're going to need them.

TECH

And how about tech? How about Intel and Microsoft? When do we wade back into Dell and Nortel and PMC Sierra and Nokia? The answer is obvious. When they're done going down. So does anybody mind if we wait a little longer? Nobody did last year, and it knocked more people out of the game than any sell-off since 1987. You'll get your chance. But if you feel like you're just going to jump out a window if you can't buy more tech now, especially when it rallies, then at least be sensible and stick with stalwarts like **Cisco**, **EMC**, and **Brocade**.

Can 2001 be a terrific year in the stock market?

When the Fed eases, the stock market works. But ever since the Fed made its dramatic move of cutting rates 50 basis points in the first week of the year, skeptics have insisted that it is too little too late and that the aftermath, another quick decline in stocks, *proves* that the Fed's moves don't matter.

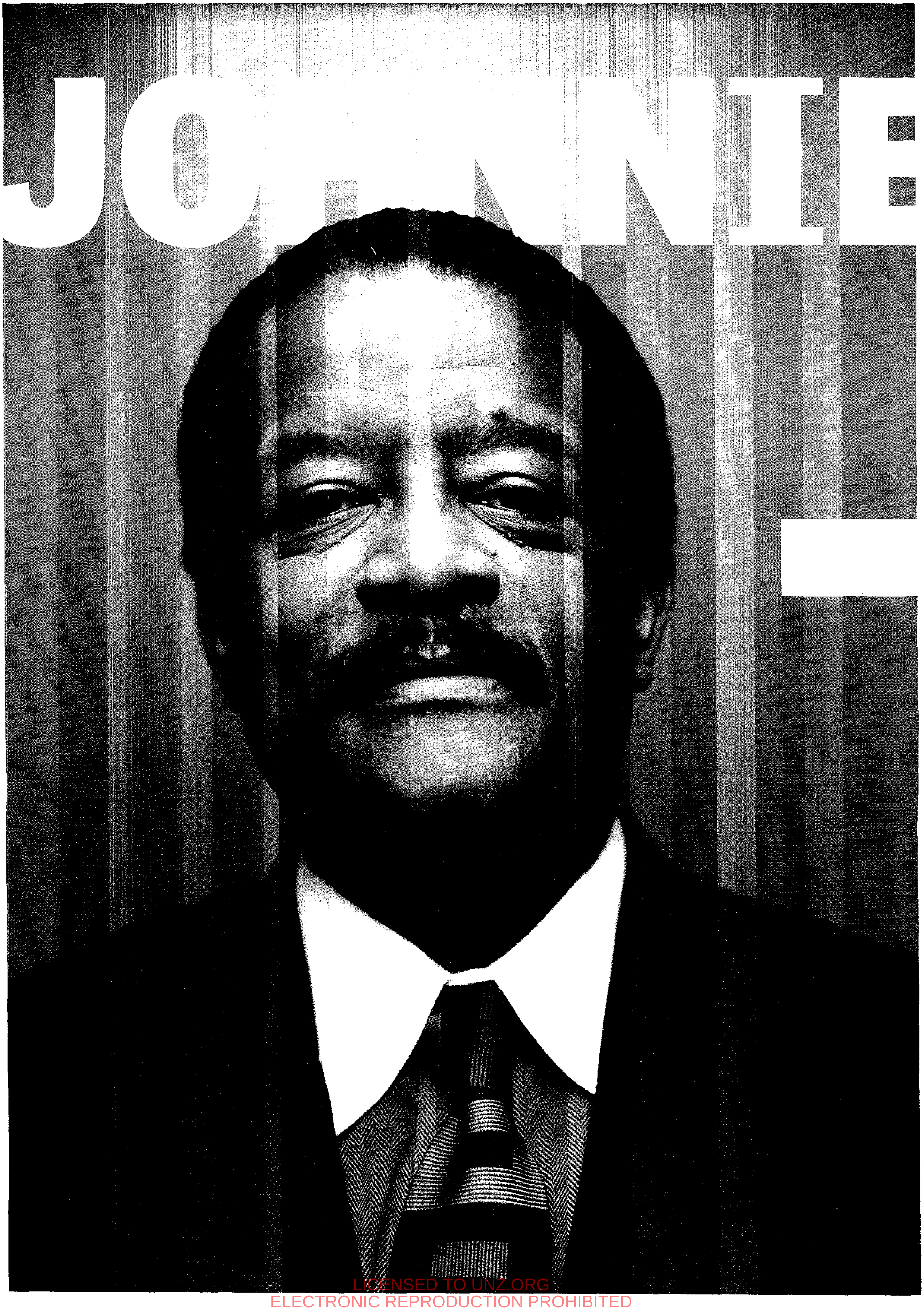
That's nonsense. The Fed has cut rates fourteen other times in the past 50 years. Thirteen times, the market rallied a year later. (The only time it didn't rally was in 1968, when the Fed offered up only one rate cut, not a whole series, and then immediately started tightening again.) You usually made 20 percent on average twelve months after they began! That's fantastic.

Put simply: This is the lowest-risk, highest-reward environment possible. You have the Fed—*and* history—totally on your side. It doesn't get any better than that. That's why I insist on finding stocks to buy and *own* right now, because at the beginning of an easing cycle, the odds are with you. It's like you're playing blackjack and you *know* you've got nothing but face cards left in that shoe. That's when you have to put the maximum amount of money on the table. Stick with a diversified portfolio that includes historic winners, and you will find yourself loving the stock market once again. ■

TheStreet.com

For more investing ideas, check out the just-published *TheStreet.com Guide to Smart Investing in the Internet Era*, with an introduction by James J. Cramer.

JOHNNIE



COME LATELY

Six years after O.J., Johnnie Cochran is living on 57th Street, teaming up with Al Sharpton on police-brutality cases, and vowing he's done with criminal law. His final challenge: making sure the D.A. doesn't lay a glove on Puffy. **By Nina Burleigh**

The vice-president, in one of his final acts in office, has just finished addressing the newly elected members of the Congressional Black Caucus and their guests, on the occasion of their swearing-in to the 107th Congress. Someone in the audience shouts, "Gore in four!" and the 38 congressmen seated onstage at the Library of Congress auditorium rise to applaud the vanquished candidate one last time. Al Gore smiles, ruefully shakes his head, then proceeds to shake hands onstage with each of the black House members. • Meanwhile, the event's master of ceremonies, Johnnie L. Cochran Jr., has retaken the podium, anticipating his turn for a photo op with the vice-president. When Gore heads for the exit, pointedly bypassing the superstar lawyer, Cochran grabs the microphone at his disposal. "*Hello,* Mr. Vice-President," he booms in his exaggerated baritone, and he expectantly thrusts out his hand. Gore can't avoid it. He brushes palms—so fleetingly that, if he's lucky, the Washington *Post* photographer might miss the moment—and swans out the side door. The crowd giggles nervously, but Cochran is—as always—impervious to the slight, his beaming smile intact. • He hasn't started his sermon yet, but from the altar of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem, the Reverend Calvin Butts has already acknowledged the presence of both the Lord and the esteemed Johnnie Cochran, Esq.—the latter seated second row center. Ever since Cochran popped up in New York four years ago, he has attended Abyssinian from time to time,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT MAXWELL

and Butts enjoys bantering with his celebrity parishioner from the pulpit on Sundays when the lawyer joins the flock. When the keyboardist kicks in at the grand piano ten feet away, Cochran, sitting beside his wife, Dale, sings along gustily to his favorite hymn.

God has smiled on me, He has set me free. God has smiled on me, He's been goo-oood to me.

To hear him tell it, God has almost *always* smiled on Johnnie Cochran. Although born in Shreveport, Louisiana, Cochran lived in California from the age of 6, and attended the same L.A. high school as Dustin Hoffman. As with many native So Cal–ians, something in the obstinate good weather has varnished him with an impermeable, slightly corny cheer. The button on his lapel reads EXPECT A MIRACLE.

For a sunny California guy like Cochran, it's been hard to be hated. Especially by white folks, when he's made a point of operating smoothly in the white world, not going the Panther route like his client Geronimo Pratt, jailed for 27 years on evidence the FBI concocted because it didn't like his politics. *Work with the system* was always his motto. That's why it doesn't sit right with him to be seen as a divisive figure. The man who single-handedly picked the scab of national race relations is a master of understatement when necessary. "I'm sure there was lots of anger at me at the time. But it's changed. Even the harshest people will say, 'You did your job.' I refuse to be defined by people out there. That's why I moved to New York. Because there are other things happening."

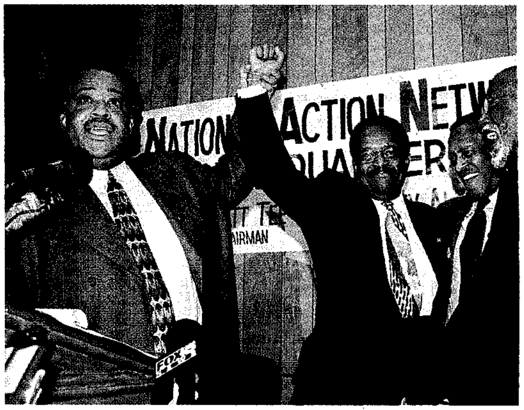
SOME BELIEVE HE may play the race card in the Combs cas

Glove story: Counterclockwise from left, Cochran with wife Dale in 1999; making history at the O.J. trial; with Al Sharpton in 1997.

These days, Cochran lives with his second wife in a modern 57th Street high-rise, and works out of a lower Broadway office in a formerly all-white law firm that now bears his name alone: the Cochran Firm. At 63, Johnnie Cochran is being reborn as a New Yorker. The city's pace is more in tune with his biorhythms than L.A.'s anyway. As Peter Neufeld, Cochran's Dream Team cohort, put it, "He's got the speed gene."

Cochran's life can be neatly divided into Before Simpson and After Simpson. In the former period, Cochran grew up near the Pacific Ocean (but never surfed), went to law school, and then spent decades facing down the LAPD in brutality cases before such cases were common—and when $25,000 was deemed a huge award. Cochran built up a solid reputation in L.A.'s black community as the man to see if the cops abused you, and his fame grew to the point that even Michael Jackson called him when he got into a little trouble with an underage playmate. Also in the years B.S., he married, fathered three children, divorced, endured a palimony suit, and remarried.

A.S., Cochran has emerged as the nation's preeminent black lawyer, a global celebrity, larger than himself. Felonious rappers, violence-prone athletes, African potentates, black businessmen, average Joes with slip-and-falls and contract disputes—and increasing numbers of white people—all want Johnnie's card. He has seven offices around the country, including one in New York, where he joined an established plaintiff firm composed of a group of Jewish guys from Brooklyn whose names are no longer on the letterhead. And that's okay, because they have never been so busy or so rich. The firm has an 800 number and 60 attorneys. It receives thousands of calls each week from aggrieved citizens, and sifts through them to pick out the winning cases.



COCHRAN HAD SPENT LITTLE TIME IN the city before 1997, when Steve Brill offered him his own show on Court TV, an invitation that required Cochran to spend five days each week in the network's Third Avenue studio. Brill remembers having to furiously lobby the recalcitrant Cochran to make the move. "He was worried that he didn't know anyone in town," Brill says. Eventually Cochran caved. Brill's wife, Cindy, introduced him to a broker who found him a $750,000 condo in a building next to Carnegie Hall. Pairing Cochran with a former Atlanta prosecutor named Nancy Grace, the show got respectable ratings but very mixed reviews. His social life doesn't seem to have suffered.

His firm's Christmas party in December was a social coronation of sorts. The party at the Essex House attracted 800 people, a cross section of New York society, entertainment, and sports figures, including Sean "Puffy" Combs, George Pataki, Roy Black, Bill Bratton, Assembly Speaker Shelly Silver, and Mark Green. Brill says he turned to another friend on his way out and remarked on Cochran's rapid adjustment: "I guess Johnnie knows people now."

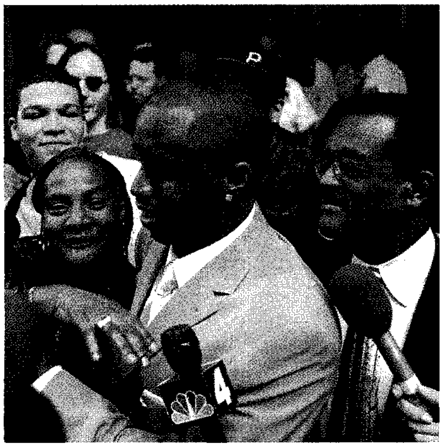
TO HELP WITH THE TRANSITION, COCHRAN hired a New York driver-bodyguard with a cabbie's knowledge of the city's back streets, a taciturn six-and-a-half-footer named Ernest. With Ernest behind the wheel of his silver Chrysler, Cochran rides from speaking engagement to settlement conference to airport reception and back again, always attracting a crowd. Something about his brand of celebrity apparently makes him more approachable for

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Gary Fabiano/Sipa; AP/Wide World Photos (4); Gregory Pace/Corbis-Sygma.

New Yorkers than, say, Gwyneth Paltrow or Jerry Seinfeld. Johnnie rather likes it.

His favorite New York place is Trattoria dell'Arte—"uptown in my neighborhood"—where he eats several times a week. For business meetings with Dream Team colleagues Barry Scheck and Neufeld, it's always Nobu. With his New York pals Bill Cosby and businessman Earl Graves (with whom he boats in the Hamptons and skis in Aspen), it's the "21" Club, or City Hall near his office. His days and nights are packed with grip-and-grin appearances and speaking engagements and lunches and dinners, where invariably he is asked for his autograph. "At top restaurants, people stand on line," says Graves. "*White* people! People who are supposed to be angry with him about O. J. Simpson. When we go out, it takes him ten minutes to get to the booth to eat because of all the autographs."

Making the rounds: Clockwise from below, Cochran with Kadiatou and Saikou Diallo in 1999; at a press conference with Abner Louima in 1997; facing the mob with Puffy Combs.



ut many lawyers doubt a "Poor Puffy" defense would work.

Cochran is big, a bigger celebrity even than the man he says is going to be his last criminal-defense client, rapper Puffy Combs. Combs goes on trial this week on gun and bribery charges stemming from a shooting incident at a club in late 1999 that involved Combs's posse and his on-again, off-again girlfriend Jennifer Lopez (the only member of the group who wasn't charged). To defend Combs, Cochran signed up a heavyweight local lawyer, Ben Brafman, who is expected to present the opening argument. Their strategy in the Combs case is a modified version of his O.J. defense: Puffy's a celebrity, and the D.A. is out to get him for it. "To the D.A., this is major!" Cochran says. "The D.A.'s office is treating this like it's the most heinous offense of the year 2000!"

Cochran claims he's confident that the beleaguered rapper will be acquitted, although he appears to be eager to share the glory (or the blame) with Brafman. "We will both do the jury selection, and the closing we'll do together," he says. Once the Combs case is over, Cochran says, he's done with criminal law. He says he wouldn't even take O.J. if he happened along today.

Not that he admits even the slightest regret about defending a man generally believed (by whites, anyway) to have gotten away with double murder. "The main reason why I think he didn't do it? Look, he was makin' a million dollars a year, he had the world by the tail, why would he ruin his life?" Pause. "But then, that's thinking rationally."

He does disapprove, however, of the way his former client has conducted himself since his bombshell acquittal. Cochran doesn't deny press reports that he told O.J. to start dating black women when he got out of prison, notwithstanding the fact that his own secret affair with a white woman made headlines when it was revealed during Simpson's trial. "I told him you better know who was lookin' after you on that jury," he says. "It's middle-aged black women. And my advice was, you have to give back. It's one thing to be a great athlete and do all these things, but don't you have to have a social consciousness?"

When church is over, Cochran rises—a shortish, solidly built man in a bespoke suit and shirt with monogrammed cuffs and little clock cuff links that wink out as he reaches to shake hand after hand. He's mobbed as usual. He and Dale get separated, reconverge, get separated again in the surging crowd. He peels endless business cards from his small leather clutch and hands them to all who ask.

A man in a business suit approaches to say he's unhappy about a matter the Cochran Firm is handling for him. "It's just draggin' on and on," he complains. Cochran smiles genially and promises to look into it. A little old lady in a fur hat interrupts, extending her quaking hand. Cochran gives her his full attention, brimming with good cheer. "I saw you on TV," she coos. "God bless you and your family." In the back of the crowd, another elderly lady futilely tries to get his attention. She clutches a reporter. "Tell Johnnie Cochran to come to Sunnyside Heights. We need him. The police aren't doin' their job!"

"THEY FIND US. WE GET A LOT OF calls." Cochran is sitting at his desk in the Woolworth Building, explaining how business works these days. There are pictures of Michael Jackson and Bill Cosby mounted behind his head; another photo shows him shaking hands with Bill Clinton. African *objets* cram the walls and shelves. Cochran talks at a rat-a-tat-tat pace, his cadence and slang a combination of Valley Girl, old-time religion, and crisp legalese.

He has a motto he uses on reporters in the seven cities—Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, and three locales in Alabama—where he's opened offices, a motto worthy of his friend Jesse Jackson: "Not only do we represent the O.J.'s and the M.J.'s, but also the No-J.'s! We represent them as vigorously as anybody else."

He says his practice is for the little guy. That's why his firm has a toll-free line, 800-LAWYER-1. For the little injured guy, not the little felon. If you're in jail, he doesn't want to hear from you; these days, he's interested in pursuing only civil cases. If you have a good case, he—or, more likely, another of the 60 lawyers at the Cochran Firm—will gladly represent you.

In New York, the Cochran Firm was formed as a result of a merger last year between Johnnie Cochran and the former Schneider, Kleinick, Weitz, Damashek & Shoot. Managing partner Phil Damashek met Cochran when they were both representing injured parties in the same accident. They ran into each other again at the first Lenox Lewis–Evander Holyfield fight at Madison Square Garden, and agreed to talk about joining forces. By last January, the Cochran Firm was in business.

Damashek says he and his partners had no problem dropping their names from the top of the letterhead. "He's probably the most famous lawyer in the history of the world," says Damashek. The bottom line is that "he's a *magnet* for new business. And Cochran, Schneider, Kleinick, Weitz, Damashek & Shoot is too much even for *me*."

Along with his celebrity, Cochran brings to New York three decades of experience suing the LAPD. And he's putting it to use, filing civil cases against the cops in all the big-name brutality cases here. He's got Abner Louima, on whose behalf he's suing not just the cops and the city but the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. "We are not just talking dollars; we're talking equitable relief—*change*!" he says. He wants the PBA to agree to abandon the controversial so-called 48-hour rule, which allows cops not to be questioned for two days after an incident. Cochran also had the Amadou Diallo civil case until he was unceremoniously fired; he still represents other victims of police shootings, known and unknown, including the family of Patrick Dorismond, Dante Johnson, Dukens Kernisant, and the four teenagers wounded by police gunfire who were later dubbed the New Jersey Four. Suing the cops is what he built his legal reputation on, and he arrived here at an opportune moment: Last year, the city's reported payouts for police-brutality cases nearly doubled, with lawyers taking a handsome portion of the proceeds.

There is a larger community of activists who stand up for victims of cop brutality in New York, meaning more camaraderie but also more competition for Johnnie.

"In L.A., I was the voice in the wilderness," he says. "I'd say, 'These guys are framing people,' and they'd say, 'How un-American of you.' The LAPD never saw a shooting they didn't think was good. Here you get a few indictments. If Louima happened in L.A., they would have talked about it for a while and the D.A.'s office would have investigated and that would have been it. I've seen many more officers indicted here than I *ever* did there."

Its a little-known fact that Cochran's own son is a California Highway Patrol officer and his brother-in-law a county sheriff, which he says often makes for "interesting dinner-table conversations about what police should do. My son says, 'If somebody has a gun, what do you expect me to do?' And I think, *God, I don't want him in harm's way*. Throughout all my cases, I'm always aware of the fact that my own son is a cop."

In addition to his high-profile police cases on the East Coast, Cochran has a hand in scores of civil cases around the country. He's represented dozens of sports figures in contract and criminal cases—including Latrell Sprewell when he was booted from the Golden State Warriors after choking his coach. He's involved in race-discrimination cases against a shipbuilder in Pascagoula and against the Lockheed Corporation in Atlanta. He just won a suit against Disney on behalf of two white clients who claimed that the company stole their idea for a sports complex. (Cochran won his clients $240 million—the seventh-largest civil judgment of 2000, according to *USA Today*.)

Though critics charge he can't possibly devote adequate attention to his cases, Cochran denies he's stretched too thin. "I see myself as a worker in the vineyard," he says. Cochran doesn't want to go into politics or become a movement leader, but he does think he's carved himself a minor place in the civil-rights pantheon. Sure, the Cochran Firm makes bucketloads of dough suing corporations and municipalities in cases that have nothing to do with racism, but what he's *really* interested in is using the law for social change. Cochran wants to model his career on Thurgood Marshall, not the Association of Trial Lawyers of America. For now, at least, he has it both ways. While the Cochran Firm takes lucrative slip-and-falls, he retains an association with Scheck and Neufeld, and they are inevitably in on the cases he really cares about: those that highlight what he sees as pervasive racism in American law enforcement. "It's not about being popular all the time," Cochran says. "It's about trying to make some real change."

So it's no surprise that soon after arriving in New York, Cochran allied himself with Al Sharpton. The two of them have become ubiquitous at press conferences charging police brutality, surrounded by victims or their families.

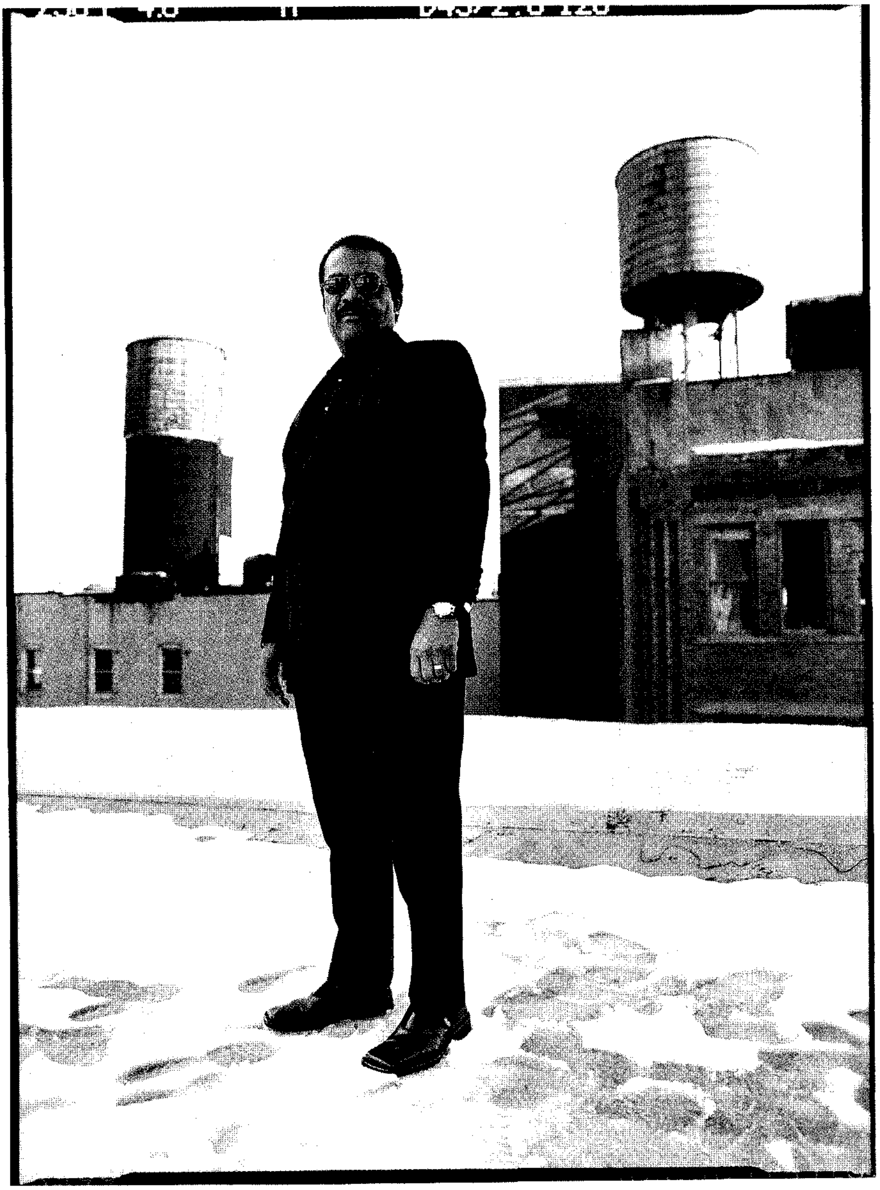
Sharpton claims he has steered nearly every one of Cochran's high-profile local civil-rights cases to him, and denies charges that the lawyer is a racial ambulance chaser. "From day one, we made it clear we would work together," he says. "He's been a lawyer and legal adviser to the movement. One of the misconceptions is Johnnie *seeks out* these cases. Not true." Sharpton says he put Cochran in touch with Louima and Mrs. Diallo, with Dorismond's family, and with the New Jersey Four. "In all of those cases, the victims called *me;* Johnnie did not call the victims. The reason I referred him is he brings integrity and a track record. To reduce Johnnie to a flamboyant necktie or to O. J. Simpson is to reduce someone who has dealt with police brutality for decades."

Peter Neufeld says Cochran's involvement in all his cases is "all-encompassing"; he says that Cochran's strong suit is public relations. "In the Louima case, it meant going out into churches and discussing the issues and how the issues can impact on the community," Neufeld says. "Johnnie was the most visible. I don't think Barry and I are *invisible,* but if things don't work out in the legal profession, he would do fine in the ministry. He's excellent at reaching out."

HE'S TOO BIG AND HE'S WORKED too long in the whit

COCHRAN'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK has not been greeted with cheers and (autograph seekers) all around, especially in the legal community, where his occasional grandstanding has frustrated a growing number of his local colleagues. Some lawyers complain that he poaches high-profile cases. Brian Figeroux, the first Louima attorney, abruptly dismissed when Cochran came aboard, gave a terse reply when questioned about Cochran: "We are considering going to either the New York State Bar grievance or ethics committee."

Cochran's predecessor on the Diallo case, Kyle Watters, was a bit more forthcoming. Watters got involved in the case originally because he represented the Ghanaian Association. He watched the case slip into Cochran's hands once Sharpton showed up and won over Kadiatou Diallo, Amadou Diallo's mother.



judges and lawyers, *Times* reporters deemed the story untrue.

Asked specifically whether he was behind the Bogdanos smear attempt, Cochran vigorously denies it: "Wasn't me, wasn't me! I *heard* about it, though."

In any case, it's uncertain how well a racially based defense would play for the millionaire rapper. One lawyer warns that "what works in California will not work in New York. The black community regards Combs as an exploiter. A 'poor-Puffy' defense won't wash."

Richman, attorney for Combs's driver, Shyne Barrow (who faces the more serious charge of actually having fired a gun the night Puffy was arrested), disagrees: "I'm a white guy who has no problem with the race card. It's disingenuous to say race plays no part in these things. Whether defendants are white or black, it is a factor."

Some grumble it's a factor Cochran uses in his own interests. "If he disagrees with you, Cochran will say, 'You called me a nigger'—that's character assassination!" complains one of Cochran's less admiring New York colleagues.

COCHRAN IS WELL AWARE OF SUCH criticisms, and they occasionally they get under his skin. When Andrea Peyser implied he was a liar in one of her columns, he promptly sued the New York *Post* in Los Angeles for $10 million, arguing that because the *Post* is online, his reputation there had been damaged. The case was tossed out. "I learned never to sue anybody who buys ink by the barrel," he says now.

vorld playing by the rules to be dissed by the vice-president.

Watters recalls that he received separate phone calls from Neufeld and Scheck asking if he needed help. He told them both no. Soon enough, Cochran had become involved and Watters angrily stepped away. (Neufeld denies he or Scheck would ever insert himself into a case without being invited: "We have never reached out to anyone, ever, to secure representation.")

According to one source, Mrs. Diallo began complaining about her decreasing involvement in her son's case soon after Cochran took charge. She eventually fired Cochran, though he insists it was a friendly parting. Her new lawyers advised her not to respond for comment.

Puffy Combs's first attorney, Harvey Slovis, is also displeased about losing his client to Cochran. "In my opinion, this is a Legal Aid case that's been turned into a show," Slovis grouses. "Any Legal Aid lawyer could win this." Slovis—who had managed to wrangle a misdemeanor and anger-management course for his client in a previous beating case—resigned after Puffy brought in Cochran.

Some predicted that Cochran and his equally media-savvy colleagues in the Combs case—Ben Brafman and Murray Richman—would soon find themselves jockeying for position, in a repeat of his famous struggle with Robert Shapiro. But Brafman says it hasn't happened. "From the moment he first proposed bringing me in as co-counsel on the Combs case, there has not been one minute of disagreement."

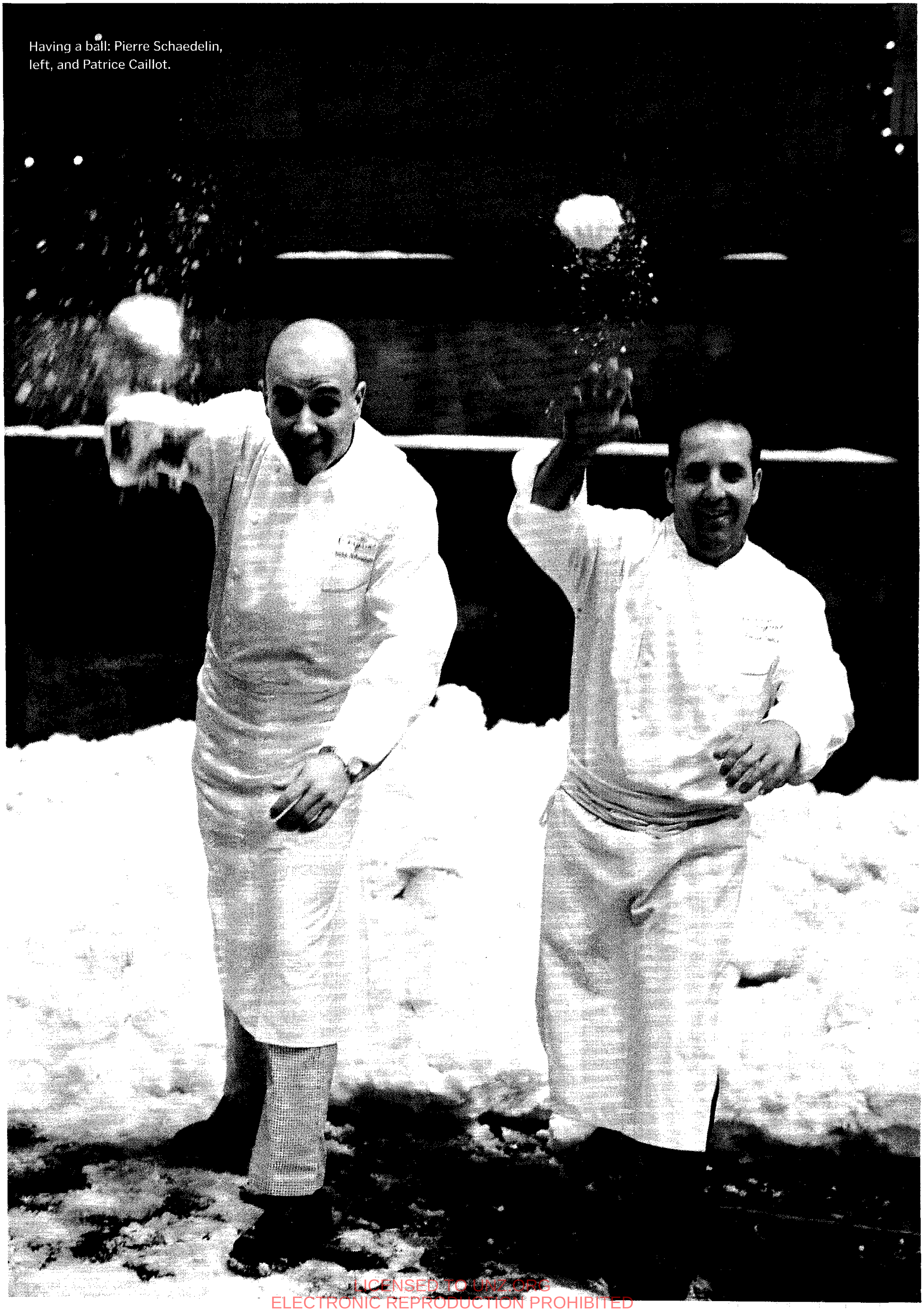
More serious are allegations that Cochran and his associates are resorting to dirty racial politics in the Puffy case. Some sources claim he was behind a persistent rumor that prompted the New York *Times* to investigate charges of racism against Matthew Bogdanos, the prosecutor in the case. After calling a number of

Though Cochran insists he has no regrets about defending Simpson, it's clear that he wants to get the case behind him. He's too big and he's worked too long in the white world playing by the rules to be dissed by the likes of the vice-president.

"I think he is genuinely religious," says Calvin Butts. "He's a lawyer, and what segments of the white community feel about him is totally unfair. White lawyers take cases like that, too. He never said he thought O.J. was innocent; he just defended a client."

Racing around New York with Ernest behind the wheel, flying back and forth between the coasts, Cochran barely keeps up with all the requests for appearances—ten or fifteen arrive in the mail every day, he says. But he tries. It's as though he were burning off bad karma, trying to prove his critics wrong. In the month I kept tabs on him, he spent more time making philan-

(continued on page 87)


Having a ball: Pierre Schaedelin, left, and Patrice Caillot.

Le Cirque's New Acts

Sirio Maccioni, ringmaster of New York's best-known restaurant, gives his well-heeled diners something surprising to digest this month: two new chefs in the kitchen. **By Peter Kaminsky**

LE CIRQUE, SIRIO MACCIONI'S FIRST—AND still dearest-to-his-heart—restaurant, changes head chefs about as often as his adopted country picks a president. As in the White House, a radical changing of the guard is about to take place at Le Cirque. Sottha Khunn, the quiet head chef whose Asian inflections earned the restaurant critical raves, has passed the tocque to Pierre Schaedelin, a 32-year-old Alsatian who has been training in the kitchen since January 1999 and takes over this week. At the same time, pastry guru Jacques Torres—renowned as much for his books and television appearances as for his signature chocolate stoves—has decamped, leaving the Banana Clown Hats in the hands of Patrice Caillot, who arrived in New York in June from Le Cirque's Las Vegas outpost. The result is a complete change of regime—normally a highly nervous moment for a four-star restaurant.

But Maccioni has never balked at changing personnel in the kitchen. Some chefs have left on their own (the talented and ambitious Daniel Boulud, whose name Maccioni rarely deigns to utter). Some have been nudged out the door, such as Boulud's successor, Sylvain Portay, whose short tenure had little to do with his food and much to do with his rejection of the spotlight that inevitably bathes the head man in the kitchen. Maccioni demands a little showbiz from his chef—as long as the chef remembers that his is an important but supporting role. After all, the crowds are coming to see Maccioni's show.

"In France they never change chefs, and they deteriorate. Le Cirque 2000 is a *New York* restaurant," Maccioni says, explaining that the Michelin Guide rating system has forced Continental restaurateurs into a predictable mold: a small number of diners, high prices, and fussed-over food. "They are dinner parties," he says dismissively, whereas Le Cirque 2000 can serve upwards of 500 when it is really smoking.

Khunn's tenure definitely had similarities to a fine European sports car trying to keep up with the speed machines at the Indy 500. When Boulud and Maccioni wooed Khunn away from Paris in 1986, his experience had been entirely in smaller-scale restaurants. The old Le Cirque, Khunn's first stop in America, demanded greater production than any top European restaurant, and the new Le Cirque 2000 more than doubled that volume. "Paris is more haute couture; New York is more prêt-à-porter," Khunn admits. Maccioni felt that the time was right for him to move on, though he has said he would back Khunn in a New York venture, if asked. For now, Khunn is preparing to return for a few months to his homeland in Cambodia (for the first time since his family fled the horrors of the seventies).

MACCIONI'S MANDATE TO HIS NEW chef is direct. "His food should be simple. I will never accept the confusion of fusion," he says. "Everything has been done already. You only have to do it *better*. Where is the onion soup that you used to find in New York restaurants? Where is the saucisson en croûte? The simple potato salad with great olive oil, salt, and pepper?"

As if in answer to this not-so-rhetorical question, the incoming chef, Pierre Schaedelin, is a native of a small town in Alsace, where saucisson, onion soup, and potato salad are, figuratively speaking, mother's milk. It is the kind of gutsy, down-home food that has always characterized Le Cirque as much as the truffle-topped rarities of classical French cuisine. Schaedelin first attracted notice in the kitchen of Paul Haeberlin at L'Auberge L'Ill in Alsace (three stars from Michelin). From there he moved on to Alain Ducasse's equally highly rated Louis XV in Monaco, where Ducasse subsequently tapped him to run the kitchen at another of his ventures, Monte's, a London private club. When Haeberlin announced his plans to retire, he called to offer Schaedelin the job in Alsace. The young chef gave Ducasse notice, but Ducasse called Maccioni, with whom he has had a long and close relationship, and tipped him off. Won over by Maccioni, Schaedelin accepted his offer and made his move to Le Cirque 2000 in January 1999.

In the meantime, Patrice Caillot had been learning the ins and outs of crème brûlée in the Las Vegas Le Cirque from the time it opened in October 1998. Caillot, a native of Beaune, had originally been recruited by Jacques Torres. Torres, a flamboyant native of Provence, star of his own TV series, and author of two best-selling books, decided last year that he wanted to strike out on his own, opening a chocolate factory in Brooklyn. He remains on good terms with Maccioni, but they both agreed it was time to make a change. Caillot, schooled in Torres's own recipes, was the logical candidate for the position.

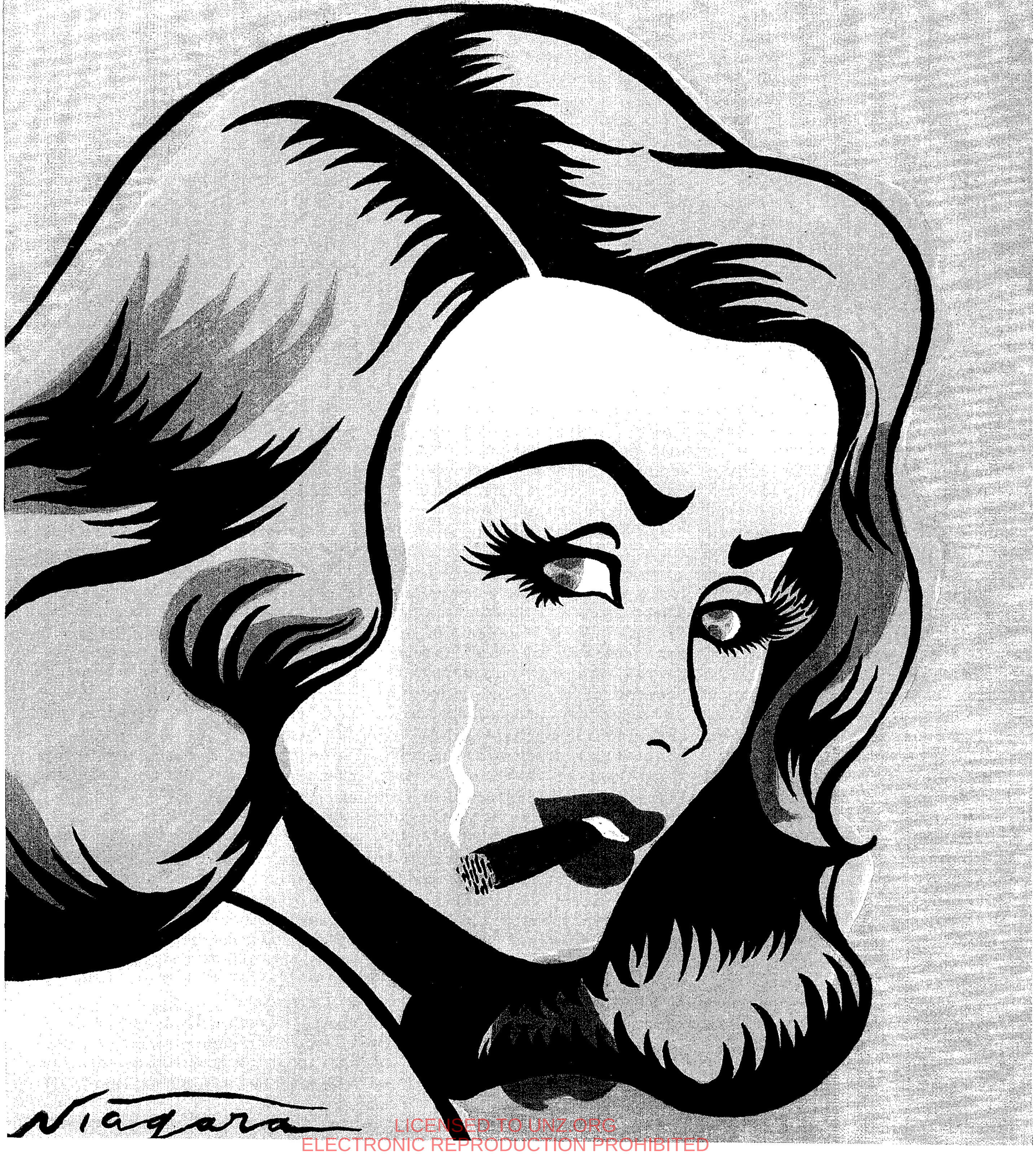
Although both pastry chefs are trained in the French style, Torres is whimsical and ornamental where Caillot leans toward simplicity and classicism. "I try to keep my desserts to three featured flavors. Too many flavors confuse the palate. I want people to be able to savor each ingredient," Caillot says of his style.

Where other restaurateurs would have major *agita* over the changing of the kitchen guard, Maccioni has the confidence of a guy who has done this too many times to be concerned. With his new team Maccioni anticipates change, but the core dishes that have fed two generations of lunching ladies and exigent gourmets will still be there. "I have 55 cooks in my restaurants," he says. "I honestly believe I could turn the kitchen over to any one of them and we would have the same food we have now. I want that, but I also want five new specials a day. Pierre can give me that."

The proof will, of course, come on the plate. Schaedelin will offer an ambitious array of dishes for his debut menu. Among the baker's dozen I tried at a works-in-progress tasting was a steamed turbot with shiitake-and-ginger-stuffed raviolis that evoked Khunn's and Ducasse's penchant for light dishes and pure but subtle flavors. At the other end of the culinary spectrum, he served a classic Alsatian bakker offe: A combination of meat and chicken, slow-braised with vegetables in a terrine sealed with puff pastry, it is about as robust and down-home as a bowl of Texas chili. From the sublime to the substantial, it is a combination that has worked for Le Cirque for 30 years. ■

Photographed by Grant Delin

ME TARZAN, YOU JANE



With "Thong Song" on the radio and *The Man Show* on the tube, pop culture has become a frat house—and women are joining the party by acting like frat boys. The new Female Chauvinist Pigs are definitely funny. But is the joke on them?

By Ariel Levy

RECENTLY, THE ORGANIZATION NEW YORK WOMEN IN FILM & TELEVISION threw a breakfast to honor Sheila Nevins, a 22-year veteran of HBO and its executive vice-president of original programming. The vibe was more *Lifetime Intimate Portrait* than *Sex and the City:* "I was growing up in a society where women were quiet, so I got to listen," Nevins reflected from the podium. "I like to laugh, I like to cry; the rest is paperwork." • All the women wore glazed, reverential expressions as they picked at their melon wedges and admired Nevins's sharp wit, keen intellect, and zebra-printed slides. "Who opened your career doors for you?" one wanted to know. "Me," Nevins replied. A tweedy fellow with a bow tie started his question with "I'm just the token guy . . ." Nevins gave a little snort and said, "You're all tokens," and the gals had a good laugh. • But then a woman in the back brought up *G-String Divas,* the late-night docu-soap that Nevins executive-produces, which treats audiences to extended showings of T&A between interviews with strippers about tricks of the trade and their real-life sexual practices. "Why would a woman—a middle-aged woman with a child—make a show about strippers?" the woman asked. Everyone was stunned. • Nevins whipped around in her chair.

ILLUSTRATED BY NIAGARA

"You're talking fifties talk! Get with the program!" she barked. "I love the sex stuff. What's the big deal?" In fact, there *was* something vaguely Betty Friedan-esque about this woman compared with the rest, in their Eileen Fisher knits and lip liner. She adjusted her glasses, visibly shaken, but persisted: "Why is it still the case that if we're going to have a series about women on television, it has to be about their bodies and their sexuality?"

Nevins shook her head furiously. "Why is it that women will still go after women taking off their clothes and not after all the injustices in the workplace? I don't get it! As if women taking off their clothes is disgusting and degrading. Not being able to feed your kids, that's disgusting and degrading!"

"But—"

"Everyone has to bump and grind for what they want," Nevins interrupted. "Their bodies are their instruments, and if I had that body, I'd play it like a Stradivarius!"

"But—"

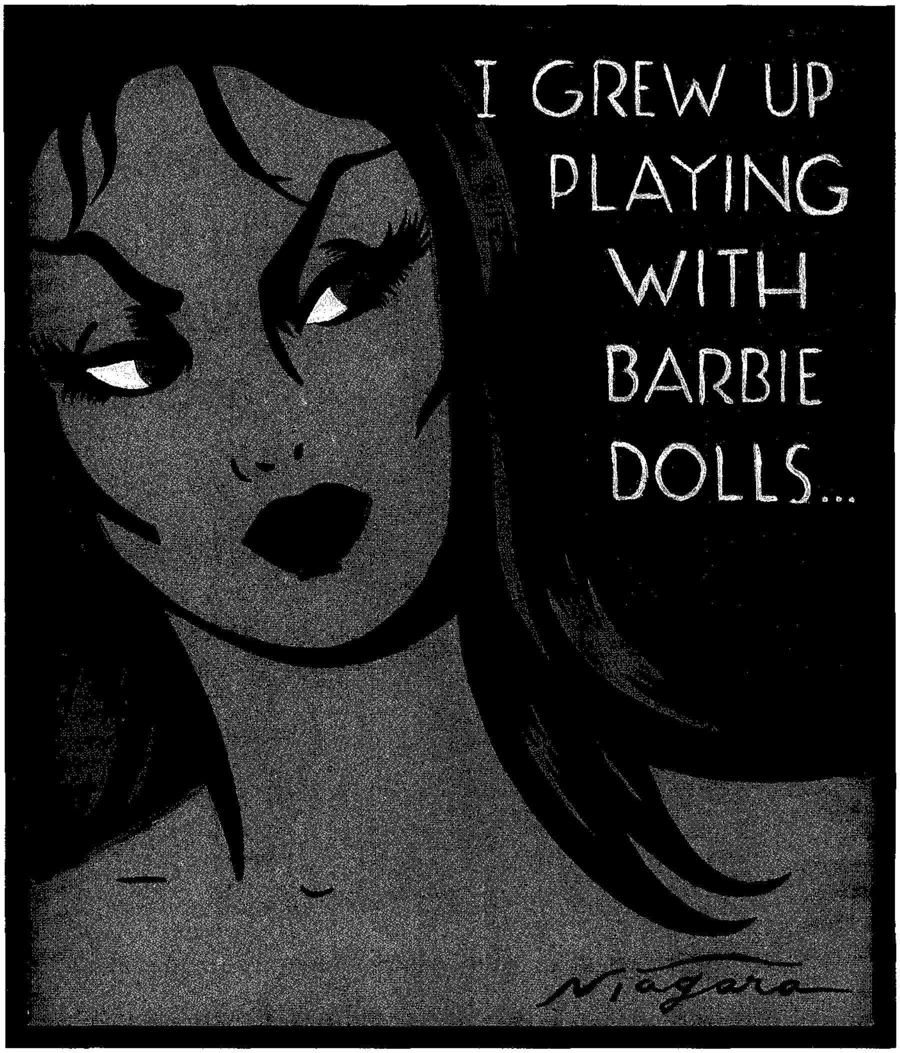
"The women are beautiful, and the men are fools! What's the problem?"

"But you're not really answering my question."

Of course not. Because part of the answer is that nobody wants to be the frump at the back of the room anymore, the ghost of women past—it's just not cool. What *is* cool is for women to take a guy's-eye view of pop culture in general and naked ladies in particular. This is an amped-up, horny moment in our culture, and "getting with the program" requires a boys-will-be-boys attitude. Better yet, act like a frat boy in a Wonderbra yourself. Don't worry, everyone's doing it.

There's Madonna gap-toothed in a white cowboy hat in her "Music" video, stuffing a wad of cash into a stripper's G-string. There's the Playboy Mansion in the society pages again, a must-visit Los Angeles stop for female celebrities from Gwyneth Paltrow to Debbie Harry. Last August, California congresswoman Loretta Sanchez scheduled a fund-raiser there. The January issue of *W* magazine features a spread with Balenciaga-clad Playmates, and at Betsey Johnson's spring show, Bunnies went down the runway with neon-orange ears and tufty white tails on their bottoms. The designer gushed to reporters about "empowerment" and "freeing women's sexuality." *Maxim* magazine has a monthly "Letters From Ladies" section to showcase feedback from females (about a quarter of its readership). In November, the film remake of the quintessential jiggle show, *Charlie's Angels*, opened at No. 1 and made $75 million in ten days, reinvigorating the interest of men and women alike in leggy crime fighting. On a flight to Los Angeles a few months ago, I happened to be seated next to Evan Lowenstein of the identical-twin-pretty-boy band Evan & Jaron. He told me he had been partying with some chicks at his hotel room the night before, and "they were trying to convince me to go with them to Scores to meet Howard Stern, but I was too beat."

There was a time when it seemed as if the unintended consequence of the women's movement was the feminized New Age Man. But the newest hybrid of the gender wars is an even more unusual creature: the Female Chauvinist Pig.


I GREW UP PLAYING WITH BARBIE DOLLS...
Niagara

I'M 26, JEWISH, RAISED IN WESTCHESTER. My mother, a shiatsu masseuse who attended weekly women's consciousness-raising groups for 24 years, met my father, a consultant for nonprofits like Amnesty International, NOW, National Abortion Rights Action League, and so on, at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, in the sixties. I went to Wesleyan University, a place where you could pretty much get expelled for saying "girl" instead of "woman." But somewhere along the line, I developed a taste for Howard Stern and started using the word "chick."

You could write it off as an Alex P. Keatonish sort of rebellion in my case, but most people I'm friendly with—both men and chicks, regardless of background—have taken on a similarly loutish posture about what in my Wesleyan days I would have called gender. Partly, it just seems prim to dress up our conversation in the party clothes of political correctness. (Think about it: When was the last time you heard someone you like use the word *objectification*?) But there's also a way in which a certain lewdness, a certain crass, casual humor that has at its core a "me Tarzan, you Jane" mentality, makes us all feel equal. It makes us feel that way because we are all Tarzan, or at least we are all pretending to be.

"Feminism has evolved to the point where women are no longer satisfied being equal to men; they actually have to be men," laments a character on Darren Star's failed series *The Street.*

"What have I been saying?" his friend replies. "They're trying to make us obsolete, dude. You can't turn on the TV without seeing two chicks tonguing each other."

The Female Chauvinist Pig is not a lesbian. But she couldn't have existed before Lesbian Chic magically reconfigured the American conception of lesbian from bull dyke with crew cut to Sharon Stone with ice pick, and made it okay—sexy! racy!—for women to ogle strippers or porn stars or Alyssa Milano on the cover of *Maxim*. The Female Chauvinist Pig doesn't want men to disappear, far from it. She wants to sleep with them and be like them.

By the way, you couldn't have had Female Chauvinist Pigs before the women's movement, either—it's hard to attain that porky swagger when you can't get a job. But whereas the nineties "do me" feminist was a distinctly female, sex-loving, hard-rocking badass, the Female Chauvinist Pig is just mimicking manliness. The she-wolf has had her moment; even Courtney Love has gotten rid of her combat boots and half her nose.

So we've adapted. Women are not about to stand around the sidelines in the frat house of popular culture. If girl rock is going to be about Britney and Christina now, then damn it, we're going to talk about their tushes and learn the words to "Oops! . . . I Did It Again." Because women in America don't want to be excluded from anything—not the board meeting or the cigar that follows it or, lately, even the trip to the strip club that follows that. What we want is to be where it's at, and right now that happens to be a pretty trashy place.

Many of us got tired of being pissed off. Termagant insubordination can be a drag, and no one wants to be a drag. How much easier it is to laugh. How much more appealing to be perceived as funny and with-it. "It's a way of flaunting your femininity—that's what you *think*," says Susan Brownmiller, who's definitely not one of those feminists renowned for their senses of humor. "You think you're being brave, you think you're being sexy, you think you're transcending feminism. But that's bullshit."

This time, however, Brownmiller and the sisterhood aren't going to ruin our fun. Things have changed, we reason. What's the harm? Surely all those Playmates and Angels and strippers are supposed to be ironic. So if you feel stirrings of righteous indignation when you realize that everywhere you look, some demoralizing stereotype is being resurrected in a giggly, bouncy way, just remember: They're *only kidding*. At least that's what they think.

MY FRIEND CHARLOTTE HAS developed a taste for bimbos. Though she's both an avid heterosexual and a modest dresser, there's something about porn stars and bikini girls in music videos (who more and more frequently *are* porn stars) that grips her the way the Beatles used to bewitch my parents. "The women in these things have these ridiculous bodies with big orb boobs and long legs with fuck-me pumps," she says. "They're plastic—literally plastic—like live Barbie dolls. I grew up playing with Barbie dolls."

Charlotte is from a nice family in Boston, where she attended a top-tier prep school. In college, she worked at the Women's Center, went to Take Back the Night marches, and scared her mother with her hairy armpits. But she feels that this new "guiltiest of pleasures" is just too much to fess up to, so she asked me to refer to her by a pseudonym in this article. "The thing I used to like about this stuff is that at least it was refreshing, it was completely aboveboard," she says. "You felt like Howard was just this one funny, misogynistic guy who said what no one else had the guts to say. But now it's so pervasive: It's like VH1 is covering the porn-rock connection, and it's cool to be a stripper, it's cool to be tarty."

Charlotte has other friends who are unconflicted about their connoisseurship. Getting together with them for the first time, I feel as though I am at a meeting of the Raunch Appreciation Society. Last year, the four of them went to Puerto Rico for a postcollege spring break, and Rachel, a tough, compact girl in platform boots and black pleather pants, has brought Charlotte a memento: a postcard picturing a woman's tumescent breasts against a background of blue sky with the words BREAST WISHES FROM PUERTO RICO scrawled in loopy cursive across the top.

"I was always the girl in the group who showed my tits," Rachel says. "When I first moved to New York, I couldn't get over Robin Byrd. I wouldn't go out till I watched Robin Byrd, and when I did go out, I would talk about Robin Byrd." Rachel is a 24-year-old registered nurse at Beth Israel with a strong Southern Massachusetts accent. She pronounces the public-access porn queen's name "Rawbin." "Watching Robin Byrd doesn't turn me on, though," she says. "It's for humor."

"Yeah, it's all comical to me," concurs Sherry, a 25-year-old advertising account executive. Today she started working at a new company, and she's still in her office outfit of cotton blouse and gray stretch-wool skirt. It's Sherry's first big-deal job, and Rachel has brought her a little congratulatory gift: a thick red pencil with a rubber Farrah Fawcett head smiling on one end. "I loved *Charlie's Angels*," Sherry explains.

Lately, Sherry and her roommate, Anyssa, have become "obsessed" with Nevins's show *G-String Divas*. "The other day we were on the subway and I wanted to dance on the pole in the middle," says Anyssa, the daughter of a cop and a florist. "I could never be a stripper myself, but I think it would be so sexually liberating." It isn't her looks that are

Equality or bust: *The Man Show* producers Jennifer Heftler and Lisa Page with the Juggies.

Photograph by Jennifer Emil.

holding her back; Anyssa is a built, beautiful young woman with icy-pale skin and a broad, lipsticked mouth. Right now she bartends at Bowlmor Lanes, but she wants to be an actress.

"When I'm bartending, I don't dress up because I have to deal with enough assholes as it is," she says. "In college, Sherry and I, by day we would wear these guy outfits, and then at night we'd get dressed up, and people would be like, *Oh, my God!* It's like a card: It's like at first you let them like you for your personality, but then you pull out the hot card and let them look at you like that and it takes it to a whole different level." Anyssa smiles. "And maybe you get to *feel* like a stripper does."

Everyone is quiet for a moment, savoring that possibility.

I suggest that there are reasons one might not want to feel like a stripper; that perhaps spinning greasily around a pole wearing a vapid, sexy facial expression not found in nature is more a parody of female sexual power than an expression of it.

This doesn't go over well. "I can't feel bad for these women," Sherry snaps. "I think they're asking for it."

Sherry considers herself a feminist. "I'm very pro-woman," she says. "I like to see women succeed, whether they're using their minds to do it or using their tits." But she doesn't mind seeing women fail if they aren't using either effectively. She likes the Stern show, for example, because his is a realm in which fairness of a sort pervades. Women who are smart and funny like Sherry, or Robin Quivers, the original Female Chauvinist Pig, get to laugh along with the boys. Women who are pathetic enough to go on national television and strip down to their G-strings in the hopes that Howard will buy them a boob job are punished with humiliation.

"Growing up, I hung out with all guys," says Anyssa. "These are the first girls I ever hung out with who had the same mentality as me and weren't gonna starve themselves and paint their nails every fucking second. I've never been a girly girl, and I've never wanted to compete in that world—I just didn't fit in."

"My boyfriend got mad that I was going out to a strip club!" Rachel offers suddenly. She's drinking an oversize vodka tonic, and it seems to be leading her comments just south of apropos. "We're like the guys in our relationships: We make more money than our boyfriends; we live in better apartments," she explains to me.

"He turned down a chance to work a shoot with Pamela Anderson Lee the other night so he could be with me!" she explodes. "When I found out, I was like, *I would have gone home twelve hours late to see Pamela Anderson Lee!*"

COMEDY CENTRAL AIRS A PROGRAM called *The Man Show*, which exists solely to celebrate the beer-and-babes lifestyle. I used to watch it once in a while because it's so unbelievably out of hand, and because hey, I can take a joke. When I found out that 38 percent of the viewers are female and that it's co-executive-produced by two women, Jennifer Heftler and Lisa Page, I went out to L.A. imagining I could confirm what everyone's been saying: that all of this is just a benign goof.

The night I show up for a taping, there isn't enough space for all the guys who've lined up, and a team of heavy-limbed boys in matching green T-shirts from Chico State is pumped to have made it into the audience.

Don, the bald audience fluffer, seems to be looking directly at them when he yells from the stage, "A few weeks ago, we had trouble with guys touching the women here. You can't just grab their asses—you don't do that in real life, do you?" *Beat.* "Wellll . . . so do I!" The frat boys cheer, but not with the alarming gusto of the man in front of them, a scrawny, bespectacled computer technician who resembles one of the *P*'s in Peter, Paul & Mary. "To the women," bellows Don, "today only, you're an honorary man! Grab your dick!"

Snoop is rapping over the loudspeaker: *Guess who back in the motherfuckin house/With a fat dick for your motherfuckin mouth.*

Abby, a brunette in tight white jeans, is called up to the stage for her big chance to win a T-shirt. Honorary man status notwithstanding, she is asked to expose her breasts to the crowd. Abby declines, but agrees brightly to kiss another girl instead. A pert redhead in her early twenties races up from the audience to wrap her hands around Abby's back and put her tongue in the stranger's mouth. "Yeah! Yeah! You're making me hard," shrieks Peter/Paul. He is nearly hit in the head by the Chico Statesman behind him, who is pumping his fist in the air in front of his crotch.

Soon after, the stage doors open and out pour the Juggies, nine dancing girls in coordinated pornographic Mother Goose costumes: Little Red Riding Hood in spike-heeled patent-leather thigh-highs, Bo Peep in a push-up bra so aggressive you can almost see her nipples, and, of course, Puss in Boots.

They shimmy their way around the audience, and some of them do tricks on the poles. After the shouting dies down, the show's hosts, Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla, emerge from backstage, fresh as daisies in matching his and his gingham shirts. "Who knows a good joke?" Carolla asks.

"How do you piss your girlfriend off when you're having sex?" a guy in the back volunteers. "Call her up and tell her."

Then they show a pretaped spot about a mock clinic for wife evaluation, where a prospective bride is assessed based on her grasp of football and her aptitude at administering fellatio to Ron Jeremy.

"THERE'S A SIDE OF BOYDOM that's fun," declares Jen Heftler, a big woman with frizzy hair and two tattoos, one of a rose and the other of a dragonfly. "They get to fart, they get to be loud—and I think now we're saying we can fart and curse and go to strip clubs and smoke cigars just as easily and just as well."

As for the Juggies, we are supposed to understand that they are kitsch—boobs, yes, but in quotes. "In the sixties, Dean Martin had his Golddiggers, and they were basically Juggies," says Heftler, "but the audience wasn't in on the joke. It was just pretty girls because that's what a guy would have. Then it was, you can never have that, you can't show a woman as a sex object, that's terrible. Now we're back to having it, but it's kind of commenting on that as opposed to just being that. The girls are in on it, and the women watching it are in on it."

But after sitting in that audience, I have to wonder: What exactly are they in on? That women are ditsy and jiggly? That men would like them to be?

Bob Guccione Jr., the publisher and editor of *Gear*, says, "In our pictures, there's a sense of mystery, as if the woman is one step ahead of you. There are women who have a knee-jerk reaction—you know the kind of women I'm talking about—women who just don't like to see guys having fun and are uncomfortable with sex."

The women in front of the camera are *in control,* the argument goes; what's wrong with you that you can't see it? Except that you'd be hard-pressed to argue that the Juggies—who end every episode of *The Man Show* by bouncing around in a section aptly titled "Girls on Trampolines"—are "one step ahead of you."

"Listen, our generation has gone past the point where *The Man Show* is going to cause a guy to walk into a doctor's office and say, *Oh, my God! A woman doctor!"* Heftler counters. "Women have always had to find ways to make men comfortable with where we're at. One of the perks to this job was that we wouldn't have to prove ourselves anymore," she continues. "We could say, 'We worked at *The Man Show*,' and no one would ever think, *Oh, those prissy little women* again."

It's an old strategy. Women who've wanted to be perceived as powerful have long found it more efficient to join forces with men than to try to elevate the entire female sex. Mary McCarthy and Elizabeth Hardwick were famously contemptuous of "women's libbers," for example, and were untroubled about striving to "write like a man." Not everyone cares that this doesn't do much for the sisterhood.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE TAPING, I HAVE DINner with Adam Carolla, Jimmy Kimmel, and *The Man Show*'s co-creator, Daniel Kellison, at the restaurant inside the W Hotel in Westwood, a place that resembles Asia de Cuba in its penchant for hot white lights and giant pieces of fabric draped over everything. I ask why they suppose 38 percent of their viewers are women.

"We did a little research," says Carolla, "and it turns out 38 percent of all women have a sense of humor."

I laugh. I want to be one of those women. The ladies here at the W are like another species: There are lush curves bursting off impossibly thin frames everywhere you look, and miles of hairless, sand-colored skin.

"It's a whole power thing that you take advantage of and career women take advantage of," Kellison offers. "If you read *Maxim* or watch our show or *Howard Stern* or whatever, you have an overview of a cultural phenomenon, you have power. You take responsibility for your life and you don't walk around thinking, *I'm a victim of the press! I'm a victim of pop culture!* So you can laugh at girls on trampolines." He smiles warmly. "There's nothing ominous about this; it's just guys hanging out. You get it."

For a moment, I allow myself to feel vaguely triumphant.

Kimmel sucks an oyster out of its shell and then snickers. "At TCA," the annual Television Critics Association conference in Pasadena, "this woman asked, 'How does having big-breasted women in the Juggy dance squad differ from having black women in the darkie dance squad?' I said, 'First of all, that's the stupidest question I've ever heard.'

"Then Adam said, 'Let me put your mind at ease: If we ever decide to put together a retarded dance squad, you'll be the first one in it,' " says Kellison, and all three of them laugh.

"What kind of women do you hang out with?" I ask.

Kimmel looks at me as though I'm insane. "For the most part," he says, "*women* don't even want to hang out with their friends."

FOR MY FINAL FIELD TRIP, I ACCOMpany Charlotte and the gang to Ten's on 21st Street. The room—dark, air-conditioned—glints in pink, then green, then orange as dozens of tiny neon stars on the wall flash with color. A bald bouncer in a three-piece suit of sorts leads us to a table near the stage, and we sit down next to two guys in business suits. While one talks on his cell phone, the other is looking up slack-mouthed at the woman twisting in front of him in her underpants. "You're the most beautiful girl in here," he pants. She keeps her face frozen in a slit-eyed half smile until he slips the money in her G-string. Then she walks away, yawning.

Charlotte looks like she may try and make a run for it, but Anyssa decides she's ready for a lap dance. "Oh What a Night" is blaring on the sound system as two strippers approach and peel their dresses off. They don't strictly resemble Barbie dolls, but there is that plastic quality—a body without flaw, skin that looks as if it's been poured from a tube. One stripper slips in between Sherry's legs. Seconds later, a bouncer comes over and grasps her by the arm. "Put your dress on," he says.

"Hey," Sherry yells as the woman is escorted away. "Where'd my girl go?"

Onstage, the blonde who best approximates Pamela Anderson Lee is writhing against a pole. "You should get her on your lap," one of the bouncers tells Sherry, winking.

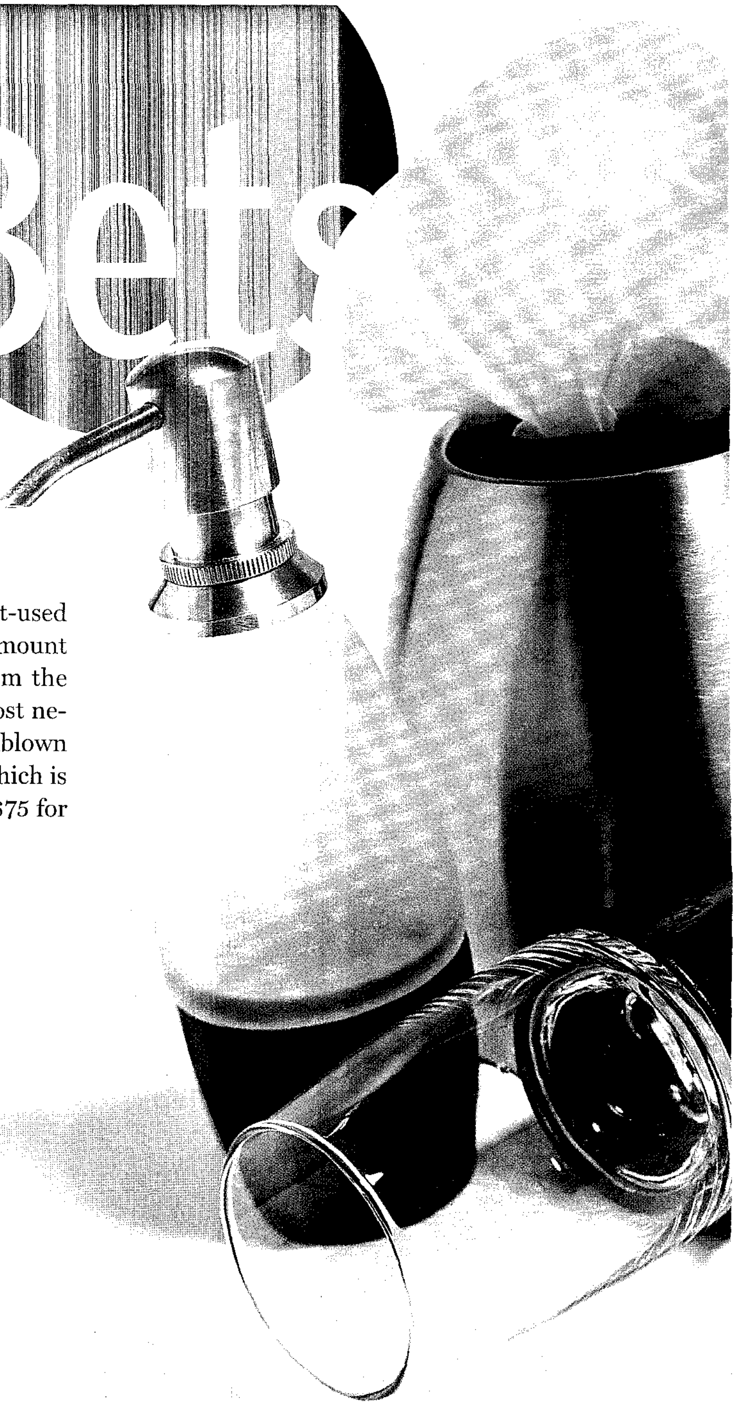
But her original stripper has returned with a friend, and they settle in next to Sherry and Anyssa. It seems they are getting on swimmingly for a while, but then Anyssa turns to Charlotte, suddenly sullen. "Pass me my wallet," she says. It seems the strippers expect around a hundred dollars for their little chat.

Just then, a tall Russian woman still in her blue polyester dress approaches and rests her hand on my arm. "Are you gay?" she asks. "No? Do you want to be a stripper?"

Because, really—and she was right about this—why else would a woman choose to be here? ■

Best Bets

RIMA SUQI



Bathing Beauties Isn't it odd how the most-used room in the home—the bathroom—often gets the least amount of decorating attention? These stylish accessories from the Fetish Collection by D.I.G.S. will spruce up even the most neglected space. Each piece is made in Germany of handblown crystal, hand-brushed satin nickel, and ebonized oak, which is sealed so it won't shrink or crack ($120 for tissue box, $75 for tumbler, $130 for pump).

► **WATERWORKS**
469 Broome Street/212-966-0605
225 East 57th Street/212-371-9266

Cold Comfort It's not easy being cute in subzero temperatures. But with Claire Blaydon's sexy, fuzzy camisole you can keep warm and look hot all at the same time. This stylish, body-hugging number is made of a cashmere, angora, and wool blend, lined with cotton jersey and trimmed with lace, and it comes with a sassy little neckscarf. Available in solid colors and stripes, it's perfect under a jacket during the day, or solo for evening ($65).

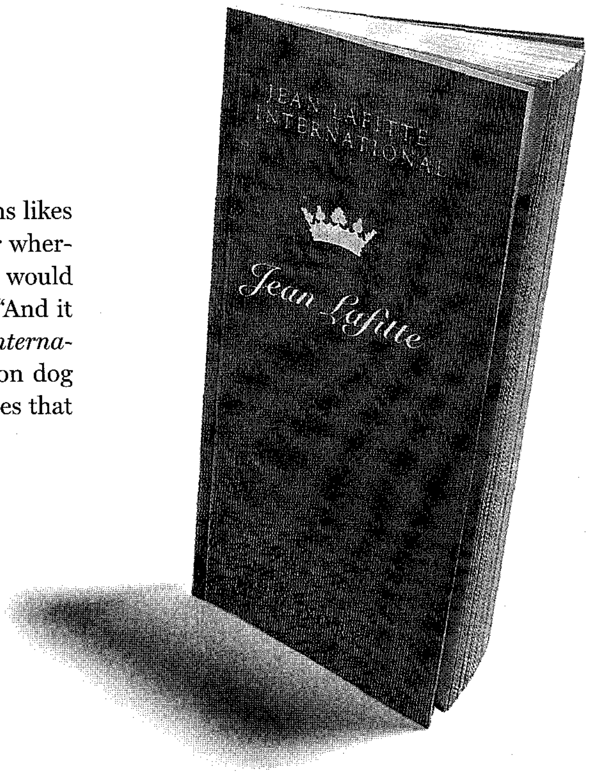
► **CLAIRE BLAYDON**
202A Mott Street/212-219-1490

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL GRIMM

Chat Sheet

Loop Design's new Mood mouse pad puts ten descriptive symbols used in online chatting, ranging from :-# (I wear braces) to :-* (kiss), right at your fingertips. It also doubles as a notepad—so each sheet can be ripped off when it gets grungy from use ($9).

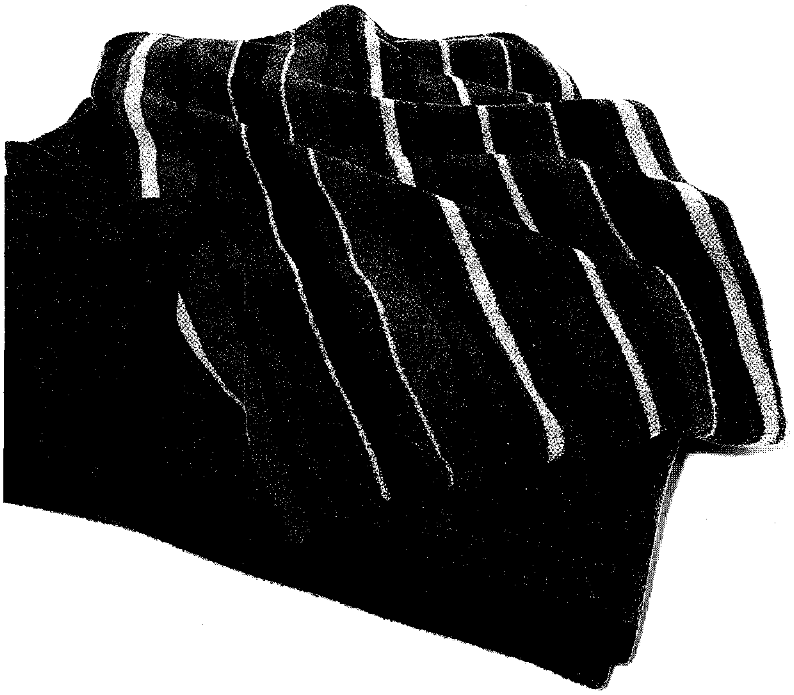
▶ **VIRGIN MEGASTORE**
1540 Broadway/212-921-1020
52 East 14th Street/212-598-4666



Dogged Pursuits

Elizabeth Elkins likes to take her Great Dane, Jean Lafitte, with her wherever she goes. "I went looking for a book that would list all the places I could take him," she says. "And it didn't exist." So she wrote one. *Jean Lafitte International—New York* is filled with information on dog runs, pooch-friendly restaurants, and boutiques that sell chic canine accessories.

▶ **NEW YORK DOG SPA & HOTEL**
145 West 18th Street/212-243-1199



Best in Throws

It seems unfair to call the Morgan Collection's creations throws. For once you wrap yourself in one of these supersoft merino-wool wonders, you won't want to throw them anywhere. Andrew Morgan spent years on Seventh Avenue and approaches his home collection from a fashion perspective. "These colors are in tune with today's fashions," he explains. "So this is like ready-to-wear for the home." Throws are available in patterns and solids with pillows that can be mixed and matched ($395).

▶ **ABC CARPET & HOME**
888 Broadway, at 19th Street/212-473-3000

Sales&Bargains **LAUREN REICHBACH**

Snap Judgments

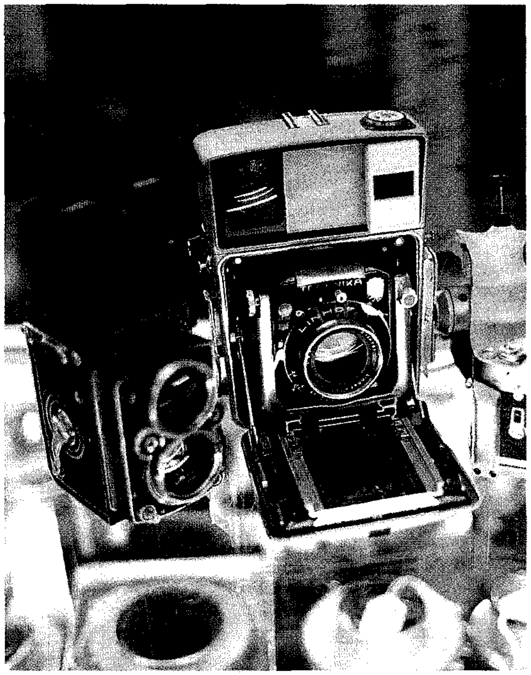
Smile! We zoomed in on the city's best photography stores, so you can focus on the camera you want and still have money left for film.

IF SANTA DIDN'T BRING YOU THAT new camera you were hoping for, now's your chance. We've trained our viewfinder on the city's camera stores and picked the three with the best combinations of customer service and low prices. So you can exchange some of those unwanted gifts and snap up an affordable camera in the time it takes to say "cheese."

B&H Photo-Video serves neophyte and professional photographers with equal price-slashing zeal. Right now, B&H is offering the following specials: The Canon EOS Rebel 2000 is $349.95 (list price $560); the Minolta Maxxum STsi, $299.95 (list price $590); the Pentax ZX-7, $344.95 (list price $750); and the Nikon N80, $549.95 (list price $826). Deals on digital cameras include the Nikon Cool Pix 800 for $479.95 (originally $599.95) and the Minolta Dimâge 2330 for $429.95 (list price $549).

Adorama also offers a massive selection and competitive prices, and the staff will bend over backward to help even the most confused amateur. Until the end of the month, the Nikon F80 is $374.95 (originally $400), the Canon Digital Powershot is $559.95 (originally $619.95), and the Mamiya M645 pro TL body is $1,395 (originally $1,599). During the week of January 15, "Sales & Bargains" readers receive a free Canon camera bag with the purchase of a camera costing $150 or more.

For professionals, or serious amateurs, **Lens and Repro** is the go-to place for hard-to-find and collectible cameras, like the Linhof or Fuji medium-format. Lens and Repro also maintains one of the largest equipment-and-camera-rental houses in the city. During the month of February, "S&B" readers get a 25 percent discount on all rentals and will receive a free USB-card reader ($40 value) with the purchase of any digital camera.



Shooting stars: Some classics from Lens and Repro.

B&H, 420 Ninth Ave., at 34th St. (800-606-6969; 212-444-6615; www.bhphotovideo.com); Adorama, 42 W. 18th St. (800-223-2500; 212-675-6789; www.adorama.com); Lens and Repro, 33 W. 17th St. (212-675-1900; www.lensrepro.com).

Picks of the Week

The News is clearing men's and women's samples and some stock from Martin Margiela, Clements Ribeiro, Susan Cianciolo, United Bamboo, and others for about 80 percent off, mostly $20–$350. *495 Broadway, near Broome St., fifth floor (212-925-9700); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.-Sat. 11-7; 1/19-1/20.*

Resurrection's fab men's and women's vintage clothing, including jean jackets, new-wave sweaters, disco dresses, and tweed suits, is up to 50 percent off. *217 Mott St. (212-625-1374); Mon.-Sat. 11-7, Sun. 11-6; 123 E. 7th St. (212-228-0063); Mon.-Sat. 2-10, Sun. 2-9; A.E., M.C., V.; 1/15-1/31.*

Cappellini Modern Age is taking up to 60 percent off selected items from its stock of super-sleek modern and contemporary furniture and home accessories, and 15 percent off all orders. *102 Wooster St. (212-966-0669); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 11-7, Sat.-Sun. noon-6; 1/18-1/21.*

Goldin-Feldman furs and shearlings are 25 to 50 percent off. *150 W. 30th St., fifth floor (212-239-0512); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. noon-4; 1/15-1/27.*

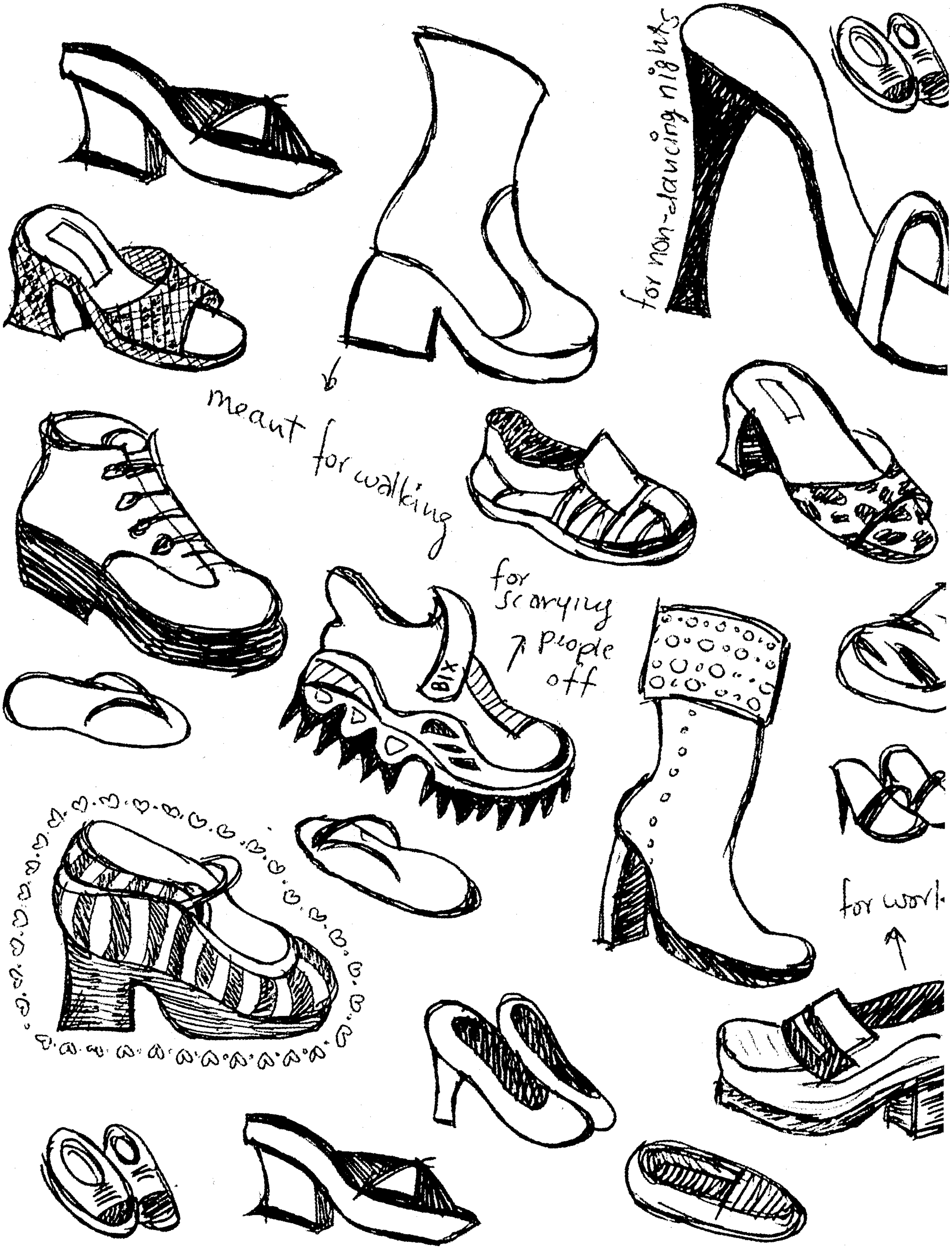
Schrager Furniture's sale means 40 percent off custom-made cherry, oak, or pine armoires and cabinets (and 60 percent off floor samples). Prices are mostly $700–$1,500. *1624 First Ave., near 84th St. (212-879-0400); Mon., Wed., Fri. 10-8; Tues., Thurs., Sat. 10-6; 1/19-1/24.*

Roberta is clearing high-end lingerie and loungewear at 20 to 50 percent off. Designers include Hanro, Donna Karan, and La Perla. *1252 Madison Ave., near 90th St. (212-860-8366); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-6; sale starts 1/15.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

what do you really fantasize about?


for non-dancing nights
meant for walking
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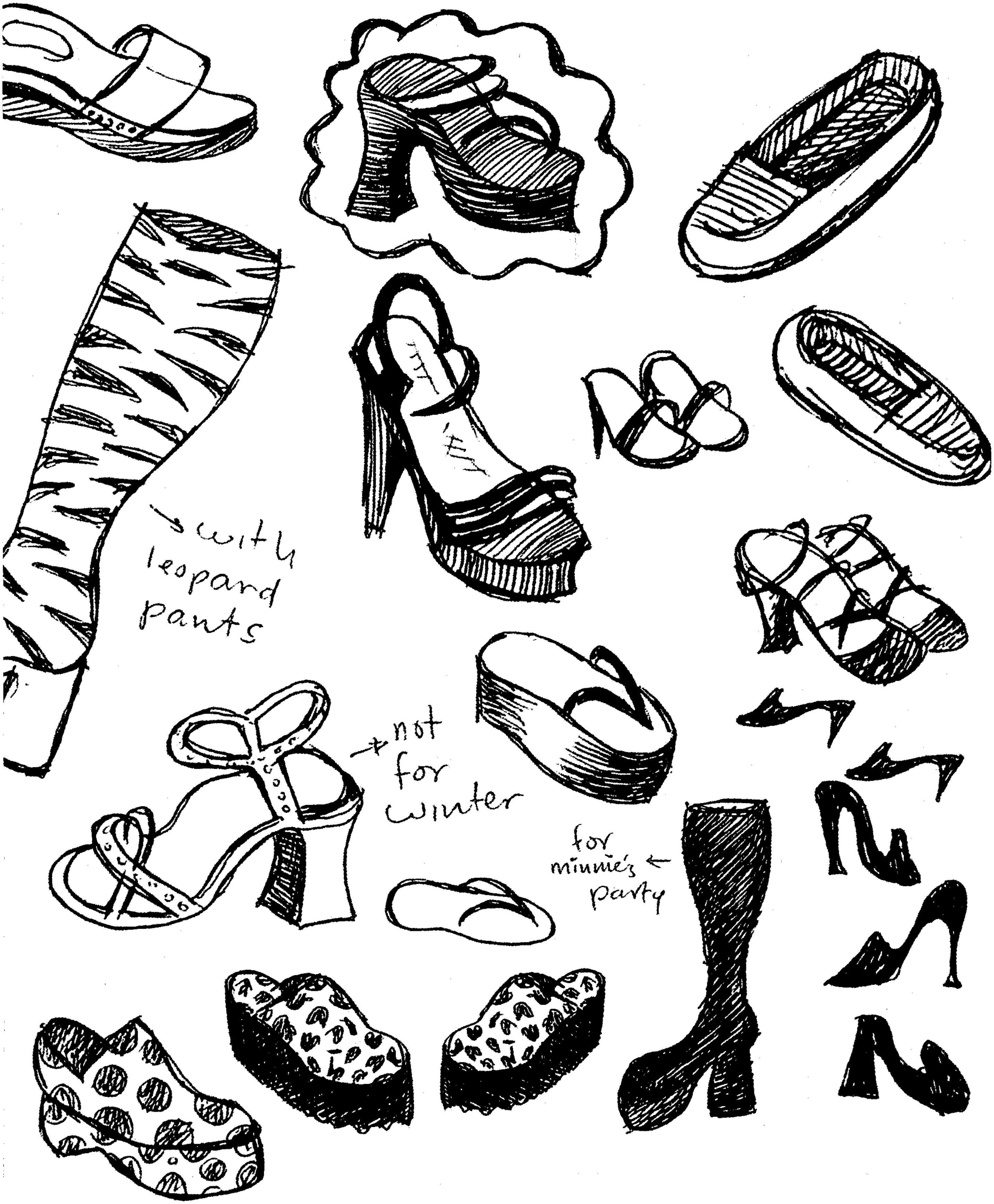
→ with leopard pants
→ not for winter
for minnie's party ←

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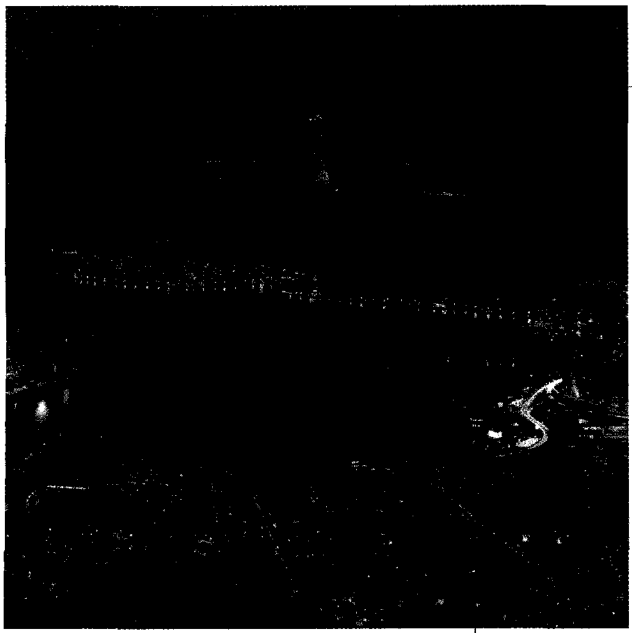
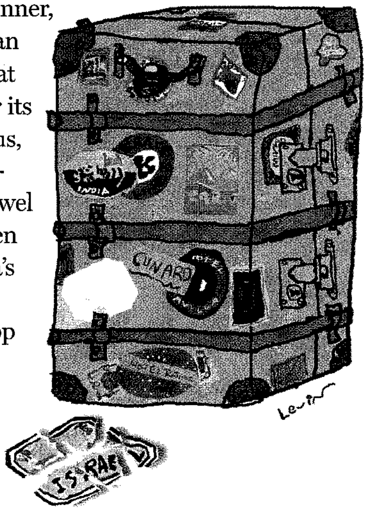


Rio Grande

With all things Brazilian—from caipirinhas and bikini waxes to supermodels and the samba—sexy again, Rio has reemerged at the top of every hot-spot list. If you're considering a visit to coincide with next month's Carnaval, try the brand-new Marina All Suites, where the minimum four-night stay will run you $1,998 during Carnaval (55-21-540-4990). The Marina is located at Leblon Beach, not far from R-9 (55-21-540-9999), the hot new nightclub owned by soccer star Ronaldinho. For dinner, the place to fill up on more than a dozen types of all-you-can-eat meat is Marius in Ipanema, or its new spin-off, also called Marius, in Leme (55-21-521-0500). Finally, forget spreading your towel on Copacabana Beach: It's been superseded by Barra da Tijuca's model-studded sands. Feeling brave? Stop at a Blue Man shop (55-21-541-6712) on the way there for one of those dental-floss Brazilian bikinis. T.M.

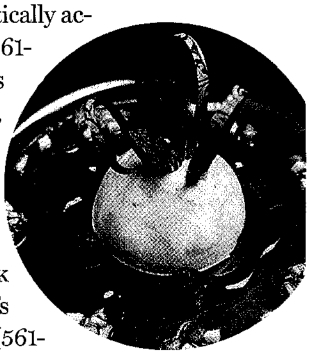
Hazard Play

Though street violence and a State Department travel advisory have deterred most Americans from visiting Israel this winter, an undaunted few are still trickling over. Many are Orthodox Jews on solidarity missions, according to the Israel Ministry of Tourism, plus Christians on turn-of-the-real-millennium pilgrimages, but some are just fearless secular travelers looking for a bargain. El Al (212-768-9200) is offering round-trip flights to Tel Aviv on a buy-one-get-one-half-off basis until March 22, and, as most of the country's hotels are vacant, room rates are largely negotiable. Dale Schoenberg—one of nine travelers who took a tour last month that was originally scheduled for 300 people—went because her children were being bar mitzvahed. "The only danger I feared while we were there was falling off the mountains we were climbing," she says. T.M.



The Sunshine Plate

South Florida's culinary reputation as a bleak collection of fish houses and early-bird specials changed dramatically with the birth of Latin fusion, and now it's shifting seismically again as Boca Raton unexpectedly morphs into a restaurant mecca. The freshly refurbished Boca Raton Resort & Club (561-395-3000) just became home to Drew Nieporent's brand-new, David Rockwell–designed Tuscan restaurant, Lucca, and a high-end American spot called 27 Ocean Blue. Add these to the year-old, critically acclaimed Zemi (561-391-7177), GiGi's (561-368-4488), top-flight Morton's of Chicago in Boca Center (561-392-7724), and Mark Militello's Mark's at Mizner Park (561-395-0770), and you have the kind of destination from which foodies' fantasies are made. BETH LANDMAN KEIL



etc.

SHIPPING NEWS Canyon Ranch, the famous health spa with branches in Arizona and Massachusetts, is about to start construction on two cruise ships that will offer the same services and facilities as the landlocked resorts. The 320 guests aboard each vessel will enjoy outside suites with private verandas, 35 treatment rooms, 56 pieces of exercise equipment, and carefully rationed health food. But don't call for reservations yet: Neither ship sails before 2003. • **BODY & SEOUL** Slowing the pace in frenzied Seoul, South Korea, the gigantic Marquis Spa and Fitness Club has opened at the JW Marriott Hotel. The 150,000-square-foot center uses solar bulbs, oxygen tanks, and thermal mineral water to create a healthy environment, and visitors have access to an indoor jogging track, golf range, twelve-meter climbing wall, and scuba pool, as well as a varied selection of massages, facials, and beauty services (822-62-82-6570). • **STUDY ABROAD** Next month, look for *Zagat*'s first *Survey of Top International Hotels, Resorts & Spas* ($12.95). The opinionated guide rates 800 properties in 77 countries on rooms, service, dining, and public spaces. T.M.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Corbis Images; photograph courtesy of Boca Raton Resort and Club; photograph by Michael Price.
Illustration by Arnold Levin.

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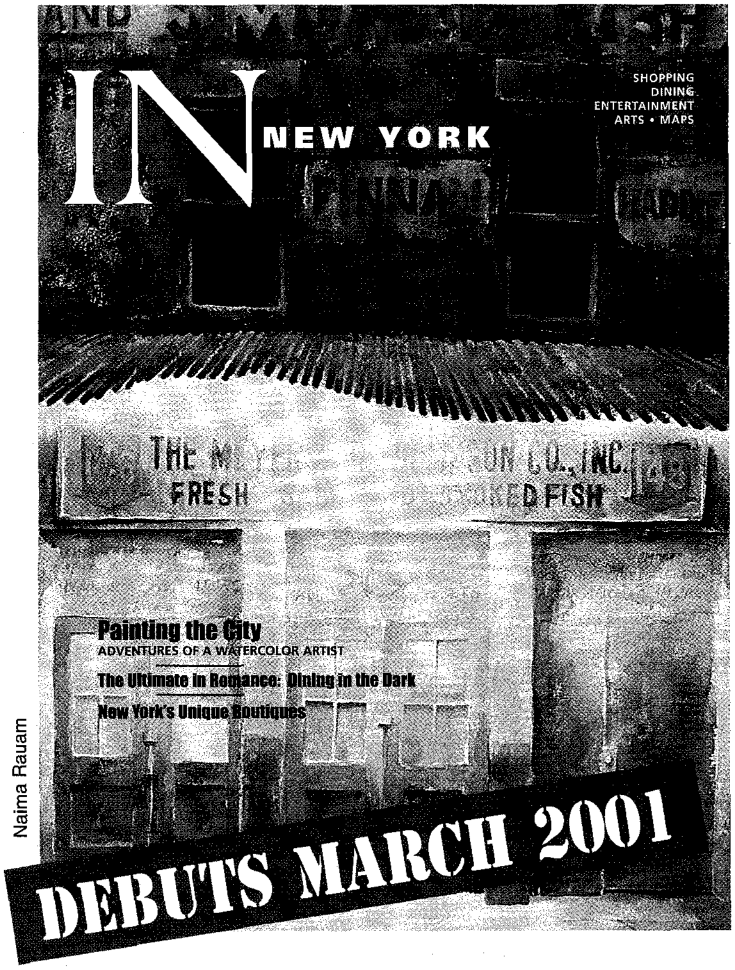
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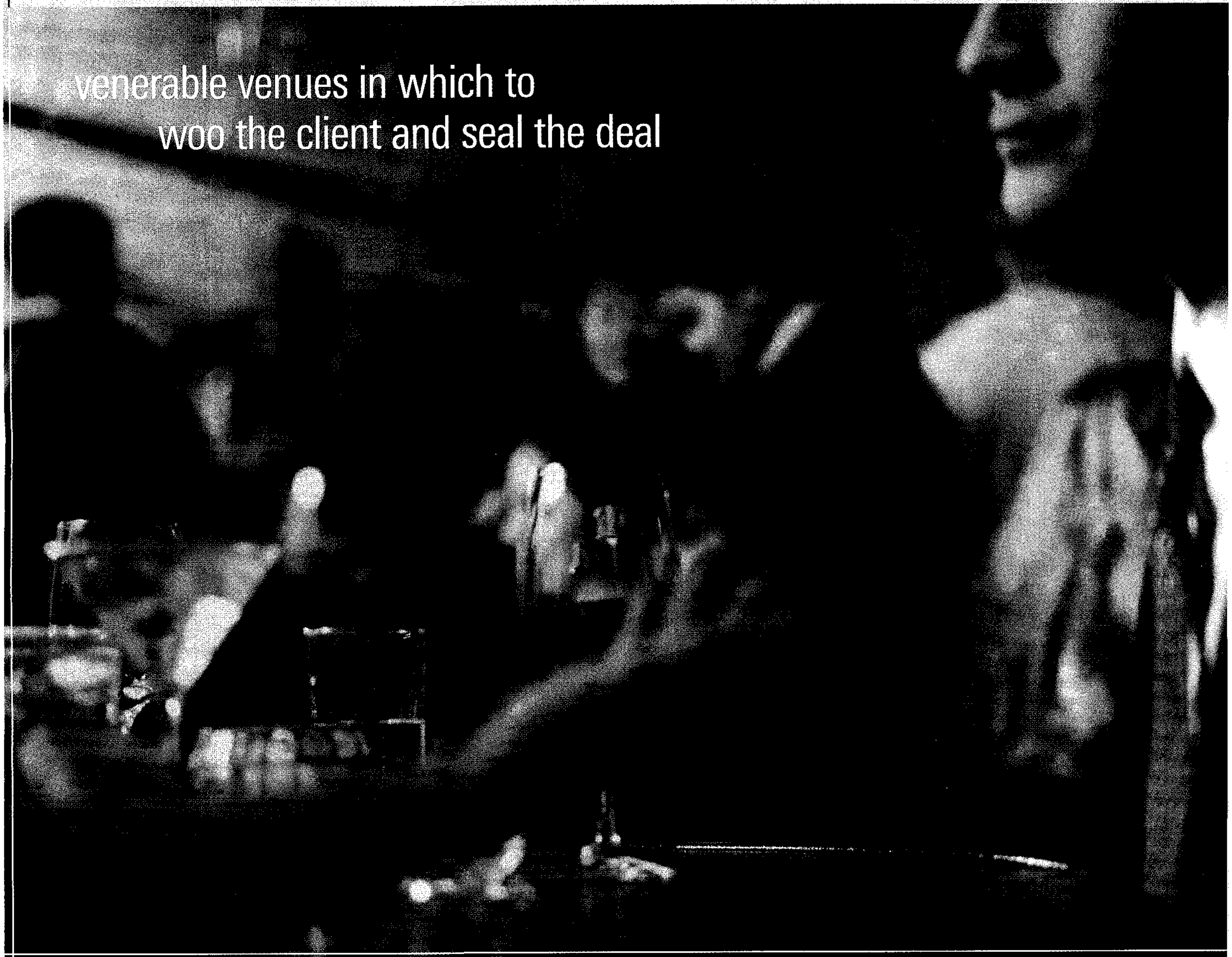
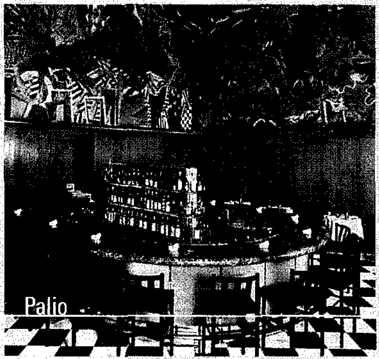
THE ART OF THE DEAL

Tom Wolfe might have said, "New York is about lunch," but when it comes to doing business, New York is also about cocktail hour, dinner, cabaret hour or any other time two or more can get away and do a deal. The city's myriad dining and drinking places are but an extension of the office, and if that means cornering a table in a restaurant or bar at 3 in the afternoon, let's do it.

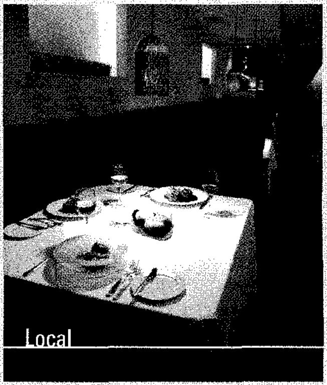

venerable venues in which to
woo the client and seal the deal

beverly hood allen (creative services director) christy casamassima (editor)
segal savad design (creative) david butwin (writer) lory conklin (research)

In New York, business is an art. The canvas is a host of impressive, high-powered venues in which to wine, dine, and schmooze with valued clients. A stellar sampling:


Palio

You sniff the power and the glory the moment you walk into **Palio** (151 W. 51st St., 245-4850), the elegant northern Italian outpost in the heart of midtown. The first floor is all bar, and what a bar it is: colorful murals on four walls depicting the Palio horse race, run twice every summer on Siena's main square since medieval times. With eight tables, a roomy square-shaped bar and a lighter menu, the bar is at once refined and muscular, perfect for doing business. The bar is also a good bet in the quiet hours from 2:30 to 5:30 p.m, when a special light menu is available. There's plenty of privacy, too, in the upstairs dining room, which continues the house's horsey ambience, with colorful banners representing the competing teams. For group confabs, take over a private room off the main dining room, with seating from 15 to 50.


Local

Your clients will be floored by the bi-level **Local** (224 W. 47th St., 921-2005), a sparkling newcomer to the Times Square theater district. The first-floor booths are just right for dining and dealing, each fitted with a handy dimmer switch to control the lighting as you zero in. Or mount the grand staircase and stake out the impressive second-floor Club Dining Room. Its high-backed booths are separated by wooden louvers giving an illusion of even more privacy. Here too, is a clubby cocktail lounge done in contemporary glistening colors. Whichever Local space you choose, count on imaginative American cuisine, prepared with a global influence, but down-home enough (no fusion confusion) to keep your mind on the matters at hand.

Whether you're six in a group or 60, you'll find the working conditions ideal when you rent out **Pois Chiche** (640 Broadway, Suite 2W, 260-0790), a sunny downtown space on the corner of Bleecker Street and Broadway.

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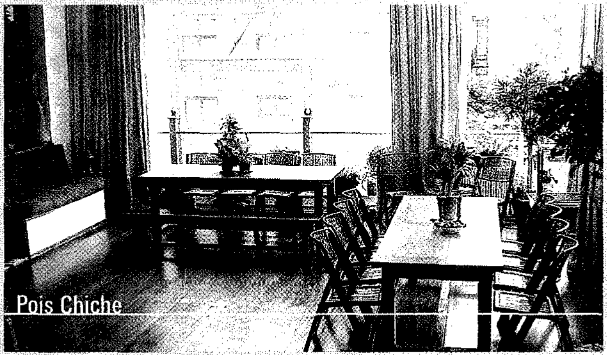
At lunch or in mid-afternoon, apres-work, or at breakfast, Pois Chiche (it means chickpea in French) is a hit with ad groups and other creative types who find the congenial atmosphere conducive to rolling up their sleeves and going to work. Something about the warm "Louisiana-Bayou-LeStat" decor lends itself to getting things done. Pois Chiche's popular Off-Site Lunch has proved a clear winner, appealing to those who like to eat while they work (salads, pastas, cheeses, etc.) but don't want the clatter and clamor and hovering waiters of many contemporary restaurants.

If you hanker to do business away from the maelstrom, escape to the friendly east-seventies confines of **Nino's** (1354 First Ave., 988-0002). At lunch or dinner, you're in the good hands of Nino Selimaj (who also owns Nino's Positano and the two Osso Bucos in Manhattan). Nino greets his customers and turns out an unfussy northern Italian fare that includes his hefty lobster fra diavolo and a half-dozen fish dishes. There's no crowding in this unusually large oblong room, and no stinting on table space—two can have a table for four to spread out. And the bar near the front entrance has a smoking section for those who want to toast their deals with cigars and cognac.

Nino's


Pois Chiche

You wouldn't expect to take a meeting to the East Village, but that's exactly why the new **Siren** (12 St. Marks Place, 995-9100) is such a success: You can operate in cushy anonymity. Opened in November and owned by prominent real-estate attorney Mitchell Rothken, the swank little supper club appeals to movers and shakers in the real estate and other business worlds. Done with blue velvet, aluminum, and potted date palms in a Frank Gehry kind of way, Siren has a compact dining room with six comfy booths, just waiting for deals to get done. The food is French in presentation, American in its basics, Asian in flair, and the wine list is vast.

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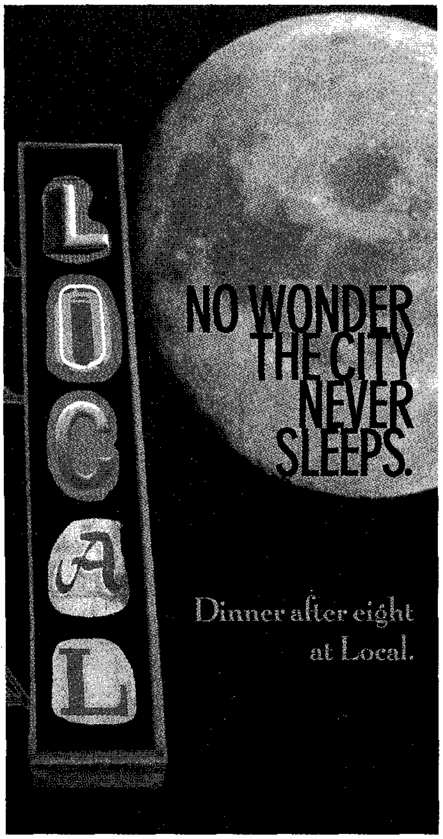
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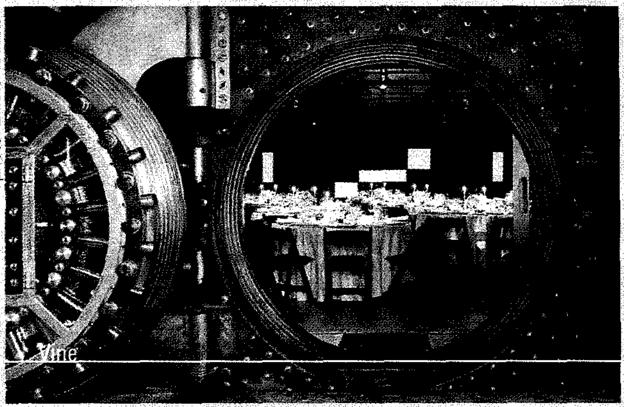
Siren

In the late hours, Siren turns into a wee warm cabaret. So settle back and toast your closing.

Where better to broker a deal than at **Vine** (25 Broad St., 344-8463), an 1898 landmark building that looks out on the New York Stock Exchange? Power lunchers like both the upstairs and downstairs dining rooms; the lower level is lined with historic copper bank vaults, two of which hold Vine's impressive wine collection. Afternoons the early-breaking traders start flocking to the bar at 4 p.m., sucking down martinis. CEO's and other bigwigs vie daily (lunch and dinnertime) for table no. 21, with its view of the Stock Exchange facade. The menu is manly and filling—porterhouse steaks for two with Maui onion rings and mashed potatoes, pan-roasted lobster, and chili-rubbed pork tenderloin.



Vine

photo: Elliott Kaufman

It's easy to butter up clients when you book **Windows on the World** (One World Trade Center, 524-7000): if the views don't do it, up there with the eagles at 107 floors, the food and service certainly will. Celebrity chef Michael Lomonaco brings his trusty American signature to Windows' handful of excellent dining venues. Wild Blue (as in yonder), a relaxed but sophisticated American chophouse that opens at 5 p.m., looks south over the lower harbor and the Statue of Liberty. If a glass of wine is all you want, there are 50 choices. At lunch, the uptown-facing World Trade Center Club is a daily hive of deal-making with its regular members and their guests. It's a throwback to the traditional private club, just add the sterling view. Or settle into the Greatest Bar on Earth,

> "If a glass of wine is all you want, there are 50 choices."

open for lunch and cocktails at any hour. With the Brooklyn Bridge as backdrop, you can schmooze a client over sushi, burgers, a wine selection that draws on 1,500 choices and a bar that stocks 16 different vodkas and produces a variety of martinis. Windows is also noted for its private business functions like the "closing dinner."

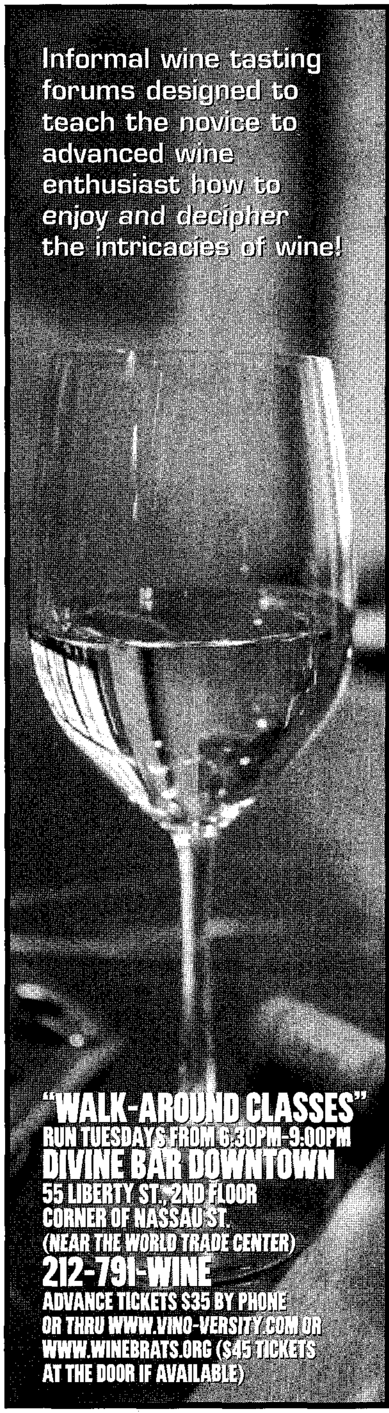
photo: Christopher Little

Windows on the World

You'll bring back the era of big bands and old-time wining and dining when you take clients to the **The Supper Club** (240 W. 47th St., 921-1940), a dressy deco of a club in the theater district. It's the forties all over again with a 25-foot starlit ceiling and cobalt-blue carpets. Oysters Rockefeller, Lobster Thermador and duck à l'orange. What better way for a CEO and spouse to entertain a couple than to book a table Friday or Saturday for an evening of dining and dancing from 8 p.m. to midnight. You also see a two-act floor show, backed by a 16-piece band. Then from midnight to 4 a.m., it's all hot mambo sounds. On weekdays, the club hosts continental breakfast meetings, conferences, power lunches, and evening parties for anywhere from 100 to 300.

: MH Concepts & Photography

Supper Club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February 20th — **New York, New York!**
Discover reds and whites from Long Island, the Finger Lakes, and the Canadian Border! Bordeaux-style wines with attitude!

March 6th — **Napa versus Sonoma**
The two most famous regions of California are vastly *different. Compare the big* flavors of Cabernets, Merlots, Zins, Chardonnays, and Sauvignon Blancs from these two amazing areas!

March 20th — **The White Wines of Italy**
Pinot Grigio is only the tip of *the Gelotti-berg! Taste dozens* of examples from the North, Tuscany, and the South.

April 3rd — **Food & Wine Pairing: What's That About?**
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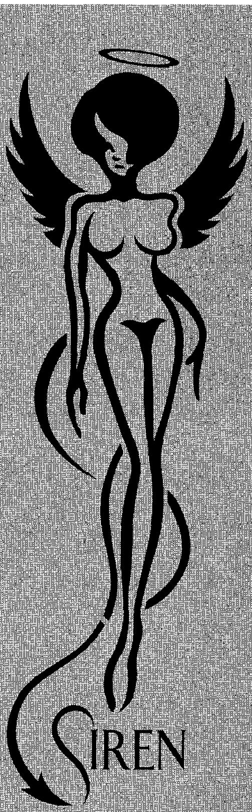

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98 Kenmare

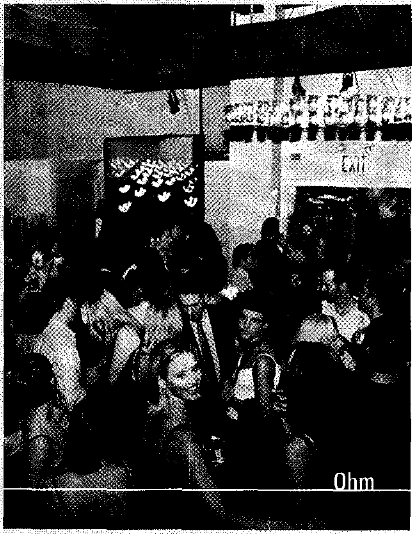
Good food, good vibes and good business wait behind the blue awning at **98 Kenmare** (98 Kenmare St., 226-8509), a smart and trendy bistro newcomer to NoLIta, between Lafayette and Mulberry streets. John Flanders, late of the much decorated Dome restaurant in Greenwich, CT, specializes in eclectic American fare, reasonably priced. The spacious seating lends itself to deal-doing, especially at the cushy banquette tables. The semi-private feeling is just right for closings and other celebrations. Foodies come at dinner-time, trendies roll in late and fill the bar/lounge, but 98 Kenmare is good for business at any hour.

Tasting is what it's all about at the two **Divine Bars** (55 Liberty St., 791-WINE; 244 E. 51st St., 319-WINE): Tasting of tapas, tasting of premium libations, and tasting of business success. There are slight differences in the financial-district and midtown outposts, but the point of both is imbibing the trendy and funky SoHo atmosphere without having to journey to SoHo itself. The downtown Divine Bar is a weekday magnet (noon to 12) for area suits. It is done up like a Broadway theater lobby, with chartreuse walls, gold and purple highlights, and ruby-red lighting; there's a full bar and vast wine and beer list. At the midtown Divine (open evenings every day) only wine and beer are served, but what a selection: 65 international wines by the glass or smaller two-ounce jiggers, 45 exotic beers, ports, Champagnes, and cigars. Your clients will swoon at the premier wines available by the glass at both bars. How about the prized Cakebread Cabernet or Opus One, the great Mondavi-Rothschild cab? At both Divine Bars, the creative tapas menu is generally American- and Mediterranean- accented. Take it all in from a velvet couch, wowing clients and associates.

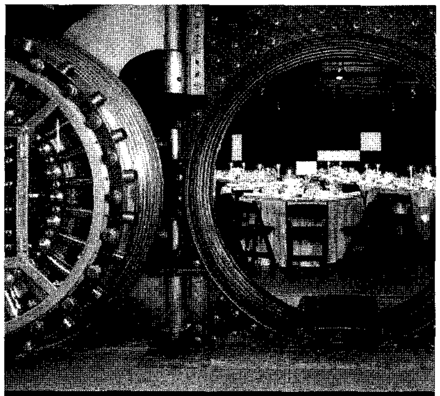
Divine Bar

> **"The spacious seating lends itself to deal-doing, especially at the cushy banquette tables."**

Whether you're a private party of 50 or 600 looking to talk shop or celebrate the holidays, an hour or three at **Ohm** (16 W. 22nd St., 229-2000) leads to good things. Sprawling over 10,000 square-feet in the Flatiron District, Ohm is a nightclub, restaurant, and lounge with a sense of mingled whimsy and tensile industrial might. It is open for dining, cocktails, and dancing Thursday through Saturday, from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. Monday through Thursday it's let out to special events. Ohm is a favorite roost for multi-media, advertising, banking, and dot.com functions. The action plays across the ground-floor Grand Plaza with its landmark columns, velvet sofas, and main dance floor. Or repair to the downstairs Amber Lounge and huddle in antique sofas and oversized chairs.



Business just goes down that much better when you book an outdoor table at **Cafe St. Bart's** (Park Avenue at 50th Street, 378-0254), the sprawling terrace restaurant owned by St. Bartholomew's Church. From breakfast at 8 to the last straw at 11 p.m., there's always something good to chew on, along with work: brick-oven pizzas, salads, burgers, and much more. Companies will take a corner of the terrace for 10 or 15 to talk shop. You can also huddle with colleagues in the adjoining Great Hall, and take-out



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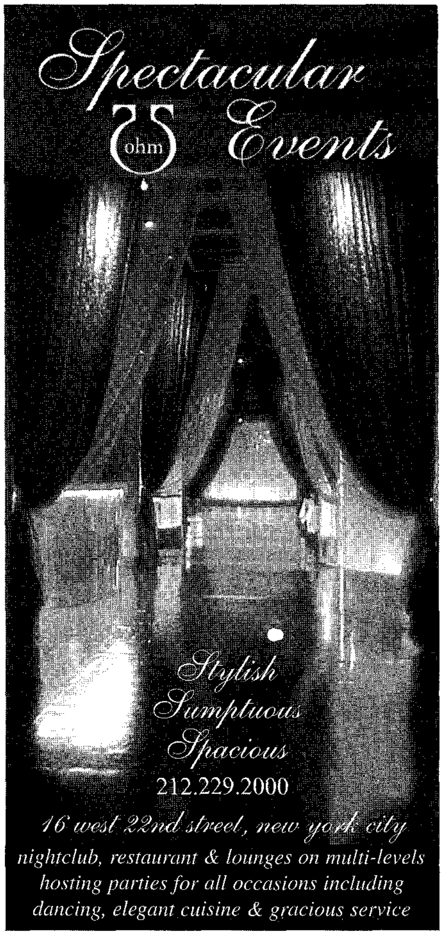
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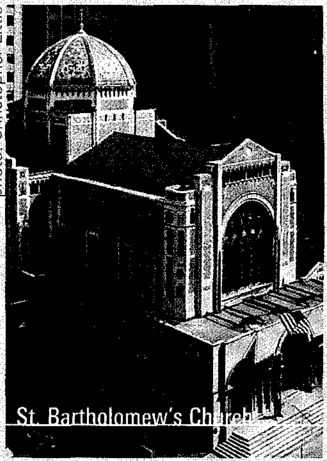
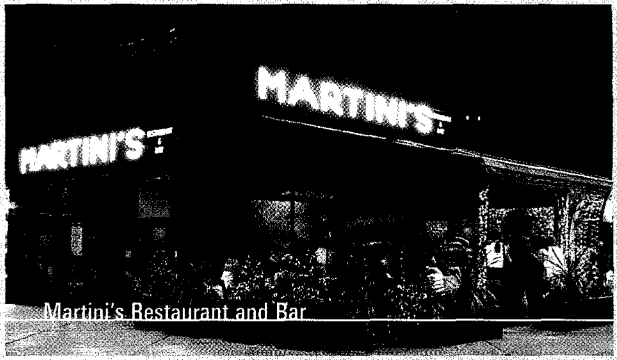

St. Bartholomew's Church

photo: Christopher Little

Your clients will love checking out the action from the VIP lounge at **Aria** (539 W. 21st St., 229-1618), a pulsing nightclub between 10th and 11th avenues. Behind a velvet rope, a sprawling living room of a lounge with Versace-bright couches looks onto the dance floor. The place is yours: schmooze, drink, watch, or get up and dance. Aria's music runs the disco scale—R&B, hip-hop, reggae. The nightclub, open Monday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, can also be booked for private functions from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. with a full menu of starters, buffet, drinks and music.


Martini's Restaurant and Bar

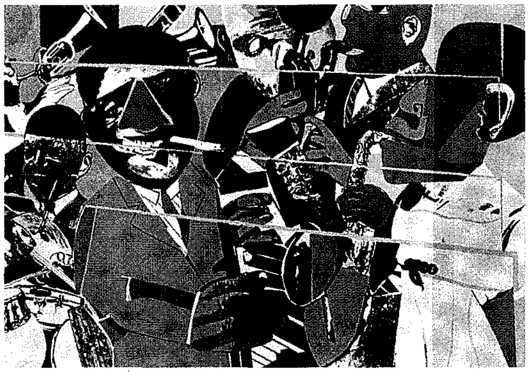
You can choose from a score of martinis made from 18 different international vodkas when you do business at **Martini's Restaurant and Bar** (810 Seventh Ave., 767-1717). The house favorite is the Cosmopolitan, made of Sky Citron Vodka with cointreau, fresh lime juice, and cranberry juice. There's an electric buzz at lunchtime, pre-theater, and well into the night. Book a table in what Martini's calls the city's largest outdoor sidewalk cafe, which runs along 53rd Street and is of course enclosed in the winter. Chef Richard Krause prepares Asia-inflected Italian dishes starting with such signature appetizers as crispy potato pancakes doused with crème fraîche and three caviars. ▭

> "There's an electric buzz at lunchtime,
> pre-theater, and well into the night."

The

A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

Edited by Christopher Bonanos



Movies

Snatch

Opens January 19

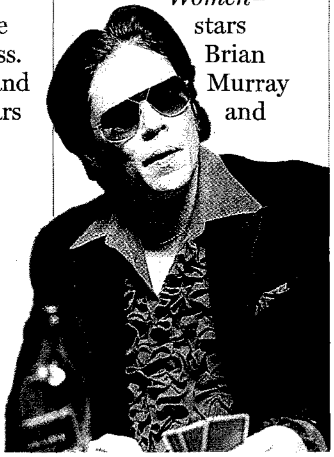
"It must be good," a friend of ours said of Guy Ritchie's naughtily titled second feature. "Otherwise they would have moved the release date, to get away from the wedding publicity." Sounds plausible: The director's new wife does understand the workings of the press. Mr. Ciccone's Scotland jewel-heist story stars Brad Pitt and (pictured) Benicio Del Toro. (See page 81.)

Theater

The Play About the Baby

By Edward Albee

Though the famously cranky playwright would probably say he's been great all along, the past few years have seen a rebirth for Albee, who's coming off great reviews and a Pulitzer for *Three Tall Women* and a weird, kitschy revival of *Tiny Alice*. This production—of his first new play since *Women*—stars Brian Murray and Marian Seldes, who's apparently not afraid of *Virginia Woolf*: She's appearing in her fourth Albee production. (See page 88.)



Art

The Sight of Music

At the New-York Historical Society

Every contemporary artist seems to try making an image of frozen music, from the visual riots of Red Grooms to the perky musical notes of Roy Lichtenstein. Now you can see (hear?) their work, along with that of Chuck Close, Andy Warhol, and more, at this concert of prints from the collection of Reba and Dave Williams—no apparent relation to Hank or Ralph Vaughan. (See listing, page 96.)

Classical Music

Plácido Domingo's 60th Birthday Concert

At the Metropolitan Opera

His restaurant, Plácido, is no longer generating much heat, but maybe he'll figure out something else to fall back on, in case this music thing doesn't work out . . . The steadiest third of the Three Tenors celebrates his stunning longevity at the Met on January 21 at 4 P.M. (See listing, page 107.)

Best of the Week

Nightlife

Sean Lennon and Cibo Matto

At Bowery Ballroom

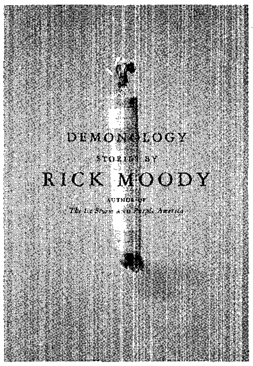
Cibo Matto had hipster cred long before the goofy Japanese band hooked up with Sean Lennon (pictured, with lead singer Yuka Honda). So is the band leveraging his lustrous name into wider fame, or is he riding on Cibo's coattails to musical respectability? Only Yoko knows for sure. (See listing, page 108.)

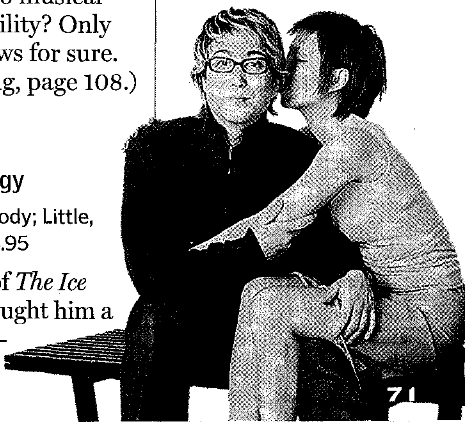
Books

Demonology

By Rick Moody; Little, Brown; $24.95

The film of *The Ice Storm* brought him a huge audience, so here's Little, Brown's stab at keeping book buyers attentive till Rick Moody can produce his next novel. But the short stories within are no marketing gimmick, especially "Surplus Value Books: Catalogue Number 13," which any first-edition collector will find hilarious. Interesting side note: The title's *Demonology*, and thirteen stories lie within. *Deep.*



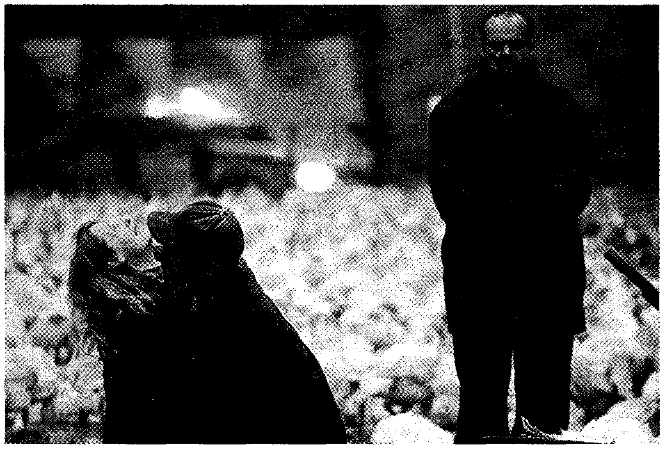


Photographs: clockwise from top left, courtesy of New-York Historical Society; London Features; Daniel Smith.

Murder Most Fuel

As a police detective who takes over a remote gas station to trap a murderer in *The Pledge*, Jack Nicholson gives one of the great performances of his career.

SEAN PENN DOES NOT APPEAR in **The Pledge**, but as its director, he brings to it some of the rapt, aggrieved moodiness of his best film performances. This is his third film as a director, and he moves a bit further along each time; his first two, *The Indian Runner* and *The Crossing Guard*, were almost voluptuously sodden, but especially in the latter, he showed a gift for bringing out a bare yearning in his performers. (I can still summon up from that film Anjelica Huston's look of ravaged dismay.) I'm conflicted about praising any movie Penn has directed, because he's suggested in interviews that he'd rather be making movies than appearing in them, and we need more Penn performances, not fewer. It's entirely possible that the most mesmerizing actor of his generation has less regard for his gifts than we do. And yet whatever one thinks of the films Penn has chosen for himself as an actor, none of them are commercial hack jobs. Penn's orneriness as a film personality is an extension of his artist's pride; that's why he can downplay his acting in favor of being an auteur and still come through with performances that take your breath away.



No peace: Patricia Clarkson and Michael O'Keefe as grief-stricken parents, and Jack Nicholson as a detective, in *The Pledge*.

In *The Pledge*, Jack Nicholson plays a Nevada homicide detective, Jerry Black, who can't allow himself to stand back from the case of a murdered 8-year-old girl even though the murder is discovered on the day of his retirement. Nicholson isn't his usual strutting satyr here; his eyebrows don't go in for any heavy calisthenics. Like Penn, he has his ornery artist's pride, and seeing him in a film like *The Pledge* is a reminder, in the same way that Tony Richardson's *The Border* once was, that Nicholson can be as effective imploding as exploding. He does some of his most generous and unaffected acting in this film, and while underplaying is not his most crowd-pleasing mode, it's probably his most honest. He seems *relieved* to be in this movie: no more Smilin' Jack.

At its most basic level, *The Pledge*, loosely adapted from a Friedrich Düerrenmatt novel, has the contours of a standard cop-with-a-hunch-that-won't-go-away movie. Jerry doesn't believe the confession that is extracted from the leading murder suspect—a mentally handicapped Indian, played scarily by a long-tressed, heavy-lidded Benicio Del Toro—and ends up, on his own, attempting to ensnare the real killer. The dead girl's parents (played with agonizing accuracy by Michael O'Keefe and Patricia Clarkson) have made Jerry pledge on his soul that he will find the murderer, and his acquiescence in this pact is dead serious. It's also a way to create for himself a new mission in life, and it is at this point that the film really begins to lift out of pulpiness and into something more textured and unsettling. (Chris Menges's extraordinary cinematography, which gives this world a crepuscular shimmer, helps.) Jerry acts as the family's savior not only because he has been compromised into that position but also because he needs desperately to feel necessary. The ease of a retiree's life fishing for marlin turns out to be a kind of death for him, and although his fishing expedition for the killer unhinges him, it also gives him a reason for being. He's saving himself and demolishing himself at the same time.

To Penn's credit, and his screenwriters Jerzy Kromolowski and Mary Olson-Kromolowski's, Jerry's predicament is never simplified for us. Believing the child-killer is still operating in the Sierra Nevadas, ready to strike again, Jerry buys a ramshackle gas station in the area hoping to get the drop on him; he shelters Lori (Robin Wright Penn), a local, battered waitress, along with her young daughter, Chrissy (Pauline Roberts). Chrissy resembles other little girls who have been mysteriously murdered in the area, and Jerry finds himself drawn to the child. But he also uses her as bait to lure the killer. His ploy is both valiant and monstrous, and what's horrifying is how Jerry can no longer differentiate between them. He reads fairy tales to Chrissy at night, and we are encouraged to see his own story the way he himself sees it—as a fable about angels and demons and saviors.

The film errs, though, in turning Jerry into a head case; a scene where he meets with a psychologist (Helen Mirren) to discuss his homicide theories

The Pledge
Directed by Sean Penn; screenplay by Jerzy Kromolowski and Mary Olson-Kromolowski; starring Jack Nicholson and Robin Wright Penn.

•

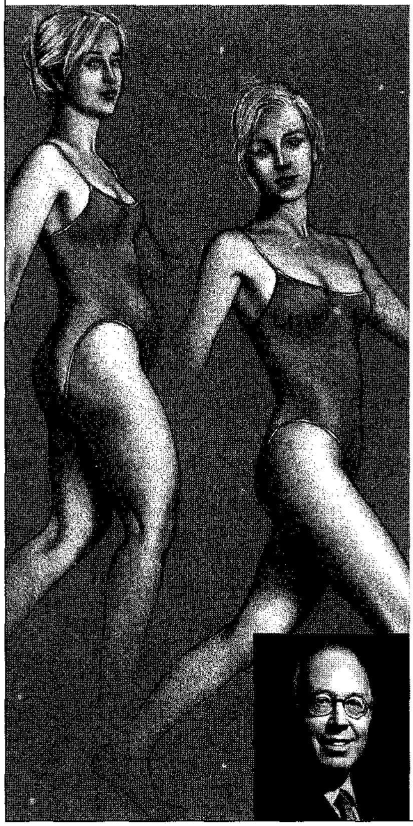
Terrorists in Retirement
Documentary directed by Mosco Boucault. See Movies listings for details.

Photograph by Douglas Curran.

and begins to flip out is unnecessary. It's enough that Jerry is blinded—annihilated—by his obsession. We don't need to see him reduced to bugged-out gibberiness. We also don't need such a heavy overhang of existential dread. (In this, the film resembles Paul Schrader's *Affliction*, similarly snowed-in by dolorousness.) Penn could stand to be less fancy as a director; his eye is marvelous, but his gaze is often woozy. He fluffs up the film's emotional through-line with time cuts and hallucinatory jags and outré perspectives, and all that artiness just gets in the way. He needs to trust the story—trust *us*—more.

But Penn can't be faulted for his work with the actors. Most of the featured players have only a scene or two, but they're indelible. The lineup is rich: Besides the actors already mentioned, we are treated to extended solos by Harry Dean Stanton, Sam Shepard, Lois Smith, Vanessa Redgrave, and, as a mortally grieving father, Mickey Rourke, in the most powerful piece of acting he's ever done. If Penn really lets these actors sing, his watchful camera also knows how to respect their silences. There's a moment when Lori overhears Jerry reading to her daughter and quietly begins to sob that is almost unreasonably moving. She's crying because she can't contain, or even comprehend, her blessing, yet the ruin and regret of what came before in her life is also in those tears. The tragedy of real people is in Penn's grown-up fairy tale, and it overwhelms.

COMPOSED PARTIALLY OF FRENCH COMMUnist Party members, the French Resistance also recruited illegal immigrants, many of them Jews from Eastern Europe who fled the Nazis in the early forties. The documentary **Terrorists in Retirement** (Film Forum), directed by Mosco Boucault and initially banned from French TV, makes a convincing case that these immigrant fighters were betrayed by the Communists for being insufficiently French. Many were turned over to the French police and then to the Nazis late in 1943; a few of the survivors, who now live in Paris and work as tailors, describe what it was like to assassinate German soldiers in the street or toss homemade bombs their way. In one of the more questionable examples of documentary reenactment, Boucault also has these old men replay their executions, with actors in uniform standing in for the Germans. It's a very bad idea in a very good movie. ■



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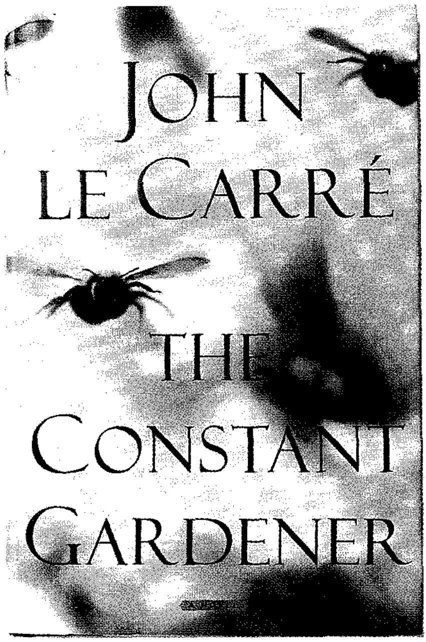
BOOKS **DANIEL MENDELSOHN**

Carré On

John le Carré finally returns to his true subject: the amorality of middle management. But without the Cold War, his one-dimensional villains have nothing to do but rant.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE SOVIET Union was a disaster for a lot of people—the Russians, Fidel Castro, those of us who used to get a kick out of the mean East German judges at the Olympics—but it's done a special kind of damage to John le Carré. I don't mean that (as people once feared) the disappearance of the West's ideological bête noire meant that Le Carré's subject had vanished, too. If not many people remember that Le Carré began as a straight mystery writer, it's because he didn't hit his stride until his third novel, the 1963 bestseller *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold.* From then on, it's been clear that what interested him wasn't the straightforward conflict between detectives and criminals, say, or even between democracies and totalitarian regimes, for that matter, but the infinitely more complex dilemmas that arise when the good guys and the bad guys both happen to be in the same morally murky business: spying. If Le Carré was taken seriously as a novelist, as opposed to a mere genre writer, it was precisely because books like those in the great Smiley trilogy (*Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy; The Honourable Schoolboy; Smiley's People*) avoided ideological and rhetorical certainties and instead gave you nuanced evocations of all-too-familiar human failings (vanity, desire, resentment) in a milieu that, for all the arcane argot and global geopolitical implications, seemed gratifyingly humdrum. Le Carré's middle-aged functionaries are more concerned with promotions than with totalitarian oppression.

I now wonder whether Le Carré was able to be so morally subtle precisely because the ideological conflicts of the era seemed so stark; why, after all, belabor the obvious when everyone else was doing such a good job of it? Ironically, it's only since the Evil Empire itself was toppled that Le Carré's villains have gotten one-dimensional. *Single & Single* (1999) brought a pair of hilarious blood-smuggling Russian mafiosi called the Orlovs; earlier in the nineties—in *The Tailor of Panama, The Night Manager,* and *Our Game*—it was other variations on the gangster theme: drug-smuggling, gun-running, and so forth. But if it's now somehow easier and more fun to hate Le Carré's bad guys, the novels themselves, while still enjoyable and expert and filled with dazzling local color, feel increasingly strained and schematic. This is particularly true in his latest novel, which is set in darkest Africa and features a villain even Stalin could hate: pharmaceutical manufacturers.



In **The Constant Gardener**, a very bad pharmaceutical company is testing a promising new TB drug on the locals—and killing and torturing anyone who objects. The novel opens with the discovery that the feisty, beautiful, brilliant Tessa Quayle, a tireless crusader for charitable causes in Nairobi ("the Princess Di of the African Poor"), has been raped and murdered at a remote lake. Her driver has been decapitated as well, and her best pal, a selfless black physician named Arnold Bluhm, is missing. The narrative follows Tessa's much older husband, Justin, as he goes underground and tries to piece together what happened to her.

The Constant Gardener
By John le Carré.
Charles Scribner's Sons; 496 pages; $28.

The fact that Justin is a career diplomat with a string of unglamorous appointments to his credit will come as good news to Le Carré fans, since the parched atmosphere of mid-level officialdom is his turf, and he inhabits it here with customary authority and sly humor. (The fact that Justin's colleagues "spoke kindly of his coolness in crisis" tells you just how failed the character is.) Much of the novel is vintage Le Carré, from the rather poignant frat-boy vanities of a too-young high commissioner who still wears his Balliol jacket to work, to the blithe obtuseness of Whitehall bigwigs: Quayle's superior takes him to lunch at his club and then orders for him precisely what Justin has said he doesn't want.

If the details still ring true, it's the big things that are all wrong. Given Justin's considerable brains and subtlety, it's a mystery why it takes him nearly 500 pages to figure out what happened to Tessa and Arnold. Despite some very smelly red herrings (some people think Arnold's the culprit, and for a while the tabloid press runs pictures of him and O.J. side by side), it's pretty obvious from page 100 or so that the bad guys are the owners and associates of the evil pharmaceutical conglomerate called ThreeBees. (Obvious not least because the two cops who are put on the case more or less tell you so—inelegant exposition if ever there was.) Even if the bad guys weren't administering insufficiently tested TB drugs to African girls, and even if the good guys didn't go around making sardonic observations like "The

Photograph by Andrew McCaul.

problem with the poor is always the same: they are not rich enough to buy expensive medicines!," you'd know who was who. Tessa, Arnold, and Justin, after all, are very good-looking, whereas the owner of ThreeBees is corpulent and vulgar.

It is not pleasant to report this kind of obtuseness in a writer who can be, and has been, so psychologically and stylistically astute, and at first I wondered what had gotten into Le Carré. Certainly not an editor; a good one would have cut the mini-lectures about corporate greed and the endless statistics about African epidemics that seem, after a while, to be this book's real raison d'être. As indeed they are. Le Carré recently revealed in a magazine article that he had deep personal reasons for including all this: The model for the Tessa character was a real-life friend of his, an international-aid worker who died in an automobile accident. She's on the dedication page, and it's clear that he wanted the other pages to commemorate her, too.

But as good spies know, emotions cloud your head, and make you behave unprofessionally. At the end of *Tinker, Tailor,* the "mole" who's penetrated British intelligence is finally caught, and during his interrogation delivers a heated ideological self-defense. "The political posture of the United Kingdom is without relevance or moral viability," he rants; and so on. You expect this moment to feel more climactic—after 350 pages of Smiley's unbelievably intricate legwork, you're dying to find out why the traitor betrayed—but the triumphant workers-of-the-world-unite spiel is vaguely embarrassing, like the outburst of a drunk at a funeral. That embarrassment reminds you that Le Carré's Cold War–era novels were so good precisely because they were devoid of cant and moral sloganeering. "I once heard somebody say that morality was method," somebody remarks to the painstakingly methodical Smiley, who doggedly flushes out the mole without the benefit of high-tech gadgets—or moral certainties. The problem with *The Constant Gardener* is that morality has trumped method. There's much to enjoy in Le Carré's recent forays into warmer climes than Russia's, but the stylistic humidity of his new world order will make some readers nostalgic for the days when he stayed put and cultivated his own once-thriving garden. ■

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Dynamic Duo

Sparking their season with a pair of rarely performed operettas, the New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players uphold the endearing, if fading, Savoyard tradition.

I'VE NEVER YET MET AN ENGLISHman who didn't loathe Gilbert and Sullivan. Perhaps that explains why their classic Victorian operettas no longer thrive in the land of their birth, at least since the D'Oyly Carte company, the chief custodian of the canon, fell on evil days. Americans, on the other hand, continue to adore these tuneful satires, and the time has come once again to pay them homage. The **New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players** are currently in residence at Symphony Space through January, as they are annually, performing G&S with the undiminished enthusiasm and loving care that have characterized the group's approach since it was founded in 1974. I caught the double bill of *Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer*, which has just ended its run before yielding the stage to the more familiar pleasures of *The Mikado*. The *Trial* production was something of a departure for NYGASP, which generally takes a traditionalist approach and frowns on fanciful gimmicks. Here, however, Gilbert's antic court of law was updated from 1875 to 1925, and the lively direction by Mary Lou Barber and Stephen Quint (who also played the Learned Judge, who settles a breach-of-promise suit by marrying the plaintiff himself) took full advantage of the time change. The jilted bride and her inane bridesmaids seemed just that much more hilarious when portrayed as brainless flappers, while the questionable ethics of everyone else onstage fit very naturally into the free-and-easy morality of the Roaring Twenties.

Causing a flap: The Gilbert & Sullivan Players update *Trial by Jury* to the Roaring Twenties.

For *The Sorcerer*, the pair's earliest surviving two-act work, NYGASP sensibly stayed in period. It's a shame we see the piece so infrequently, since Gilbert's parody is so on target—a devastating look at small-town British prejudices and social snobbery. The "love-philtre" administered in spiked tea to the entire village by a friendly family sorcerer, John Wellington Wells, effectively turns the town topsy-turvy as everyone falls in love with the wrong person. The wide-eyed innocence of the lilting music makes the satirical barbs that much more pointed, while Sullivan's sly send-ups of bel canto conventions and Victorian sentimentality were never more apt or wittily done.

Both operettas were impeccably cast and enchantingly sung. Now that most of New York's small opera companies have folded, NYGASP has its pick of the city's best young vocal talent to mix and match with its seasoned veterans. Among the latter, Stephen O'Brien's razor-sharp John Wellington Wells and Keith Jurosko's exquisitely detailed Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre were performances to relish. Staged and conducted by the company's indefatigable founder, Albert Bergeret, this stylish production sparkled from start to finish.

Trial by Jury
Directed by Mary Lou Barber and Stephen Quint.
The Sorcerer
Directed by Albert Bergeret.
The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players; conducted by Albert Bergeret.
See In Concert listings for details.

•

John Eliot Gardiner
J. S. Bach's sacred cantatas, recorded by DG/Archiv, with the English Baroque Soloists and the Monteverdi Choir.

SURELY THE MOST GRANDLY SCALED YET curiously underreported celebration of last year's Bach festivities was **John Eliot Gardiner**'s traversal of the composer's surviving sacred cantatas—all 200 of them. Throughout 2000, Gardiner and his musical forces, the Monteverdi Choir and English Baroque Soloists, visited different churches to perform the cantatas on the liturgical days for which they were composed, with the final concert having taken place in New York City on December 31 at St. Bartholomew's. Even more ambitious than this huge undertaking was Deutsche Grammophon's promise to record all the cantatas under Gardiner, an unheard of extravagance these days as the once proud major classical labels cut back, cancel contracts, trim budgets, and focus on lucrative crossover ventures.

But DG failed to keep its promise, and no one who follows the classical-record

Photograph by Lee Snider/Photo Images.

scene could have been surprised. Apparently the deep pockets of Alberto Vilar, whose generosity helped make the tour possible, have a bottom after all, and the project was scaled back to twelve CDs, a sampling of some 35 cantatas, on the company's Archiv label.

It's sad. A decade ago, Gardiner was just one of DG's star conductors who could record about anything they pleased, but that era seems gone for good. With a few high-profile exceptions, important classical musicians who want to have their work recorded must now either make deals with smaller, less prestigious independent companies or find financing themselves. And that is precisely what Gardiner has done. His complete Bach "pilgrimage" has been privately recorded for future distribution to schools and other educational facilities, but there are no plans to make the discs available to the general public.

Of course, one could argue that the saturation point has been reached for Bach cantatas on disc, and further recordings are not desperately needed. Two complete period-instrument versions are already on hand—the pioneering Nikolaus Harnoncourt/Gustav Leonhardt edition on Teldec, and a set directed by Helmut Rilling on Hännsler Classic—and two more, led by Ton Koopman (Erato) and Masaaki Suzuki (BIS), are under way. Even so, the Gardiner performances on these twelve CDs put this wonderful music into such a fresh musical perspective that DG's reluctance to record the entire series seems the more regrettable.

If I had to settle for just a single disc out of the dozen, it would probably be the one devoted to four Ascension Day cantatas, Nos. 11, 37, 43, and 128 (Archiv 463 583-2). The emotional range of this music is astonishing, reflecting the joyous post-Easter spirit, the mystical nature of the Resurrection, and Bach's own personal sorrow at life's transient nature—the composer lost five of his children during the ten-year span between cantatas No. 37 and No. 11, and the pain is audible. Gardiner projects all of this with stunning specificity, whether reveling in the dazzling choral and instrumental virtuosity of the opening chorus to No. 37 or elegantly shaping the sinuous lines of the more introspective arias. This is Bach performance on the highest level, and it's a pity that the grim realities of today's record industry prevent us from hearing more. ■

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Stopping Short

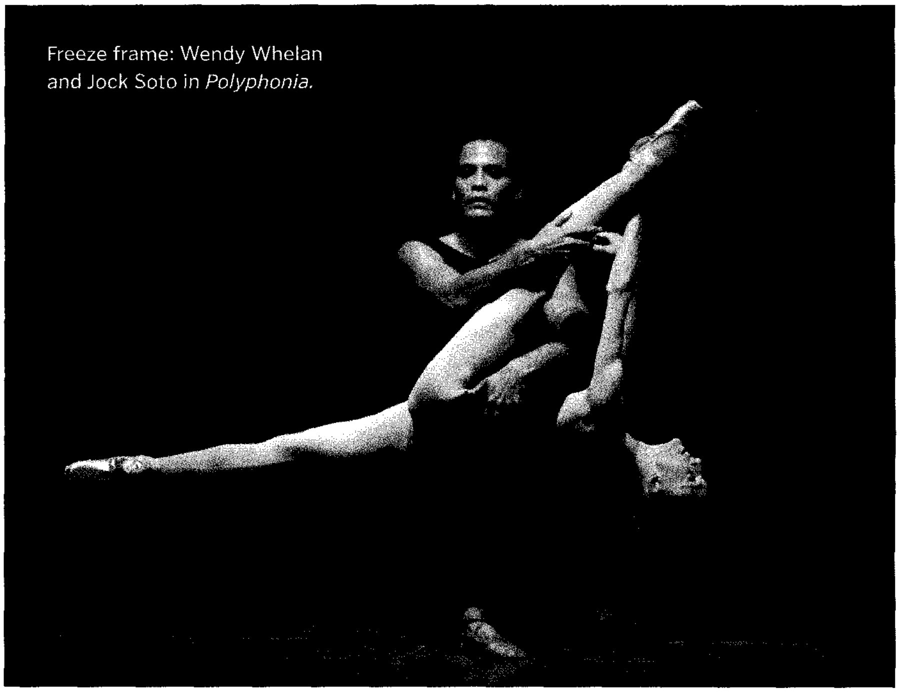
Christopher Wheeldon kicks off his tenure as the NYCB's new artist in residence; a sad farewell to Tanaquil LeClercq.

IS THERE A CHOREOGRAPHER IN the house? In the classical-dance field, the question has been asked in increasingly plaintive tones for more than a decade. Believing—or at least hoping—that a positive answer may be just around the corner, the New York City Ballet has created the position of artist in residence, part of the company's ongoing effort to offer developing as well as established artists the time, space, dancers, and showcasing crucial to their work. **Christopher Wheeldon**'s appointment to the post was inevitable, given the enthusiasm that has greeted ballets he's already made for the company, its affiliate the School of American Ballet, and other troupes hungry for new work that advances the cause of classicism.

I haven't shared in this general approbation, and Wheeldon's latest effort, *Polyphonia*, hasn't converted me. Set to ten short pieces for two pianos by György Ligeti, it maneuvers four couples (Wendy Whelan and Jock Soto being the most distinctive) through a series of self-consciously striking vignettes, duets predominating. This material is framed fore and aft by terse ensemble passages that recall the opening and closing of Balanchine's *Agon*, with its horizontal lineup of four athlete-contenders confronting the audience, their energy blazing, their attitude enigmatic. As *Polyphonia* runs its 27-minute course, its atmosphere ranges from barely contained high-voltage vigor to the weird, menacing melancholy and anomie presumably essential to the contemporary representation of love.

Polyphonia
Choreographed by Christopher Wheeldon; the New York State Theater.

The piece abounds in quotations from Balanchine's leotard ballets, as the master's abstract works are called because of


Freeze frame: Wendy Whelan and Jock Soto in *Polyphonia.*

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

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their stark costuming. *Episodes* in particular, with its disjunctive movement and eccentric, nonclassical positions of the body, has been closely scrutinized—and cannibalized. But, aping Balanchine's product while failing to grasp his process, Wheeldon is stymied by his gleanings. *Polyphonia* is all start and stop, marked by posturing for visual shock effect. Wheeldon hasn't perceived that Balanchine, no matter how far he ventured into the fracturing and iconoclastic strategies of modernism, always had a through-line, that the abrupt, peculiar halts were part of a larger flow, and the most angular or twisted postures, even as they deviated from the norms of harmony and grace, referred pertinently to the hallowed canon of classical movement. Wheeldon, to his peril, also lacks Balanchine's innate and sophisticated musicality; he uses the rich, complex Ligeti music merely as a timekeeper and a purveyor of atmosphere.

It will be—indeed, has already been—contended that Wheeldon is to be admired for his mastery of craft. I don't deny that he evinces a precocious, suave know-how when it comes to putting a ballet together. What's more, he's a whiz at creating freeze-frame images fit for posterhood. But these abilities address only mechanical and surface matters, respectively; there is little, perhaps nothing, underneath. I find that combination of sleek efficiency and lack of affect disturbing—alarming, actually.

Some small consolation for the deficiencies in the choreography can be found in Mark Stanley's elegant lighting. The ballet seems to take place in twilights and evenings, with a brief excursion into a delicately luminous dawn. Stanley's light is not the light of nature but theatrical light, which aims not so much for beauty as for the drama of beauty. Throughout *Polyphonia*, it's the most compelling thing happening on the stage.

Tanaquil LeClercq, WHO DIED ON THE last day of 2000 at the age of 71, never danced on the New York State Theater stage. The New York City Ballet still called the City Center home when this legendary ballerina was stricken by paralytic polio at 27 and her career was tragically cut off. The majority of people dancing or ardently watching dance today never saw her perform; for those of us who did, her impression, after all those years gone by, remains indelible. LeClercq's dancing, schooled by Balanchine and a major inspiration to him—in one of those reciprocally fertile relationships—was central to the shaping of the company's aesthetic. It still infuses the ballets created for her and those she transformed.

She was long, lean, and leggy, a thoroughbred racehorse of a dancer, with an exquisitely chiseled face that complemented the clear precision of her technique. Those phenomenal legs—only in America do you find them, Balanchine claimed—operated with the razor effect of X-Acto blades; on pointe, her feet were like darts aimed unerringly at the bull's-eye. Unexpectedly for her body type, she possessed a sensuous streak, more evident in close-up photographs, perhaps, than in performance, where it was simply a latent factor—until Jerome Robbins seized upon the quality for the very subject of his *Afternoon of a Faun.* Temperamentally she was a combination of sophisticated chic, impish wit, and potent, magical poetry. This last was her dominant trait; the moment she appeared onstage, she stirred the imagination.

LeClercq's sense of humor was remarkable for its subtlety. Her travesty of ballet's artifice in *Bourrée Fantasque* was so delicately calibrated, duller souls often missed it entirely. In *Western Symphony,* Balanchine combined her wit with her chic, making her the incarnation of a cowboy's yearning for a city gal—Paris clearly being the metropolis in question. In lyrical roles, most notably the adagio movement of *Symphony in C,* her gangly body with its penchant for rakish angles softened into willow-tree pliancy and she achieved a poignancy that seemed to arise from the music and be one with it. As the doomed heroine of *La Valse,* she was the epitome of romance tinged with the macabre and, above all, a figure of enticing mystery. Something about LeClercq always remained ineffable—and Balanchine made a ballet about that too: In the "Unanswered Question" section of *Ivesiana,* she was simply borne aloft, swum through dark, unmarked space in ever-shifting positions by a contingent of barely visible men, forever just beyond the reach of the one who sought her. This role proved that you can dance magnificently, sublimely, without your feet touching the ground. LeClercq's courage and grace in living usefully and creatively after her illness might be said to have proved that once again. ■

cue

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Cafeteria Style

Sure, the food at Hudson Cafeteria is hit-or-miss—but who cares? Since when did hipsters need scene *and* cuisine? And for those who do, City Eatery delivers.

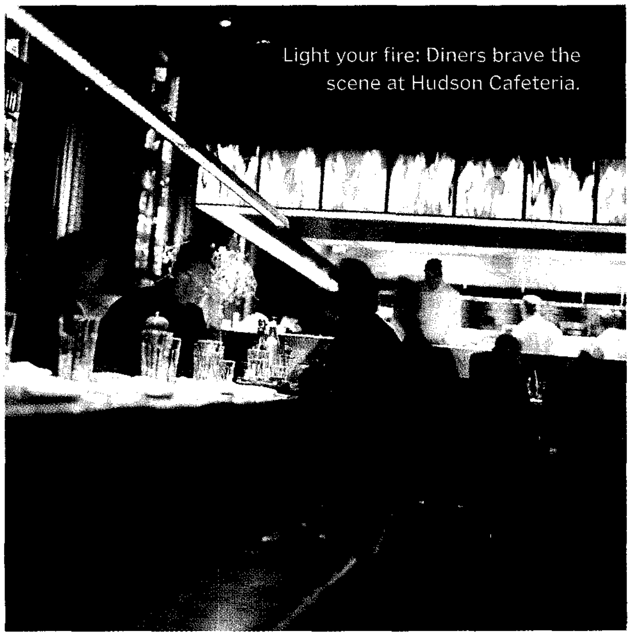
ON THE WEEKENDS, THE LINE snakes outside the door, partially because Aggie's on West Houston offers one of the best diner menus in town, but also because it's a neighborhood hangout of a special order. Part speaker's corner, community center, and cat sanctuary, Aggie's is presided over by a woman whose integrity is as implacable as her hair is unkempt and whose diner (as the saying goes) runs only on two speeds, and you won't like the other one. Most of Aggie's clientele knows this, and likes it that way. Occasionally, though, someone comes in expecting the stagy cutesiness of E.J.'s Luncheonette or Johnny Rockets or, because to the uninitiated this looks like a mere coffee shop, a little more humility or deference. When things turn cranky, Aggie remains briskly stoic even as the client's petulance escalates. To a point. Then she waits. When asked for the bill, Aggie tells the customer there is none—and calmly informs them, "I don't think this is the right place for you. In the future you really will be happier eating somewhere else." At that point, stuttering and protest usually ensue. Aggie listens, and smiles—ceaselessly—while repeating "This is not the right place" with relentless sweetness until the soon-to-be-former client exits, for good.

Hudson Cafeteria
Hudson Hotel
356 West 58th Street (212-554-6500). Breakfast, 6:30 to 11:30 A.M. Lunch and dinner, noon to 1 A.M. Appetizers, $7.50 to $12; entrées, $7.50 to $28.50. All major credit cards.

•

City Eatery
316 Bowery (212-253-8644). Dinner, Sunday through Wednesday 6 P.M. to midnight, Thursday till 1 A.M., Friday and Saturday till 2 A.M. Appetizers, $6 to $14; entrées, $13 to $27. A.E., M.C., V.

Harsh? Perhaps. But honest and, in the long run, a surefire time- and grief-saver. Would that more folks asked that question—Is this the kind of place I like?—of themselves. Can anyone really believe that every popular restaurant is the right one for him or her, or that every restaurant that the critics pan is the wrong one? The problem is, so much print and attention is directed toward noting food and décor, music and martini menus, and almost none to fit. It's not enough to know if dishes are great or ghastly, whether the lighting is glamorous or ghoulish. Whether or not it's the kind of place you are *actually going to enjoy* also matters. Big-time.



Light your fire: Diners brave the scene at Hudson Cafeteria.

For example, could there currently be a more splintered whipping post in town than **Hudson Cafeteria** in Ian Schrager's new Hudson Hotel? A wrongheaded early judgment—a bogus "no reservations policy" (no man with either Schrager or restaurant partner Jeffrey Chodorow's contacts should ever try to pull off such a coy stunt)—immediately instigated chaos, favoritism, name-dropping and -calling. Then the place hosted so many private parties in the first few weeks that hundreds of potential patrons were turned away, while the kitchen had no chance to behave like a restaurant. The final straw was actually a velvet rope, manned by door droids, blocking the main entrance to the hotel. This kept numerous restaurantgoers with "friends of" reservations, and registered hotel guests, freezing on the sidewalk. The word-of-mouth turned as foul as the floor of Hogs & Heifers after last call. Schrager and Co. were asking for it, and they got it: reviews filled with disdainful laughs and warnings galore. Hudson Cafeteria is not the right place for you, the critics declared.

Or was it just not right for them?

Time has passed. There is now easy access to the hotel and cafeteria. The dopes by the ropes have been banished. The first face you see is usually a smiling one, unafflicted by cluelessness. Reservations are possible. With the tumult gone and the crowd usually seated, it's possible to see what a toweringly stunning room the Cafeteria is—all brick and mile-high glass cases, atmospherically lit as if Katharine Hepburn and Peter O'Toole were about to film their climactic encounter from *The Lion in Winter.* Almost hallowed, even, except for three glaring flaws. During lunch, the natural-light-starved room's gloominess would prompt only Doris Lessing to order champagne. It's actually a terrible room for a private party, as the open center kitchen chops the space in half. And Phillippe Starck has framed the

Photograph by Robert Wright.

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kitchen in plastic panels, each depicting the back of a head engulfed in flames, an inexplicable homage to Drew Barrymore in *Firestarter*.

The menu still suffers 20/400 vision (let's see, comfort food or bistro? Or comfort bistro?), and if you choose your dishes unwisely, it can be a disaster. There is a lobster bisque that explains why no one ever marketed stewed-tomato junket. A roasted red snapper in a carrot-orange glaze was so disconcerting that one of my dinner guests has thought of almost nothing else for days. Then there was a lamb shank too tough for even Fred Flintstone to feed Dino, and a devil's-food cake slightly less moist than the contents of a Dust Buster.

But!

Did I ever see one sad face in this joint? Anyone radiating irritation, dissatisfaction, or regret that they hadn't chosen Pastis? In fact, not only does the great hall vibrate with good cheer, but for a radiant hot spot, it's pleasantly unraucous. The folks sitting at row upon row of mess-hall-length dining-room tables seem to be enjoying their surprisingly tasty liver seared in "balsamic onions," the perfectly satisfying breadcrumb-free turkey-and-shiitake meat loaf, a bizarre but weirdly seductive spaghetti with tuna meatballs (I said it was bizarre), or big, clunkily chewy chunks of pork asado that give off the soothing aroma of onion, lime, and garlic (though the city could use the yucca this dish comes with for pothole repair).

Now, could you enjoy yourself at those long tables eating short-rib-beef stew (discard the top layer and it's briny and fine) and macaroni and cheese (don't you dare fall for it with foie gras; have it plain or die)? Or are you more likely to be reminded of those four years in high school when you never sat with the A-crowd? Can you enjoy the snappy jumbo shrimp in patia curry? Or does the totally winning young wait staff's informality make you feel parental, and do the parties of eight make you wish you had more friends who didn't go to bed early?

A few years ago, a critic moaned and groaned about how she could not find a conveniently civilized way to eat her food at Lot 61 because of the scarcity of dining tables and chairs. Funny, but all the 26-year-olds who sit there on the edge of the couches chewing away nightly seem to be having no problem.

If Hudson Cafeteria is the right place for you, it's about as easy to enjoy yourself there as it is on Coney Island's Cyclone. But if it's not, admit it and move on. No, you are not too old, or too unhip, or a snob. This just isn't what you want from an evening out. But don't go looking for it at E.J.'s Luncheonette either. You can try Aggie's—just behave.

YOU MIGHT TRY **City Eatery**, THOUGH. IN fact, all of you might try City Eatery. On the weekends, the site of the formerly excruciatingly inept Astor Restaurant & Lounge is finally buzzing as this space should be. But during the week, this Balthazar-on-a-thin-dime room feels forlornly Hopperesque, as if it was something executive chef Scott Conant said that put people off. It certainly couldn't be what he cooks.

As he previously displayed at Cucina, Conant has a delightful gift for invigorating familiar food and demystifying those dishes and ingredients you might be encountering for the first time. (He was also the handsomest chef in town till Todd English came along. Now it's a tie.) You know how butternut-squash soup always soothes, then bores, like porridge? Conant's version, with goat cheese and crispy shallots, hits like a tickling heat flash. He adds just enough truffle essence to give polenta depth and vigor. Braised octopus is so tender and welcome with tomato and onions that unsuspecting guests took it for yummy bay scallops. A truly sweet, juicy venison is roasted in poached quince. Rabbit is also roasted tender as veal stew, with shallots and sweet peas. Mussels and leeks mix happily in his homemade spaghetti. The lamb ravioli with flecks of pecorino and carrot, however, is a rare Conant misstep.

Pumpkin cheesecake, also, is somewhat off: It seems like a denim evening gown—where is it going? But the apple-crisp tart is strong and demanding, the gianduja pot de crème makes it worth learning how to pronounce *gianduja*, and the chocolate cake made me nuts—actually, just plain piggy.

City Eatery is on the Bowery, right opposite the legendarily grungy CBGB. But don't worry. No need to dress like you used to be a groupie for the Ramones. And no need to feel weird if you do. In fact, City Eatery has the potential to be a restaurant that is the right place for almost everybody. So why don't you stop striving to fit into the ones where you don't belong, and get here instead? There's room. For now. ■

Edited by Derek de Koff

This Week's Releases

The Amati Girls
Mercedes Ruehl, Paul Sorvino, and Cloris Leachman star in this weepie about four adult sisters and their widowed mother who learn about the powerful bond of family. Directed by Anne DeSalvo. (1 hr. 37 mins; PG)• Opens 1/19.

Panic
William H. Macy stars as a professional hit man who wants to go legit; Donald Sutherland plays his terrifying father, who won't let him quit the family business. Co-stars Neve Campbell and Tracey Ullman; Henry Bromell directs. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) • Opens 12/29.

Persona
Ingmar Bergman's surrealistic 1966 classic stars Bibi Andersson as a young nurse assigned to look after an all but mute patient (Liv Ullmann). Nurse becomes obsessed with patient; things get opaque. (1 hr 28 mins.; NR)• Opens 1/19.

The Pledge
See Rainer, page 72. (2 hrs.; NR) • Opens 1/19.

Snatch
Guy Ritchie's stylish crime thriller, involving jewelry heists and fixed boxing matches, stars a large ensemble that includes Brad Pitt, Benicio Del Toro, and Dennis Farina. (1 hr. 57 mins; PG-13) • Opens 1/19.

Sole Survivors
This supernatural thriller stars Casey Affleck as a college student caught between the worlds of the living and the dead.(1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 12/29.

Stirring: Lily Knight, Sean Young, Mercedes Ruehl, and Dinah Manoff in *The Amati Girls.*

New Films

All the Pretty Horses
Billy Bob Thornton directed this lackadaisical adaptation of the Cormac McCarthy novel, and it works only fitfully, as a rather mild coming-of-age ramble. Matt Damon stars as the young Texan who rides into Mexico with his best buddy (Henry Thomas) and gets hit upside the head with life lessons. Lucas Black, as a crack-voiced runaway, gives the one standout performance. (Rainer; 1/8/01) (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Antitrust
Ryan Phillippe and Tim Robbins star in this paranoid fantasy about a brilliant college grad who gets sucked into the sinister workings of a multibillion-dollar computer company. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) • Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; Atrium.

★ Before Night Falls
Javier Bardem gives an astonishing, freewheeling performance as the gay Cuban literary exile Reinaldo Arenas, who in 1990 died in New York from AIDS. Julien Schnabel directs, and he combines an extraordinary range of emotional colorations—the film goes from rhapsodic lyricism to horror in a blink. The movie is based primarily on Arenas's autobiography of the same name. (Rainer; 1/8/01) (2 hrs. 13 mins; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Billy Elliot
A striking miner's son furtively studies ballet and eventually wins over his hard-nosed dad. The film is such a prodigious feat of four-hankie engineering that Julie Walters's fierce performance as the boy's dancing instructor may get lost in the suds, which would be an injustice far greater than anything young Billy has to endure. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers; Atrium.

Boys Life 3
Five new short films examining various aspects of the gay lifestyle, co-starring Sara Gilbert, Alexis Arquette, Elliot Gould, and Christina Crawford as herself. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

★ Cast Away
Tom Hanks plays a FedEx systems engineer who is stranded on a remote and uninhabited island in the South Pacific in this Robert Zemeckis movie. Hanks's Everyman quality works well in the role; he's a stand-in for all us non-survivalists in the audience. At its best, the film is a graceful and resonant fable about isolation and the will to endure, but a heavy cloud of inspirationalism hangs over it. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

Chocolat
Juliette Binoche plays the owner of a chocolate shop whose dainties bewitch a small town. Co-stars Johnny Depp and Alfred Molina; Lasse Hallström directs. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • CC Angelika Film Center; The Screening Room; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.

★ Chunhyang
The veteran Korean director Im Kwon Taek renders a masterful take on an eighteenth-century folk tale. His style is a mixture of traditional and avant-garde: The narrative is ritualistic but the filmmaking has a friskiness to it. (Rainer; 1/08/01) (2 hrs.; NR) • Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

★ Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
Set in nineteenth-century China, this Ang Lee movie is a ravishing martial-arts romance with sequences as magical as anything in the movies. Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh star as great warriors and friends with a deep, unspoken ardor for each other; Zhang Ziyi, a marvelous young actress, is their nemesis. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; UA Gemini; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Double Take
Orlando Jones stars as a banker framed for laundering money who unwittingly exchanges passports with a man who's an actual criminal (Eddie Griffin) (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) • CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Sutton; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas
Jim Carrey is the live-action embodiment of Dr. Seuss's classic Christmas grump. Ron Howard directs. (1 hr. 30

Revival

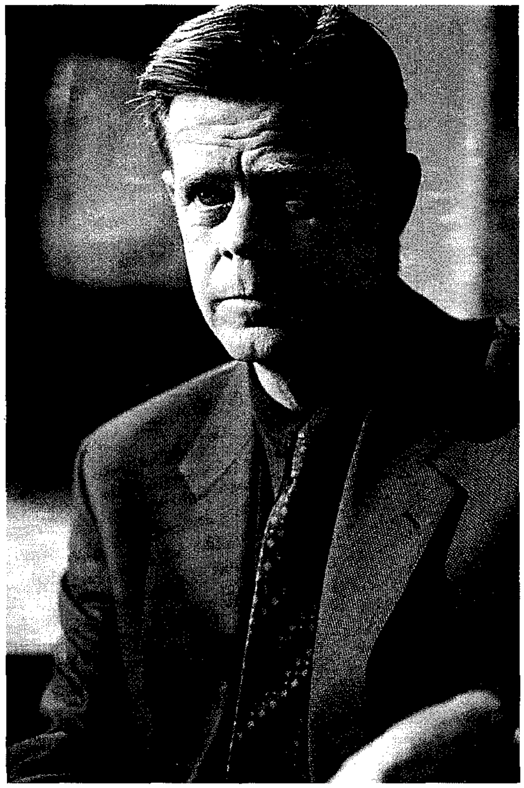
Curse of the Vampire

Who wants to be one of those shrill, in-your-face cinéasts who chirp, "Oh, but your appreciation of Dafoe's *Shadow of the Vampire* performance will be *so greatly deepened* by viewing **Nosferatu**"? Now's your chance: F. W. Murnau's genuinely creepy silent film kicks off Winter Under Glass, a free series of art, music, and film beginning January 22 at the World Financial Center. Besides, *Nosferatu* will be screened over live music by the San Francisco-based Club Foot Orchestra—a detail that musn't be omitted as you breathlessly compare and contrast the two films to the unfortunate soul you've cornered in the lobby afterward.

Top photograph courtesy of Providence Entertainment; bottom photograph courtesy of the World Financial Center.

Panic Strikes

Henry Bromell doesn't reach for epigrams when asked to describe working with William H. Macy and Donald Sutherland in *Panic*, his directorial debut: "It scared the shit out of me. Directing Donald Sutherland? *Terrifying*." Bromell's taut black comedy concerns a professional sniper (Macy, pictured) in the midst of a midlife crisis; he wants to get out of the family business, but his tyrannical father (Sutherland) won't hear of it. Beyond that, he's in love with a young woman (Neve Campbell) he met in his therapist's waiting room—and he's just been assigned the task of eliminating said psychoanalyst. "Nobody was paid to be in this film," Bromell says; all the actors came on board based on the script. "All they got was the Guild minimum, the least you can legally pay." Although there was absolutely no time or money to spare on production, Bromell says the performers still gave their all: "Particularly Donald. I remember we were shooting this long scene all night involving him lying on a cold concrete floor. I kept saying, 'You don't have to lie there—I can get a double.' He insisted on staying down there. Such a distinguished man of a certain age, not getting paid anything, and lying on the floor like that? He's a trouper, to say the very least." *Panic* opens January 19 at the Angelika Film Center. D.D.K.



mins.; PG) • Battery Park City Cinema; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Bay Plaza; Canarsie; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Dude, Where's My Car?

Ashton Kutcher and Seann William Scott co-star in this raunchy road film à la *Road Trip*, which involves pudding, angry girlfriends, and amnesia. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Canarsie; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Dungeons & Dragons

The impossibly dull role-playing game that has caused many junior-high students to be brutally beaten up becomes a full-blown action film starring Jeremy Irons. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) • Loews State; Cinemart.

The Emperor's New Groove

Eartha Kitt, Sting, and David Spade lend their voices to this animated fable about an ancient diva with witchy powers—with Kitt, of course, in the leading role. (1 hr. 12 mins.; G) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Family Man

Nicolas Cage stars as an investment banker who has the chance to see how life would've been different if he'd settled down with his college sweetheart (Téa Leoni). (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Beekman; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

Finding Forrester

Yet another tale from director Gus Van Sant about a kindly mentor (Sean Connery) who helps a troubled-though-brilliant student (Rob Brown) get his life together. This time, the mentor is a hermetic literary agent; the student is a black athlete with supreme writing talent. (2 hrs. 16 mins.; PG-13) • Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; UA Gemini; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ A Hard Day's Night

Newly restored and digitalized and still great after all these years—35, to be exact. Although the Beatles look impossibly young, the film is far too much fun to wax nostalgic over. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) • Film Forum.

★ The House of Mirth

In Terence Davies's rigorously elegant adaptation of Edith Wharton's *Belle Époque* novel set in 1905 New York, Gillian Anderson is Lily Bart, the socialite who is undone by the society she wants to become a part of. Each of her defeats carry a death-knell force. Anderson is poignantly fragile in the role, like a silent-movie maiden. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR) • Paris Theatre.

If . . .

Lindsay Anderson's 1968 surrealist classic starring Malcolm McDowell as a troubled student in a school where corpses casually pop out of bureaus, the master's wife wanders nude through the corridors, and the nurse uses a flashlight to check the boys' "equipment." (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

La Bûche

Three days before Christmas, three Parisian sisters try and fail at balancing the annual pressures of the holiday season with the more savory pressures of sex. Emmanuelle Béart, Sabine Azéma, and Charlotte Gainsbourg star. Directed by Danièle Thompson. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

Little Nicky

Adam Sandler stars as the put-upon love child of Lucifer and an angel, trying to make his way in the world. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) • CO Worldwide Cinemas.

Maléna

Guiseppe Tornatore (*Cinema Paradiso*) directs this tragicomedy about a chic, mysterious woman (Monica Bellucci), the kind who regularly has gentleman callers fighting to light her cigarette. Giuseppe Sulfaro stars as the man who's been obsessed with her since he was 13. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.

Miss Congeniality

A tomboy FBI agent (Sandra Bullock) must learn how to be glamorous in order to go undercover as a beauty-pageant contestant. Co-stars Candice Bergen and Michael Caine. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

O Brother, Where Art Thou?

Set in Depression-era Mississippi, this Coen brothers movie actually takes place in their usual rarefied and icy-hot postmodern Nowheresville. George Clooney, John Turturro, and Tim Blake Nelson star as escaped convicts whose tall-tale escapades are modelled on *The Odyssey*. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) • UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Proof of Life

Russell Crowe is a kidnap and ransom negotiator and Meg Ryan is the wife of an engineer (David Morse) who has been abducted in a South American country and needs rescuing. The chemistry between these two stars is nil. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; North Shore Towers.

★ Quills

Philip Kaufman's movie about the Marquis de Sade, written by Doug Wright from his Obie-winning play, is a voluptuous impasto that mixes together angels and demons in a richly ambiguous swirl. Geoffrey Rush plays Sade, imprisoned in the Charenton asylum for the insane, and he's a degenerate fop who smuggles scurrilous screeds out into the world with the help of

Ground Rules

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote current releases that New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the names of theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph courtesy of Roxie Releasing.

a chambermaid (a radiant Kate Winslet). (Rainer; 11/27/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Requiem for a Dream
Darren Aronofsky's controversial adaptation of the Hubert Selby Jr. novel, which tells four parallel stories all dealing with addiction. Starring Ellen Burstyn, Jared Leto, and Jennifer Connelly. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

Rugrats in Paris: The Movie
Those especially shrill animated children from the popular TV show shriek and bleat their way onto the big screen. (1 hr. 18 mins.; G) • Loews State; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; North Shore Towers; Atrium.

Save the Last Dance
This romantic drama stars Julia Stiles as a young midwestern white girl who moves to Chicago, where she falls in love with a black boy. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ Shadow of the Vampire
Willem Dafoe triumphs as the actor-vampire Max Schreck in this uneven but sometimes chilling and witty film; Schreck was the actor who played the vampire in F.W. Murnau's 1922 silent classic. John Malkovich co-stars as Murnau, and he's convincingly Teutonic. (Rainer; 1/8/01) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street.

★ State & Main
David Mamet's movie about a Hollywood movie crew invading a New England village has its share of syncopated nastiness and sharp satire, although the overall effect is surprisingly mild for Mamet. Perhaps he doesn't care enough about these movie people to lavish on them his usual full attention. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) • Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

★ Terrorists in Retirement
See Rainer, page 72. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

★ Thirteen Days
A workmanlike but engrossing docudrama-style depiction of how the Kennedy White House dealt with the Cuban Missile Crisis. Kenny O'Donnell, a friend and adviser to both Jack and Bobby, is the White House aide who provides the focal point for most of the scenes. As played by Kevin Costner, he has a Boston accent that could use some coaching, but the skewed perspective of this insider-outsider gives the material a fresh twist. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R;) • Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Crown Gotham; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ A Time for Drunken Horses
Iranian filmmaker Bahman Ghobadi has a wonderful feeling for children's faces; he sees in them not merely an innocence but a preternatural maturity as well. His movie is about the hardships of a band of brothers and sisters in the remote, mountainous regions of Kurdish Iran. (Rainer; 11/6/00) (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

★ Traffic
Steven Soderbergh directed this uneven mélange—a movie about drug trafficking, set in locales as disparate as Tijuana and Cincinnati's affluent Boyle Heights, in which several seemingly disparate stories come together in a sweeping vision of corruption

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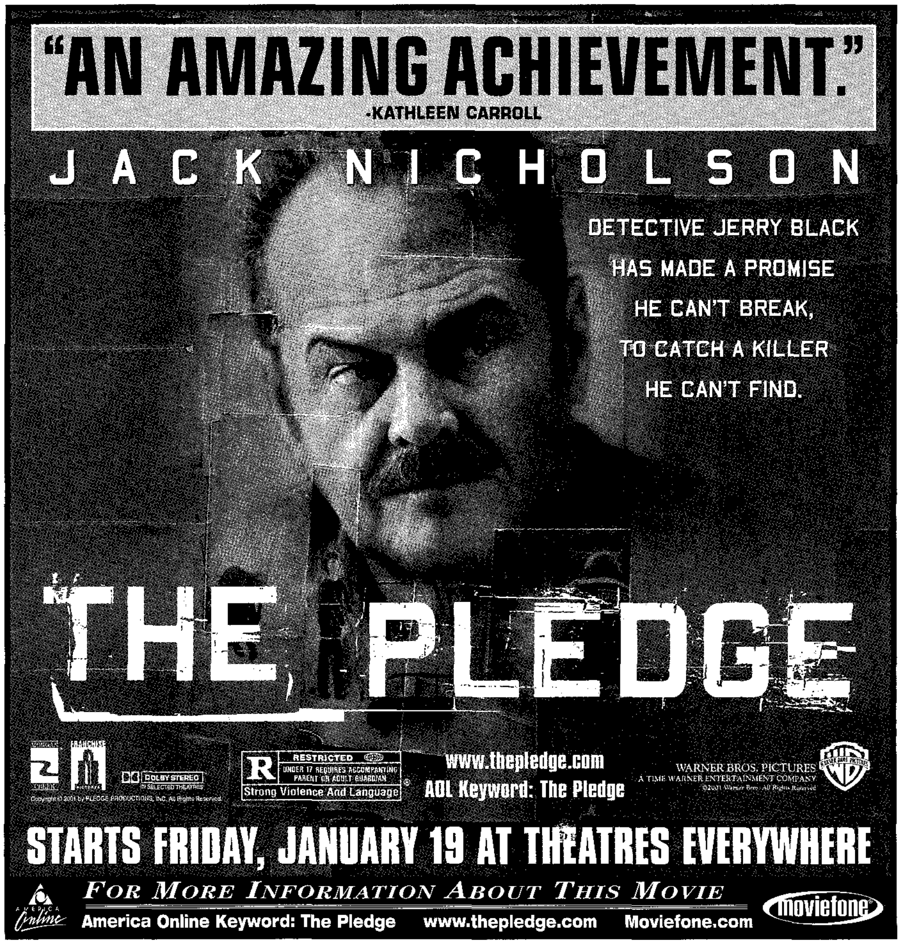

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Opening

Wrong of the South

Five years in the making, **Scottsboro: An American Tragedy** examines the notorious story of two white women in the small Alabama town who, in 1931, accused nine black teenagers of raping them, leading to one of the ugliest legal battles of the twentieth century. Narrated by André Braugher, Frances McDormand, and Stanley Tucci, the film splices together interviews from surviving witnesses of the trials with archival footage, yielding some truly remarkable character studies—a Jewish defense lawyer who saw the case as an anti-discrimination crusade, the poor white woman who out-and-out lied in order to make a better life for herself, and the Southern judge who had to rule in a case that divided America along every political and racial line. Begins January 19 at the Screening Room.

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BOYS

and redemption. Much of it is smartly observed, though, and the cast is impressive, including Michael Douglas, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Benicio Del Toro, Don Cheadle, and many others. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ Unbreakable

M. Night Shyamalan's follow-up to *The Sixth Sense* is almost as good—it has the same nocturnal sense of dread and a satisfyingly surprising ending. Bruce Willis plays a security guard who alone survives a massive train wreck. (Rainer; 11/27/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Bay Plaza; Cinemart.

Vertical Limit

Chris O'Donnell stars as a climber who must rescue his sister atop the peaks of K2, one of the world's highest and most treacherous mountains. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II.

Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000

Although Craven is the executive producer of the film, this retooling of the familiar tale about the bloodsucking Transylvanian was directed by Patrick Lussler. In this one, the vampire pays a visit to America to combat his nemesis (Christopher Plummer). (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Orpheum 7; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

What Women Want

A male-chauvinist pig (Mel Gibson) sees the error of his ways after a bump on the head gives him the ability to read women's minds. Co-stars Helen Hunt. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ You Can Count on Me

Writer-director Kenneth Lonergen's wonderfully small-scale movie stars Mark Ruffalo and Laura Linney as reunited brother and sister, and they get all the feints and parries between siblings just right. It's a marvelous little movie that dispenses with much of the mushiness and grand revelations one might expect from this sort of material. Rory Culkin plays Linney's 8-year-old son, and Matthew Broderick, in a sweetly cracked performance, is the boss she has an affair with. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Battery Park City Cinema

102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • All the Pretty Horses; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; Quills; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

CC Angelika Film Center

18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Before Night Falls; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Maléna; Quills.

CC Village East

189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • Billy Elliot; Double Take; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; You Can Count on Me.

Cinema Village

22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Dark Days; Moon Shadows; Spring Forward; A Time for Drunken Horses; Trade Off.

Clearview's Waverly

323 Sixth Ave. (212-777-FILM#603) • Antitrust; State & Main.

Film Forum

209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • A Hard Day's Night; If . . . ; Terrorists in Retirement. (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village

66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Quad Cinema

34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Boys Life 3; Chunhyang; La Buche; Requiem for a Dream.

UA Union Square

13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • All the Pretty Horses; Antitrust; Cast Away; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Proof of Life; Shadow of the Vampire; State & Main; Vertical Limit.

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas

160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Cast Away; Double Take; State & Main; Thirteen Days.

Clearview's Chelsea

260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Antitrust; Before Night Falls; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; State & Main; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000.

Clearview's Chelsea West

333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Cast Away.

Loews 19th St. East

890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; What Women Want.

Loews Kips Bay Theatre

570 Second Ave. (212-505–6397#558) • Antitrust; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Proof of Life; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

42nd–60th Streets

AMC Empire 25 Theatres

234 W. 42nd St., at Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939) • 102 Dalmatians; Antitrust; Cast Away; Double Take; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Erin Brockovich; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; Quills; State & Main; Thirteen Days; Unbreakable; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; Wonder Boys; You Can Count On Me.

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3

1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Before Night Falls; Chocolat; Maléna.

CC Crown Gotham

969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) • Thirteen Days.

CC Eastside Playhouse

919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) • Billy Elliot.

CC Sutton

205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Double Take; O Brother, Where Art Thou?.

Clearview's 59th Street East

239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • You Can Count on Me.

Clearview's Ziegfeld

141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Cast Away.

CO Worldwide Cinemas

340 W. 50th St. (212-505-CINE#610) • Best in Show; Charlie's Angels; Little Nicky; Meet the Parents; Men of Honor; Remember the Titans.

Loews 42nd Street E Walk

42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • The Family Man; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Save the

Photograph courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

Last Dance; Shadow of the Vampire; Traffic; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon.

Loews Coronet
993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance.

Loews State
1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • All the Pretty Horses; Chicken Run; Dungeons & Dragons; Gladiator; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Sing-a-long Sound of Music; The 6th Day.

Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • The House of Mirth.

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Cast Away; Chocolat; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove.

Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • The Family Man.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Chunhyang; Quills; State & Main.

Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • The Family Man; Thirteen Days.

Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Traffic.

Loews New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • What Women Want.

Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Antitrust; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • State & Main.

UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Finding Forrester; Vertical Limit.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • You Can Count On Me.

Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • The Family Man; What Women Want.

Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • Cast Away; Traffic.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) • Before Night Falls; Chunhyang; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Quills; State & Main.

Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Shadow of the Vampire.

Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Finding Forrester; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Traffic; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Nova
3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000.

Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • All the Pretty Horses; Antitrust; Chocolat; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Proof of Life; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Bronx

Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • 102 Dalmatians; Cast Away; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Traffic; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Miss Congeniality; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Traffic. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights
70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) • Call theater for showtimes.

Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-718-251-0700) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000.

Clearview's Cobble Hill
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • All the Pretty Horses; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Quills.

CO Alpine
6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fortway
6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM#578) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kings Plaza
5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kingsway
946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (718-777-FILM#577) • Call theater for showtimes.

Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • The Emperor's New Groove; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Finding Forrester; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; State & Main; Thirteen Days; Traffic; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Cast Away; Dude, Where's My Car?; Miss Congeniality; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • Cast Away; Dude, Where's My Car?; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000.

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at

You Never Talk to Me

Ingmar Bergman's **Persona**, with its convoluted themes of artist-audience symbiosis, communication meltdown, and ego vampirism, is inarguably one of the most perplexing films of all time—particularly on the American video release, which unwisely uses white subtitles in a black-and-white film that takes place entirely within hospitals and on beaches. Although this last problem is sure to be resolved in the new 35-mm. release, don't expect the 1966 masterpiece about a naïve young nurse (Bibi Andersson) assigned to a troubled, all but mute actress (Liv Ullmann) to be any less unwieldy. This version restores the film's opening sequence, originally censored for the American release—so be prepared for a *lot* of footage of hands being nailed to beams. Begins January 19 at Film Forum.

Photograph courtesy of Photofest.

Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Thirteen Days; What Women Want.

Queens

Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Cast Away; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Unbreakable; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

CO Cinema City
183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (718-777-FILM#592) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fresh Meadows
Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (718-777-FILM#619) • Call theater for showtimes.

College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • 102 Dalmatians; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Miss Congeniality; Traffic; What Women Want.

Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • All the Pretty Horses; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; Quills; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Billy Elliot; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Quills; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; State & Main; You Can Count on Me.

Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Cast Away; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Traffic; What Women Want.

North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • Billy Elliot; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Two Family House; What's Cooking?.

Plaza
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • The Emperor's New Groove; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000.

Sony Bay Terrace
211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (718-777-FILM#712) • Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Elmwood
57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (718-777-FILM#733) • Call theater for showtimes.

UA Astoria
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • Antitrust; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance.

UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Thirteen Days; Traffic.

UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Traffic.

UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Antitrust; Cast Away; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • All the Pretty Horses; Cast Away; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Vertical Limit.

UA Movies at Bayside
38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • Cast Away; The Family Man; Save the Last Dance; What Women Want.

UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Thirteen Days; What Women Want.

Opening

The Honeymoon Is Over

Maybe it's a touch odd that Guy Ritchie would release a film called **Snatch** right on the heels of marrying Madonna, but the movie, his follow-up to *Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking Barrels*, isn't a warts-and-all exposé of his recently betrothed. No, it's another crime thriller, about a fishy boxing bout and diamond heists gone terribly, terribly wrong, starring Benicio Del Toro, Dennis Farina, and Brad Pitt (pictured) as characters who all have names like Franky Four Fingers. Opens January 19.

Staten Island

Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • 102 Dalmatians; Antitrust; Billy Elliot; Cast Away; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Cast Away; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Traffic; What Women Want.

UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; Traffic; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • Through 1/30: "Kino Presents." 1/16: *A Sunday in the Country; The Fiances.* 1/17: *Dersu Uzala; Le Crabe-Tambour.* 1/18: *Diabolique; Les Bonnes Femmes.* 1/19: *The Bicycle Thief; Rashomon.* 1/20: *Andrei Roublev; Diary of a Country Priest.* 1/21: *The Great Dictator; Monsieur Verdoux; Black Orpheus; Fallen Angels.* 1/22: *The General; La Vie de Bohème.*

BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770). • 1/16: "Films by Daniel Schmid." *Shadow of Angels* (1976). 1/17: "Brooklyn Independents." *Benjamin Smoke* (2000). 1/18-1/20: "Milestone Tribute." 1/18: *The Silent Enemy* (1930). 1/19: *Onimasa* (1983). 1/20: *Red Desert* (1964). 1/21: "The Adventures of Terry Gilliam." *12 Monkeys* (1995).

Brooklyn Museum of Art
200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 372; www.brooklynart.org); free. • Through 1/27: "Analyzing Woody: Psychology and the Films of Woody Allen." 1/13: *Deconstructing Harry* (1997).

Film Society of Lincoln Center
(The Walter Reade Theater) 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $4 for "Movies for Kids." • Through 1/25: "The Tenth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/16: *The Wandering Jew* (1921); *The Maelstrom: A Family Chronicle* (1997). 1/17: *Grüniger's Fall* (1997); *Scottsboro: An American Tragedy* (2000). 1/18: *Scottsboro: An American Tragedy* (2000). 1/20: *Yana's Friends* (1999). 1/21: *Rhodes to Peace* (1999). 1/22: *Martin* (1999).

Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult. • Through 3/23: "The Path of Resistance." 1/16: *Xiao Wu* (1997). 1/20: *Whity* (1971); *Oh Dem Watermelons* (1965); *Blazing Saddles* (1974). 1/21: *Messer im Kopf (Knife in the Head)* (1978); *The Consequence* (1977); *Quixote* (1964-65); *I Like America, America Likes Me* (1974).

Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50-$8.50. Members and children under 4, free. • Through 1/28: "The Lifetime Series: A Liv Ullmann Retrospective." 1/20: *Sophie* (1993); *Scenes From a Life* (1997). 1/21: *Faithless* (2000).

School of Visual Arts
(The SVA Gallery) 209 E. 23rd St. (212-592-2145) • Through 1/27: "Animation Dreams VI." An exhibition of work from the SVA animation department.

YWCA Cine-Club
610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers. • Through 7/29: "A Treasury of French Films." 1/20-1/21: *Panic (Panique)* (1946).

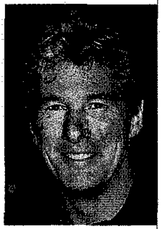
Photograph by Daniel Smith.

Trailers

ADVANCE BOOKING You might just see **Milla Jovovich** and **William Baldwin** browsing through a Manhattan bookstore next month, when they'll be shooting a scene from *You Stupid Man*, the debut independent film from screenwriter/director **Brian Burns**; the romantic comedy stars **David Krumholtz** (*10 Things I Hate About You*) as a New York writer trying to get over his famous ex-girlfriend (**Denise Richards**).

TONY SOPRANO TURNS DreamWorks' *The Castle* continues to bulk up, having just added **Mark Ruffalo** (*You Can Count On Me*) and *The Sopranos'* **James Gandolfini** to the cast; in the drama, to be directed by **Rod Lurie** (*The Contender*), **Robert Redford** stars as a three-star general sentenced to a long prison term who rallies the other prisoners to revolt against the warden (Gandolfini).

WHO IS MOTHMAN? Richard Gere will head to Pittsburgh this spring to shoot Sony's *The Mothman Prophecies*, a film based on **John Keel**'s novel of the same title; Gere will play a reporter sent to a small town to investigate reports of supernatural activity; **Debra Messing** (*Will & Grace*) will play his wife, and **Laura Linney** (*You Can Count On Me*) a local cop.



BLAME CAMERON Cameron Diaz is soon headed to San Francisco to film Columbia's *The Sweetest Thing*, in which Diaz (with **Christina Applegate** as her partner in crime) plays a club-hopping heartbreaker who panics when she falls in love; **Roger Kumble** (*Cruel Intentions*) will direct the comedy by *South Park* writer **Nancy Pimental**; **Kathy Konrad** will produce.

SARA CARDACE

Burleigh *continued from page 45*

thropic calls and speaking at places like the Center for Constitutional Rights and Harvard Law School than he did handling legal matters. No group is too small or insignificant to deserve his presence. When he showed up at Antun's banquet hall in Queens for the annual Queens chapter NAACP dinner, he was backed into a corner by people wanting their pictures taken with him. The alarmed restaurant staff said that not even a recent Hillary visit had provoked such a mob rush.

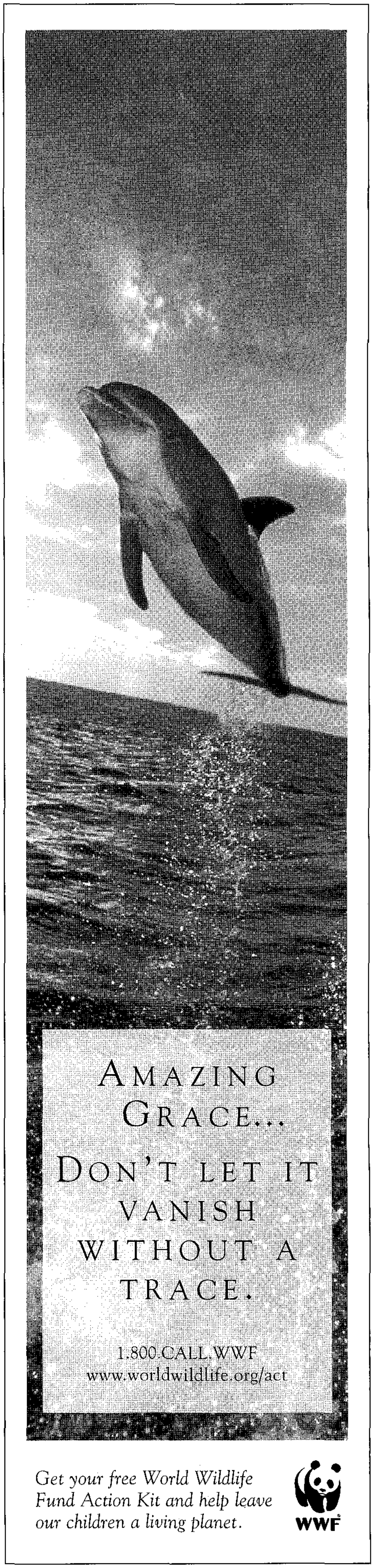
In addition to donating his time, he's also been forking over cash. In 1998, Cochran, who is a millionaire many times over, endowed the Johnnie L. Cochran Art Foundation with seed money of $250,000, and he's also planning to endow a chair at Howard University. At the New-York Historical Society right now, there's an exhibit called "Elder Grace: The Nobility of Aging," co-sponsored by Dale and Johnnie Cochran.

"That's the kind of thing I like to do," he says. "I'm big on art as a bridge between communities. So I not only do the legal stuff; I try to do things in the community. Church-art-community, that's my thing." At Christmas he forked over $6,000 for a pew in the refurbished Abyssinian Baptist Church and another couple grand for a cornerstone.

Not long ago, after a conference with Puffy, he attended an NAACP awards dinner honoring one of the first artists funded by the Cochran Art Foundation. Standing next to a window in a solitary moment, Cochran reflected on his decision to abandon criminal law.

"You know, I always said that once I got Geronimo Pratt out, I could retire with a clear conscience. I got him out. I can't *retire* with a clear conscience yet, but I can certainly get out of criminal law. I felt it had reached a point of diminishing returns. You represent somebody and get them out, and then they're back in trouble again. And I started to worry about it.

"I'm near the end of my career. I'm 63. I figure I've got more years behind me than in front of me. And I figure, whether I'm here or not, it's the ideas that are important, and that's why I want to do things like work on the reparations group or endow something at Howard University, so the kids coming up learn they can't go out and make money and forget where they came from. You know, especially for those of us who are African-Americans, there but for the grace of God go I." ■



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Top photograph by Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom photograph by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

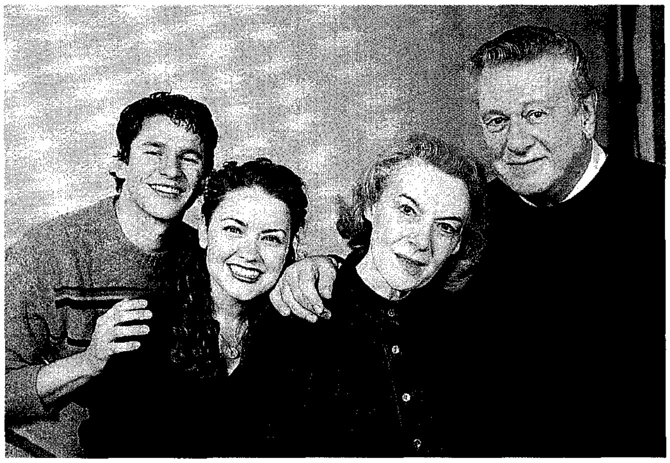
Edited by Logan Hill

Previews

The American Dream

Marian Seldes refuses to admit to winning a Tony. The actress (pictured, third from left, with David Burtka, Kathleen Early, and Brian Murray), who took home the trophy in 1967 for her role in Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance*, gives all credit to the playwright. "*He* won it," she insists. "Parts win prizes." (Don't feel too bad for Albee, however; *A Delicate Balance* got him a Pulitzer.) Since then, she's understudied in the original production of *Tiny Alice* and starred in Albee's most recent Pulitzer-winner, *Three Tall Women.* What is it about Albee's work that keeps drawing her? "Edward's words are so exact, unique, precise, almost like a musical score," she says. "If you follow the score that he has written, with everything—not just the notes but the pauses and the indications he gives you and the parentheses—it's all there for you." Now she's rejoining her *Butterfly Collection* co-star Murray in Albee's newest drama, **The Play About the Baby**; they play an older woman and man who sow doubt in the minds of an innocent pair of new parents. Seldes, daughter of the legendary critic Gilbert Seldes, made a youthful Broadway debut in 1947. In the years since, many a playwright has written specifically for her, and when *Baby* was produced in April in Houston, Albee himself directed her, something she calls "a great, great privilege. I had seen *The Zoo Story* when it was first done in New York," she remembers. "All the young actors were so aware of him. I would never have imagined that I could be talking to you and could have done four plays for him. It means everything to me." Previews begin January 16. (See "Off Broadway.")

TIMOTHY HODLER



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida
The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Annie Get Your Gun
Cheryl Ladd plays Annie Oakley. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast
Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Betrayal
Director David Leveaux (last season's powerful revival of Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*) directs Juliette Binoche, Liev Schreiber, and John Slattery in Harold Pinter's intricate tale of love, lust, and the pain of adultery. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/4. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

Cabaret
The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. This revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*) and Lea Thompson. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago
It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Bebe Neuwirth returns on the 19th for a six-week engagement. $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact
This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Copenhagen
Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dinner Party
Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy. Henry Winkler and John Ritter star. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Dirty Blonde
Kathy Najimy stars in Claudia Shear's delightful play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Fosse
A tribute to the late choreographer-director. $65–$80. Mon., Tues., and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Full Monty
The musical adaptation of the 1997 film. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Jane Eyre
Few shows boast a production team with this pedigree, starting with John Caird, who adapted and staged (with Scott Schwartz) the Brontë novel, and designer John Napier, along with costume designer Andreane Neofitou. Score by pop composer Paul Gordon. $50–$86. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

Kiss Me, Kate
With a score jammed with some of the best-known songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King
This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? *Call 212-508-0740.*

designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Miss Saigon

A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 1/28. • Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Music Man

Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof

David Auburn's *Proof* is what *Copenhagen* ought to be: a play about scientists whose science matters less than their humanity. Here, those of us who want their dramatic characters to be real people need not feel excluded. Robert, a world-famous mathematician who went crazy; Catherine, his mathematically brilliant but too-depressed-to-work daughter; Hal, a young math teacher going through Robert's hundred-plus confused notebooks; and Claire, Robert's older daughter and a successful actuary, are above all fascinating individuals. As directed by Daniel Sullivan, the performances are perfect. As for Mary-Louise Parker, her Catherine is a performance of genius. (Simon: 6/5/00.) $24–$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent

The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème.* $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Riverdance

The Irish return. $25–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show

Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's pad. Lifelong rocker Joan Jett makes her Broadway debut opposite *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, stage vet Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). $75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe

Lily Tomlin returns, along with an astonishing assortment of characters led by Trudy, a homeless lady and "creative consultant to these aliens from outer space" who knows that reality is really just "a collective hunch." The solo show that makes other solo shows look like, well, solo shows, it's written and directed by Jane Wagner, Tomlin's longtime collaborator and partner. $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Seussical

Barring the Broadway arrival of *Harry Potter Sings!*, Dr. Seuss may be the only children's brand with enough star power to battle Disney's troika of *The Lion King, Aida,* and *Beauty and the Beast*, but that may not be enough. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $25–$85. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

Who would have expected from a campy downtown playwright a nicely structured, intelligently funny, satirically relevant uptown comedy? In Charles Busch's new play, the retired but still overactive allergist Dr. Ira Taub is married to Marjorie, an immobilized nervous wreck since the death of her therapist. If you seek an ideal cast, look no further. Linda Lavin, for whom the admiring Busch wrote Marjorie as, he says, a kind of King Lear, is that and more. (Simon: 3/13/00.) Also starring Tony Roberts and Michele Lee. $30–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Cherry Orchard

Joseph Hardy returns to Theatre 80 to direct the Pearl Theatre Company's new production of Chekhov's classic drama. $28–$35. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 1/22 opening. Through 2/25. • Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

Code of the West

Mark R. Giesser wrote and directs this comedy about Joshua A. Norton, who proclaimed himself emperor of the United States in 1859 San Francisco, and a woman who wants to marry him in order to claim an inheritance. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/18 opening. • Mint Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).

Dido, Queen of Carthage

The Taget Margin Theater begins its Marlowe-devoted tenth-anniversary season with Marlowe's rarely performed first play, which retells the story of Aeneas and Dido. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 1/17 for a 1/25 opening. Through 2/24. • Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (212-358-3657).

An Idiot Divine

New music theater piece from composer/performer Rinde Eckert (*And God Created Whales*), about an idiot and a murderer. $25-$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 4. Opens 1/16. Through 2/18. • 45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Killers and Other Family

John Lawler directs a new play by Lucy Thurber about a young woman whose past catches up to her. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 1/17 for a 1/20 opening. Through 2/18. • Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-206-1515).

More Lies About Jerzy

Jared Harris plays a Polish expatriate novelist named Jerzy whose Holocaust memoir may have needed better fact-checking. In previews for a 1/21 opening. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).

Now That Communism Is Dead, My Life Feels Empty

Richard Foreman (*Bad Boy Nietzsche*) directs Tony Torn and Jay Smith as two ex-radical hipsters who just don't belong in a post-Marxist world. $15. Tues. and Fri.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 1/18 opening. • Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

Paradise Island

Lynn Cohen and Adrienne Shelly star as a mother and daughter on a 24-hour Caribbean gambling getaway in a new drama written by Benjie Aerenson (*The Possum Play*) and directed by Andy Goldberg (*The Bombitty of Errors*). $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/16 for a 1/23 opening. • New Group/Theatre @ St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).

The Play About the Baby

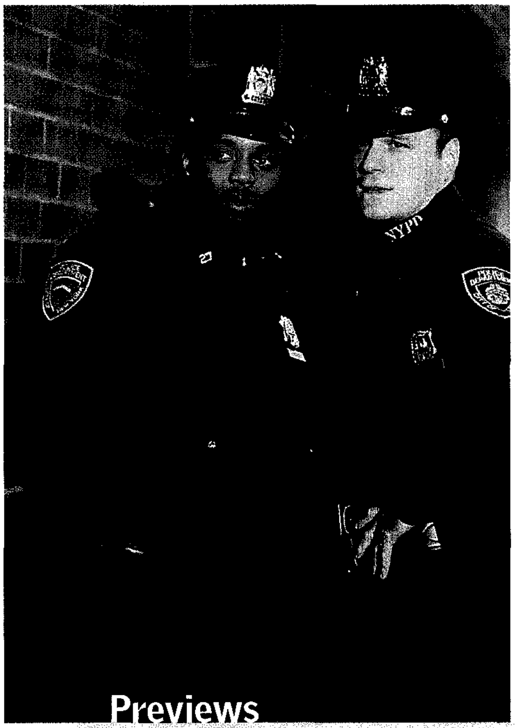
Tony winner Marian Seldes (*A Delicate Balance*) and Brian Murray star in Edward Albee's first new play since *Three Tall Women*, a mysterious drama about a couple of young new parents whose lives are invaded by an older, less innocent pair. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 1/16 for a 2/1 opening. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Resident Alien

American premiere of Tim Fountain's "fully authorized dramatization" of the late Quentin Crisp's life and work, directed by Mike Bradwell and starring Bette Bourne as the "Naked Civil Servant" himself. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 1/18 opening. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).

Tamicanfly

A blind old man has a vision that a horse named Tamicanfly will win the sixth at a racetrack across



Previews

Blue's Clues

The unsettling conflicts facing black policemen are usually either ignored (*Lethal Weapon*) or oversimplified (rapper KRS-One calls them just another form of black-on-black crime). *Kia Corthron tries to go deeper in* **Force Continuum**, *a drama exploring three generations* of African-Americans in the NYPD. Previews begin January 17. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

It Takes a Village

Composer-performer Rinde Eckert returns to the Culture Project with **An Idiot Divine**, about a murderer and a wandering idiot. Wanna bet the latter will gradually reveal a strange sort of wisdom? Opens January 16. (See "Off Broadway.")

the country, and enlists his grandson to help him gamble his life savings on the race. Directed by Ethan McSweeny and presented by the Weissberger Theater Group. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat.–Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/17 opening. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Time and Again
New musical version of Jack Finney's time-travel romance from the Manhattan Theatre Club. $40. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/30 opening. • MTC's Stage II at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

2001: Yesterday's Tomorrow Today
Singer-actress Ann Magnuson (Bongwater, *Anything But Love*) asks what happened to the Pan Am moon-flight stewardesses from Kubrick's *2001*. $25. Tues. and Wed. at 8:30. Through 1/17. • Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

An American Family
To open its eighty-fifth season, Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre presents a historical drama by Miriam Kressyn set on the Lower East Side. $25–$37.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/21. • Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

American Rhapsody
A new musical revue of Gershwin's works directed by Ruth Leon and starring K. T. Sullivan and Mark Nadler. $40–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).

Beowulf
After selling out Lincoln Center, Benjamin Bagby brings back his version of the classic epic, in subtitled Old English. $35. Tues.–Wed. at 8. Through 1/17. • Angel Orensanz Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (212-307-4100).

Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Buying Time
Michael Weller's play about a law firm whose commitment to environmental work becomes threatened by one of its corporate clients has reopened. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 2/4. • New 14th Street Y of the Educational Alliance, 344 E. 14th St. (212-206-1515).

Cary and Gallo: What If We Did This?
Ted Sullivan directs the comic duo Cary and Gallo, in a production written by several late-night-television writers. $30. Mon. at 8. Through 2/12. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Cat's Paw
A new play and "meditation on the Don Juan theme" by the furiously inventive Mac Wellman (*Hypatia, Fnu Lnu*). $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. • SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-479-7979).

Cobb
Thanks to Kevin Spacey's advocacy, Lee Blessing's suddenly timely play about the baseball icon transfers to Off Broadway. Joe Brancato directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).

The Conjure Man Dies
A mystery about an African king who graduates from Harvard, moves to Harlem, and becomes a fortune teller. Clifton Turner Davis directs the New Federal Theatre production. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. • Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).

De La Guarda
A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Dinner With Friends
Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Down the Garden Paths
Anne Meara's new comedy about four couples stars Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. • Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Ln. (212-307-4100).

Downhearted Blues—The Life and Music of Bessie Smith
Tony and Grammy-winning Jennifer Holliday wrote and stars in this musical one-act chronicling the life of Bessie Smith for the Illyria Theatre. $30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. • Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-561-9553).

End of the World Party
A new comedy about gay men who share a Fire Island summer house by multiple Emmy winner Chuck Rangberg. Cast includes Anthony Barrile, Jim J. Bullock, David Drake, and Christopher Durham. $45–$49.50. Mon.–Wed. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 6, and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

The Fantasticks
The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. • Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

4 Guys Named José . . . and Una Mujer Named Maria
Four Latino guys fight to put together a song-and-dance revue that confounds stereotypes. $37.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Fresa y Chocolate (Strawberry and Chocolate)
A comedy about the confrontation between a gay artist and a revolutionary purist. $30–$40. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Fully Committed
For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) Now starring Christopher Fitzgerald, who made his name in Stephen Sondheim's *Saturday Night*. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Gemini
Canadian comic rant starring Kenneth Wilson-Harrington as a dictatorial nutcase who imagines himself to be the fascist dictator of an insane asylum. Written by Edward Manning. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10. • 78th Street Theatre Lab, 445 W. 49th St. (212-873-9050).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Jesus Hopped the A Train
After a successful run at the LAByrinth Theater's this new play by Stephen Adly Guirgis (*In Arabia, We'd All Be Kings*) transfers for an Off Broadway stint. In its first production, John Ortiz, the talented co-founder of the LAByrinth Theater, gave a mesmerizing, intense performance as Angel Cruz, a Rikers Island prisoner who confronts a religious fanatic (Ron Cephas Jones) behind bars. $45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. • East 13th Street Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. (212-239-6200).

Jitney
This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in Pittsburgh in 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and di-

Photograph by Tom Jorgensen.

rected (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-505-0700).

Living in the Wind
Michael Bradford's romantic drama about two former slaves stars David Damane and Sally Stewart-Coleman. $35–$40. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

The Love Machine
Sandra Bernhard and her band return with a new version of *Songs I Sang on the Kibbutz*. $35–$40. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 2/4. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Lypsinka! The Boxed Set
Lypsinka (*Lypsinka! As I Lay Lip-Synching, Lypsinka Must Be Destroyed!*) is back. $35–$40. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/14. • Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).

Maybe, Baby It's You
Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $40. Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. • Theater at St. Luke's, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Much Ado About Nothing
Holderness Theatre Company's new production of Shakespeare's comedy. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 8, Mon. at 7. Through 1/20. • Lincoln Center Institute Clark Studio Theatre, 70 Lincoln Square Plaza (212-561-0898).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Our Sinatra
Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$100. Mon.-Wed., Fri. and Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Reprise Room at Dylan's, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Ourselves Alone
Open Fist's new production of Anne Devlin's drama about three women who dream of escaping the political unrest of Northern Ireland, but are tied down by family loyalties. Directed by Martha Demson with a score by violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/26. • Producers Club II, 616 Ninth Ave. (212-279-4200).

Pete 'n' Keely
If you can approach this pocket musical with an open mindlessness, you can have a rattling good time. A 1968 TV studio presents a live telecast meant to reconcile and reinstate an estranged husband-and-wife team on the order of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. James Hindman's pastiche book is a spirited takeoff on the fifties and sixties entertainers' acts and lives. Mark Waldrop has directed with sauciness and gusto. George Dvorsky and Sally Mayes sing, dance, and spar to comic perfection. (Simon: 1/8/01). Costumes by Bob Mackie. $35–$55. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Shakespeare's Villains: A Masterclass in Evil
Steven Berkoff's one-man examination of evildoers from Iago to Macbeth, which sold out in its run at Joe's Pub last November, returns for a limited engagement. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 2. Through 1/28. • Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp
As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Tallulah Hallelujah!
Is Tallulah Bankhead this season's Mae West? Clearly, that's the idea. Soon, three Off Broadway shows will tackle the legacy of the raunchy brunette. Tovah Feldshuh's up first in her new show. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 3. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Te Juro, Juana Que Tango Ganas (I Swear to You Jane, I Have an Itch for You)
Comedy of manners "in the style of Molière" by Emilio Carbadallido. $30–$40. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Theater of Light
The return of "light artist" Rudi Stern's "visual fantasia," which features thousands of hand-painted images combined with light and music. $20. Wed. and Sun. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10. • Flamboyan Theatre, 107 Suffolk St. (212-279-4200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorsese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 2/18. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Onstage

Empress of the Blues

Her music went unheard and her grave unmarked for decades, but now the legendarily hard-living, Klan-defying Bessie Smith is the subject of two New York productions: the current **Downhearted Blues** by Jennifer Holliday (pictured, left) and the upcoming **Devil's Music**, starring Miche Braden (above). Previews begin January 26. (See "Off Broadway.")

Vieques
Set on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques, this drama tracks the life of a local family in the fifties, as the United States began its military exercises. The playwright, Jorge González, won the 2000 Nuestras Voces playwriting contest. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

The Wax
Frank Wood, who won a Tony for his terrific, jittery performance in *Side Man*, stars with Mary Testa in Kathleen Tolan's new comedy about friends and mid-life crises; Brian Kulick directs. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. Through 1/21. • Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

The White Devil
John Webster's rarely performed Jacobean tragedy about an adulterous love affair that leads to multiple murders, directed by Gale Edwards and featuring the Sydney Theatre Company. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 1/20. • BAM Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

Autoeroticism in Detroit
Golden Squirrel Theatre's comedy about adultery and the creation of GM's first electric car. $15. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Blue Heron Arts Center, 123 E. 24th St. (212-749-3002).

Bitch Macbeth
Writer-director Frank Cwiklik, creator of *Girls' School Vampire* and the *Masterworks of Edward D. Wood, Jr. Festival*, presents his graphically violent version of Shakespeare's classic to the stage. $12. Thurs., Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 1/28. • Access Theater, 380 Broadway (212-613-5716).

The Complete Lost Works of Samuel Beckett as Found in an Envelope . . .
The title of this 2000 FringeNYC award-winner for overall excellence continues, *(Partially Burned) in a Dustbin in Paris Labeled "Never to Be Performed. Never. Ever. EVER! Or I'll Sue! I'LL SUE FROM THE GRAVE!"* Seven "Beckett" scripts performed by Chicago's Neo-Futurists and the Theater Oobleck. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3. • Present Company Theatorium, 196 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).

Fiddler Sub-Terrain
New satirical update of *Fiddler on the Roof* from the creators of *Jews & Jesus*, featuring original music played by members of the Klezmatics and Paradox Trio. $15.

Top photograph by Anastasia Courtney; bottom photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Force Continuum
New production of the Atlantic Theater Company about three generations of black officers of the NYPD. Written by Kia Corthron and directed by Michael John Garcés. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/17 for a 2/8 opening. • Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

The Fox
Contemporary tragedy about a young peacekeeper returning home after an overseas experience with "ethnic cleansing." Written by Carne Ross, who works at the UN. $15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opens 1/19. Through 1/28. • HERE Arts Center, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Howie the Rookie
Mark O'Rowe's imported comedy about the adventures of two young men in the violent underworld of Dublin. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 1/27. • P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).

Lost Soles
Nonlinear play about an American tap dancer stuck in Cuba for 37 years. Thaddeus Phillips, known for his puppet version of *King Lear,* plays seven parts and works the lights with his hands and tapping feet throughout the performance. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sun. at 5:30. Opens 1/18. Through 1/28. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Momma
Siobhan Fallon (*Saturday Night Live*) wrote and stars in this one-woman comedy about a rural upstate school-bus driver whose desperate wish to have a baby leads her to New York City. $25. Mon. and Sun. at 8. Opens 1/22. Through 1/29. • Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. • Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).

Mono
Steven Tannenbaum directs an inventive improvisatory play set in a bar like environment where fourteen characters act out all around. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

My Mother's a Baby Boy
Chris Burns, the man behind the recent radio update of *War of the Worlds* starring Bono and the cast of *Friends,* wrote, directs, and stars in a new play examining modern urban relationships. Presented by Jack Pierson. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Opens 1/18. Through 2/3. • Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (212-206-1515).

Night and Day
In Tom Stoppard's comedy, journalists, an English colonialist, and a dictator clash in Africa. $20–$40. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, some Weds. at 8. Through 3/22. • Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Optic Fever
Miniaturist Theodora Skipitares puts on a puppet show dramatizing the lives and legacies of two Renaissance painters, Leonardo Da Vinci and the lesser-known Paolo Uccello. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Story of Rats
WaxFactory opens its season with a multimedia production based on the writings of George Bataille. $10–15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3. • Chashama, 111 E. 42nd St. (212-780-3372).

The White Devil
Erica Shmidt directs this Liars Club production of John Webster's Jacobean tragedy, in a rougher-edged version than the Australian production of the same play currently running at BAM. $10. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 7. Through 1/19. • Directors Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-246-5877).

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Vito Acconci
Photoworks and documentation of performances dating from 1969 to 1973; through 2/17. • Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Marc Chagall
Paintings and works on paper by the Russian-born artist dating from 1917 to 1978; through 1/31. • Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (212-879-0500).

Jeff Joyce
New paintings of imaginary landscapes; through 2/17. • Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

On Kawara
Date paintings from 2000; through 2/28. • Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

Irving Kriesberg
Stoneware sculptures of animals and totemic forms made between 1960 and 1999; through 1/20. • Bookstein, 50 E. 78th St. (212-439-9605).

Sue Miller/Philip Sultz
New abstract paintings/Mosaic-like collages. Through 2/28. • Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

Carlo Mollino
An exhibition comprising photographs by and of the Italian designer and photographer (1905–1973) and *Apotheosis,* an artists' book dedicated to the photographer's life's work designed by Fulvio Ferrari, executor of the Mollino estate; through 3/3. • Roth/Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Rakuko Naito
Works of folded paper set within boxlike frames; through 2/17. • Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-734-3670).

Everett Shinn
Fifty of the Ashcan School painter's works depicting New York City streets and theater scenes, including well-known works on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Brooklyn Museum of Art, and the Newark Museum; through 1/23. • Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Cy Twombly
The artist's first New York show of new paintings in nearly 30 years; through 1/27. • Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

Frank von der Lancken
Still lifes, interiors, portraits, and landscapes by the Brooklyn-born artist (1872–1950); through 2/24. • Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

John Walker
Two new series of paintings, one inspired by the artist's father's recollections of World War I, and the other of the landscape surrounding a tidal pool in Maine; 1/18–3/3. • Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Joan Witek
New abstract paintings; through 2/20. • CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

57th Street Area

Vito Acconci and Ana Mendieta
An exhibition exploring the connections between the work of the two body and performance artists; 1/18–3/3. • Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Giovanni Anselmo/Pierre Huyghe
New sculpture and drawings that were studies for his seminal 1965 photographic work, *La Mia Ombra Verso l'Infinito Dalla Cima Dello Stromboli Durante L'Alba del 16 Agosto 1965,* made on an excursion to Stromboli/Recent film works. Through 2/17. • Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Robert Bauer
Portraits and landscapes that evoke works by Northern Renaissance masters; through 2/3. • Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Greg Bogin
Paintings and sculptures that borrow the bold colors and forms of late sixties and early seventies graphic design; through 2/10. • Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Anthony Caro
New sculptures from the British artist's "Duccio Variations," "Gold Block," and "Concerto Pieces" series; through 2/9. • Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Stephen Dietmann/Diane Brawarsky
Paintings of farm animals in pastoral settings/Collages that incorporate elements of the female form, fashion, and history. Through 2/7. • Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Henry Finkelstein/Linda Sokolowski
Paintings of landscapes in Rochefort en Terre, France, and Cranberry Island, Maine/Monotypes of landscapes. Through 2/10. • Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-307-5730).

Donald Judd
A survey of the sculptor's prints; through 3/31. • Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Ken Kelly
Abstract paintings that combine brushwork and stenciled areas that suggest tentacles, reptiles, plants, and other natural forms; through 1/27. • Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Joyce Kozloff
A walk-in globe constructed in 24 sections, each of which is painted with an aerial map of a place that has been bombed by the United States in the years since World War II, and smaller painted globes inspired by the inaccuracies found on early maps; through 2/3. • DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

Sol LeWitt
New works, including a painted fiberglass sculpture, a series of gouaches, and one floor-to-ceiling acrylic wall drawing measuring 57 feet in length; through 2/3. • PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Craig McPherson
Large pastel drawings of the ocean and other bodies of water; through 1/27. • Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

Gwynn Murrill
Bronze sculptures of Sika deer that were originally commissioned by the city of Obihiro, Japan; through 1/20. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Reuben Nakian
Vessels painted with voluptuous nudes, made in the seventies in collaboration with James Jackson Burt; through 2/3. • Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).

Kenneth Noland
New paintings of circles by this artist, who emerged in the fifties as one of the leading exponents of the color field movement; through 1/20. • Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-344-8420).

Ernesto Pujol
"Loss of Faith," the artist's first body of paintings in a decade, incorporating collaged images culled from his family's library of devotional books; through 2/17. • Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

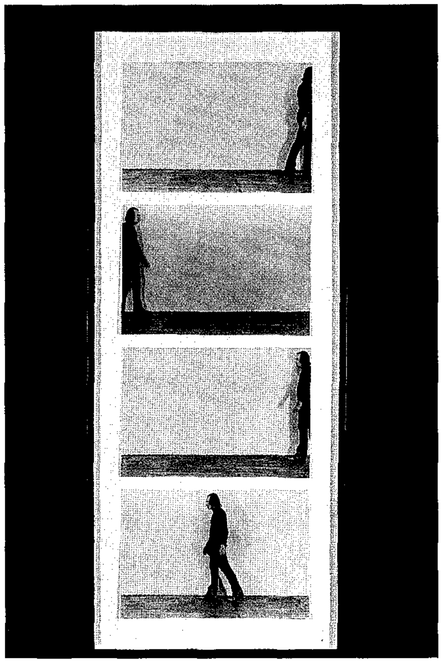
Robert Richenburg/Matsumi Kanemitsu
Abstract paintings from the forties and fifties/Abstract

Ground Rules

Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

La Dolce Vito

Uptown, midtown, downtown—nearly everywhere you turn this month, you'll see early work by Vito Acconci, whose 1969 performance *Seedbed* at Sonnabend Gallery still manages to top the list of controversial contemporary-art events (to put it briefly, Acconci, hidden beneath a platform in the gallery, masturbated while gallerygoers walked above). Photographs and films of the Bronx-born artist's body art and performances of the late sixties and early seventies, such as *A Performance Situation Using Walking, Running* (1969; pictured), are currently on view at Ubu Gallery (16 East 78th Street; through February 17). At Galerie Lelong, photos documenting the early-seventies performances *Drifts*, *Trademark*, *Run-off*, and *Combinations* and the film *Digging* are paired with the later, ritualistic body art of Ana Mendieta (20 West 57th Street; January 18 through March 3). An Acconci of more recent vintage, a clear vinyl musical vest called *Ready-to-Wear Music Box* (1994), whose tones are activated by the wearer and the audience, joins audio-friendly works by John Cage, Marcel Duchamp, Christian Marclay, and others in "Now Playing" (Susan Inglett Gallery, 100 Wooster Street; through February 17). It's all ancient history to Acconci, though, who moved on to sculpture and installation and, since the early eighties, has concentrated on works of public art and architecture, among them the recently realized entrance for the Shibuya subway station in Tokyo. Now the erstwhile shock master says he'd love to design a house or a gallery space—or just a bathroom. "The early work was about me," he explains. "When I realized I wasn't as interested in myself as in other people, I needed a place for those people to be." E.N.



Photograph courtesy of Ubu Gallery, New York.

works on paper. Through 1/27. • MB Modern, 41 E. 57th St. (212-371-3444).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Pierre Carbonel
Paintings of images that suggest portraits and landscapes, created by pouring liquid mediums onto paper; through 2/10. • Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Keith Haring
Paintings and objects by the late artist that reflect the spirit of the the Paradise Club, a gay dance club on the border of SoHo that was central to his world from the early eighties until it closed in 1987; through 2/10. • Deitch Projects, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Jörg Immendorff
Sculptures, paintings, and objects from the artist's "Lidl" (Fluxus) series of the late sixties, made when he was a student of Joseph Beuys at the Düsseldorf Academy, and recent paintings that depict figures suspended on spheres, glowing larvae shapes, and primordial plants; 1/17–2/17. • Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

William H. Johnson
Works on paper from the thirties and forties collected by the Harriton family of eastern Pennsylvania; through 1/31. • Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Marco Maggi
Drawings made over the past year that incorporate such materials as apples, rulers, aluminum foil, and slide mounts; through 1/31. • 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (212-219-1482).

Gerald Monroe
Recent abstract paintings inspired by the forms of leaves; through 2/10. • Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (212-266-1111).

Robert Moskowitz
Recent pastel drawings that are predominantly blue and draw on the artist's signature motifs, such as Rodin's *The Thinker* and the World Trade Center, and one large-scale painting, *The Razor's Edge*, from 1996; through 2/3. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Dennis Oppenheim
A survey of the American conceptual artist's work of the past 30 years, including sculpture, installations, photo-documentations of earth and body works, and videos of body-art performances; through 2/28. • Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Celia Reisman/Nicholas Sistler
Paintings that focus on the territory between public streets and private spaces behind archways and doorways, made last year while the the artist was living in London/Miniature paintings that depict still-life arrangements as viewed through a keyhole. Through 3/3. • Markel, 560 Broadway (212-226-3608).

Yehudit Sasportas/Maggie Cardelus
New works by both; through 2/10. • Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Harriet Shorr
New paintings that depict still-life arrangements and their reflections in water; through 3/3. • Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Anita Steckel
Self-portraits and montages; through 2/3. • Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Robert Williams
New paintings; through 1/27. • Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Chelsea

Andrea Bowers/Guy Richards Smit
Video and drawings of gestures made by individuals in crowds/A three-channel video work and watercolors that caricature the artist's own experiences. Through 1/20. • Meltzer, 516 W. 20th St. (212-727-9330).

Luis Cabellero/Ana Mercedes Hoyos
Paintings by the Colombian artist (1943–1995) on themes of social and political injustice/Paintings of plates and bowls of tropical fruits sold on the beach of Cartagena, Colombia, and photographs of women who live in Palenque, a coastal village near Cartagena. Through 1/30. • Generous Miracles, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858).

Jan Dibbets
Early conceptual photographic works made between 1969 and 1977; through 2/17. • Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Leonardo Drew
A monumental wall installation that combines the artist's signature grid of distressed wood with colorful found objects; through 2/10. • Boone, 541 W. 24th St. (212-752-2929).

Nancy Drosd
Paintings of Central Park; through 2/3. • Tatistcheff, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4547).

Vernon Fisher
New paintings from the series "Angel Face"; through 2/24. • Cowles, 537 W. 24th St. (212-925-3500).

Claude Heath
Paintings of configurations of threadlike lines based on the contours of objects that the artist touches while blindfolded; through 2/10. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Marguerite Kahrl
A video in which action figures made by the artist enact a narrative loosely based on *The Travels of Little Thumbling*, by the Brothers Grimm, and large-scale chartlike drawings of mystical landscapes; through 2/3. • Eller, 526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

Matthew Keough
Sculptures that comprise pencils embossed with multi-sentence quotations from famous artists and writers attached vertically to small, wall-mounted brass shelves; through 2/3. • Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Karen Kilimnik
New paintings and drawings; through 2/10. • 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Jody Lomberg/Carlos Vega
Geometric paintings in which painted panels are interspersed with planes of color made with knitted plastic thread/Paintings of architectural interiors on collaged surfaces composed of historical documents. Through 2/3. • Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Robert Longo
Graphite drawings derived from photographs of Freud's Vienna residence and consulting room; through 2/24. • Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Tatsuo Miyajima
Video projections of digital numbers that appear to be floating in space; through 1/27. • Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Robert Morris
Two large gray felt works from 1996; four lead wall reliefs from 1990, 1987, and 1963; and a fiberglass floor sculpture from 1966; through 2/10. • Sonnabend, 536 W. 22nd St. (212-627-1018).

Donna Moylan/Alejandra Icaza
New paintings/Works on paper. Through 2/10. • Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Dona Nelson
Twelve sequential paintings from the series "Twelve

Stations of the Subway" that depict circles and other geometric shapes in grid formations and make reference to both the grid of the subway system and grid-ordered paintings by other artists; through 2/17. • Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Joan Nelson
New paintings whose images suggest a stolen moment just before, or after, a drama has occurred; through 2/10. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Jon Routson
A video projection that combines the shower scenes from the films *Carrie* and *Porky's*; through 2/3. • Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Smith/Stewart
Video installations by a Glasgow-based collaborative team; through 2/21. • Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (212-807-9494).

Jason Starkie
Paintings of images that resemble floating jigsaw-puzzle pieces; through 2/3. • Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (212-929-4300).

Lisa Yuskavage
New paintings; through 2/3. • Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. (680-9889).

Other

Jeff Konigsberg
Reliefs carved out of foam insulation board and woodblock prints that depict massive architectural forms and panoramic landscapes; through 2/24. • Queens Museum of Art at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Queens (718-899-0700).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli
"SAYING SEEING: 4 from the sixties," works by Bochner, Morris, Nauman, Smithson; through 2/24. • 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Salander-O'Reilly
Early Italian Renaissance reliefs of stucco, terra cotta, cantapesta, and marble; recent abstract paintings by Micahel Mulhern; through 2/3. • 20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606).

Sculpture Center
"Personal Abstractions," works by Bontecou, Cooper, Outlaw; through 2/24. • 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).

57th Street Area

Adams
"Attitude," works by Arneson, Brown, De Forest, Saul, and Wiley that were made in the San Francisco Bay area during the sixties; through 1/31. • 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

Rubin • Greenberg Van Doren
Paintings by Belcourt, Lundsager, Martin; through 2/10. • 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Schmidt-Bingham
"Hue," works in which color is a primary concern, by Caponigro, Poskas, Tobey, Treiman; through 2/17. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art
Recent works by Apfelbaum, Ireland, Paine, Pensato, Pospisil, Sachs, Wexler, others; through 2/3. • 291 Church St. (212-431-5270).

Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld
"Figstract Explosionism," paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Bovasso, Butterly, Dupius, Soriano, others; through 2/17. • 560 Broadway (212-941-6355).

Brownstone
Works on paper by Arnold, Lamb, Mosset, Quaytman, Tinker, others; through 2/3. • 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

Inglett
"Now Playing," projects by visual artists who have made audio a primary component of their work, among them Acconci, Cage, Duchamp, Hamilton, Marclay, others; through 2/17. • 100 Wooster St. (212-343-0573).

Kagan Martos
Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and videos on the theme of toys by 22 artists, among them Applebroog, Baechler, Bellmer, the Chapman brothers, Pruitt, Warhol; through 1/30. • 515 Broadway (212-343-4293).

Koenig
Works by Kippenberger, Lehanka, Scher; through 2/2. • 359 Broadway (212-334-9255).

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer
Works by Allen, Culver, Daniels, McConnell, Scanga, Silva; through 1/27. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956).

Center for Figurative Painting
"Reconfiguring the New York School," an examination of Abstract Expressionism; through 1/27. • 115 W. 30th St. (212-868-3452).

D'Amelio Terras
"Shadow Dancing: 1975–79," paintings and sculpture by Bartlett, Benglis, Heilmann, Katz, Le Va, Moskowitz, Pfaff, Winsor, others; through 2/10. • 525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460).

Gorney Bravin + Lee
Works exploring space and spatial relationships by Brody, Grotjahn, Guyton, Liddell; through 2/3. • 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

Harris
"Hidden Identity," paintings and photographs by Barnet, Bosman, Dugdale, Parker, Pesce, Yuen, others; through 2/3. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Maynes
"Salad Days," works that evoke youthful inexperience by Bogia, Lucas, Mantello, Quental, Torreano, others; through 2/3. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-740-3318).

Postmasters
"American," photography and video by Baltz, Barr, Davis, Hobart, Moffett, Sambunaris; through 2/10. • 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

Scott
"Outside Japan: Three Sculptors," works by Okumura, Sankawa, Yamaguchi; through 2/10. • 529 W. 20th St. (646-486-7004).

Photography

Roy Arden
Recent black-and-white photographs of the urban landscape surrounding Vancouver's train tracks; through 2/3. • Dee/Glasoe, 529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

Geneviève Cadieux
Large-scale, close-up portraits of people that suggest equivalencies and interrelationships between them, and one sculptural work, a triptych of delicate blown-glass globes; through 2/25. • Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950), Tues.-Sun. noon-6; $3, $2 students and seniors.

Albert Chong
"Projections," images of flowers projected onto nude bodies against black backdrops; through 2/24. • Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Marianna Cook
Photographs of couples, a theme the artist has explored since 1983; through 2/17. • Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Jacques Darche
Photographs dating from 1950 to 1965 that apply a constructivist aesthetic to ordinary street scenes, by a French photographer who was also a graphic designer; through 2/24. • Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

John Divola
Photographs of small, isolated houses in the California desert; through 2/3. • Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

Dr. Harold Edgerton
Unique vintage silver and color prints by this photographer noted for his achievements in stroboscopic and ultra-high-speed photography; through 1/27. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

Nan Goldin
New photographs reflecting the artist's travels ove the past two years—in France, Italy, and Switzerland—as well as her recent experiences in Nev York; through 2/17. • Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (212 243-0200).

Emmet Gowin
A survey of the photographer's portraits of his wife Edith, dating from the late sixties to the present through 2/17. • Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759 7999).

Houk
Photographs from the personal collection of Harr Lunn (1933–1998), the art dealer, former CIA agent and founding father of the fine-art-photography ar market, including works by Adams, Abbott, Evans Mapplethorpe, McDermott & McGough, Serrano others; 1/18–3/10. • 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

ICP
"Andy Warhol: Photography." The first major exhibition of the artist's photographs, including complementary paintings; through 3/18. • "Perfectin Mankind: Eugenics and Photography." An exhibi exploring the way in which photography was employed by the proponents of eugenics, a movemen formed in the late nineteenth century that aimed t "breed better people"; through 3/18. • 1133 Sixt Ave. (212-860-1777), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (5- voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

ICP Uptown
"Eugène Atget: The Pioneer." Photographs of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Paris by th French photographer (1857–1927), drawn from several collections in France, accompanied by prints by Bil Brandt, Walker Evans, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Pau Strand, and other photographers influenced by Atget through 1/21. • 1130 Fifth Ave. (212-860-1777) Tues.-Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8) Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Laura London
Large-scale color photographs of a teenage girl mimicking the looks and attitudes of various rock stars an models, and images of teenagers in social environments; through 2/17. • Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727 8304).

Mann
Photographs and photo-based artworks from th fall/winter issue of *Blind Spot* magazine, includin works by Aitken, Armstrong, Hirst, Laplante, Marty Rousse; through 1/27. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989 7600).

Sheila Metzner
Photographs of virgin landscapes around the world through 2/10. • Tibet House, 22 W. 15th St. (212-807 0563).

Nino Migliore
Photographs taken in the North and South of Ital between 1952 and 1959; through 3/3. • De Lellis, 47 E 68th St. (212-327-1482).

Newseum
"Women Photographers at National Geographic," works by women that were commissioned for th magazine between 1914 and the present; through 1/27. • 580 Madison Ave. (212-317-6500).

Erwin Olaf
Photographs of women over the age of 60 posing i the style of fifties pinup girls; through 2/10. • Miller, 2 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Luca Pagliari
Pinhole photographs taken in Cuba and New York through 2/24. • Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

PaineWebber
"A Maritime Album." Rare photographs documenting America's fishing, sailing, and whaling traditions, a well as naval encounters, shipbuilding ventures, and daily maritime life, selected by John Szarkowski from the archives of the Mariner's Museum, in Newport News, Virginia; 1/18–4/1. • 1285 Ave. of the Americas (212-713-2885), Mon.-Fri. 8–6.

Jorge Ribalta
Photographs that re-create places from Barcelona' historical *bas-fonds* district; through 1/27. • Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Photography

The Story of My Wife

If you hate having your picture taken, you'd better not marry a photographer—being an available subject goes with the territory. On the positive side, most well-known male photographers have treated their lovers and spouses kindly: Alfred Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe glorified her best features, and Edward Weston's infatuation with his wife, Charis, resulted in a more formal rendering. Intimacy, on the other hand, seems to be the key element in Emmet Gowin's study of his wife, Edith. Since the late sixties, Gowin has not only been portraying Edith as a symbolic rendering of their life together (below, *Edith, Danville, PA 1971*), but as a sustained and honest study of change, recording her evolution from newlywed to mature adult. Romantic or creepy? You decide. At Pace/MacGill, 32 East 57th Street; through February 17.

Photograph copyright Emmet Gowin/courtesy of Pace/Macgill, New York.

Sikkema
"Blind Date," works by Divola, Lovett/Codagnone, Wessel; through 2/10. • 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Ron van Dongen
Recent flower studies; through 2/18. • Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811).

Shizuka Yokomizo
Photographs that began with a letter from the artist to a stranger asking if she could photograph that person standing in a front room of his/her house as seen from the street in the evening; through 2/17. • Cohan Leslie and Browne, 138 Tenth Ave. (212-206-8701).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"Made in Oakland: The Furniture of Garry Knox Bennett." The first retrospective of one of America's best-known furniture-makers; 1/18–4/29. • "Confrontational Clay: The Artist as Social Critic." Works by 28 contemporary ceramicists whose work addresses social, political, and cultural issues; 1/18–3/16. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts
"Women Designers in the U.S.A., 1900–2000: Diversity and Difference"; through 2/25. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
"Leonardo Drew." One new sculpture composed of two sections—one of cotton and the other of wood and found objects—and related drawings; through 3/4. • "Carlos Garaicoa: The Ruins, The Utopia." Drawings, photographs, and mixed-media and video installations by a Havana-based artist; through 3/4. • "Context: Mexico's Taller de Gráfica Popular and Its Legacy." Prints from the museum's permanent collection made by various members of the workshop; through 3/4. • 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. noon-6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
"Nardo di Cione." An exhibition celebrating the reunion of the museum's Nardo di Cione altarpiece, *Madonna and Child Enthroned With Saints*, and its "lost" uppermost panel; through 2/18. • "Robots, Astronauts, and Space Toys: The Robert Lesser Collection." Almost 300 robots and space toys displayed with their original packaging; through 1/28. • "Gold of the Nomads: Scythian Treasures From Ancient Ukraine." More than 170 articles of personal adornment, ceremony, and battle created by Scythian artists and Greek goldsmiths; through 1/21. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
"The Opulent Eye of Alexander Girard." A retrospective of works by the mid-century American designer and architect (1907–1993); through 3/18. • "Masterpieces From the Vitra Design Museum: Furnishing the Modern Era." Furniture selected for its importance in the evolution of industrial furniture design; through 2/4. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts
"Diana Thater: *Knots and Surfaces*." A large-scale multi-projection video installation that interacts with the architecture of Dia's third-floor gallery; through 1/30/02. • "Panamarenko: *Orbit*." An exhibition pairing the Belgian artist's key work, *Aeromodeller*, an experimental flying machine built in 1969–71, with a work created this year; through 6/17. • "Bridget Riley: *Reconnaissance*." The British artist's seminal paintings from the sixties and seventies in which carefully calibrated geometric patterns seem to move rhythmically across a canvas; through 6/17. • "Jorge Pardo: *Project*." A transformation of the Dia Center's 6,000-square-foot ground floor featuring colored ceramic tiles, mural paintings, glass dividers, stylish seating, increased natural light, and an expanded bookstore; through 6/17. • "Rodney Graham and Bruce Nauman: . . . *the nearest faraway place* . . ." New and earlier works by both artists that reflect their shared interests in the myth of the American West; through 6/17. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center
"Selections Winter 2001." Works by nine emerging artists; through 2/10. • "From Sierra Maestra to La Habana: The Drawings of Chago." The first presentation of the Cuban artist's work outside his country; through 2/10. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

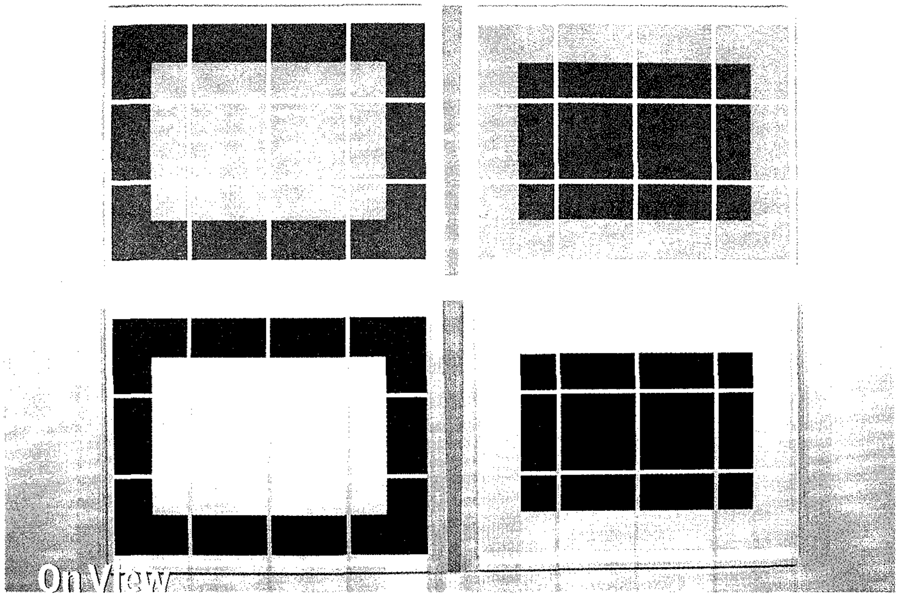
Frick Collection
"The Draftsman's Art: Master Drawings From the National Gallery of Scotland." Drawings by Da Vinci, Raphael, and other old masters, as well as works by Scottish artists; through 2/25. • "Raeburn's *The Reverend Robert Walker Skating on Duddingston Loch*." Sir Henry Raeburn's celebrated skating minister on loan from the National Gallery of Scotland; through 1/21. • "Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo*, From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection." A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last Duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1. • "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery
"Ben Shahn's New York: The Photography of Modern Times." Photographs of New York City in the thirties by the Social Realist painter; through 1/27. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
"Giorgio Armani." A look at the career of the fashion designer through thematic groupings of his designs from the past 25 years; through 1/17. • "Project for a New Guggenheim Museum in New York City." Architect Frank Gehry's preliminary plans and models for a new Guggenheim developed in connection with the museum's response to a Request for Proposals issued by the New York City Economic Development Corporation for the development of Piers 9, 13, and 14 on the East River in lower Manhattan; through 4/21. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum
"Charlotte Salomon: Life? Or Theatre?" The first New York exhibit of gouaches by this artist (1917–1943) who drew on her own experience, and that of her family, in Nazi Germany; through 3/25. • "Morocco: Jews and Art in a Muslim Land." Decorative objects, artworks, costumes, and photographs documenting Jewish life in Morocco for the past 2,000 years; through 2/11. • "Light x Eight: The Hanukkah Project 2000." Works that create or manipulate art by eight contemporary artists; through 1/28/01. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5, pay what you wish); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
"A Century of Design, Part III: 1950–1975." The third in a four-part series of exhibitions surveying twentieth-century design in all media; through 4/1. • "The Still Lifes of Evaristo Baschenis: The Music of Silence." Paintings by the seventeenth-century Italian artist known for his poetic still lifes of musical instruments; through 3/4. • "Rain From the Moon: Silver in Ancient Peru." Approximately 130 silver objects from private and public collections in the United States; through 4/22. • "The Golden Deer of Eurasia: Scythian and Sarmatian Treasures From the Russian Steppes." Works of gold and sil-



The Judds in Concert

There have been ample opportunities lately to enjoy **Donald Judd**'s witty minimalist sculptures, most recently in shows at PaceWildenstein and Luhring Augustine. This time, however, it's the sculptor's career-long passion for printmaking that gets the spotlight. "Donald Judd: Prints 1961–1994" constitutes one of the most extensive gallery surveys of the artist's brilliantly colored woodcuts (above, *Untitled*, 1992–93, from a set of ten), and proves—in case there was ever a shadow of a doubt—that this articulate parer-downer had a playful, even sensuous, soul. At Susan Sheehan, 20 West 57th Street; through March 31.

ver recently excavated at Filippovka in southern Russia, along with related Scythian, Sarmatian, and Siberian objects from the State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg; through 2/4. • "Romanticism and the School of Nature: Nineteenth-Century Drawings and Paintings From the Karen B. Cohen Collection." Works by Constable, Couture, Daubigny, Delacroix, Rousseau, others; through 1/21. • "Egyptian Art at Eton College: Selections From the Myers Museum." Ancient Egyptian decorative artworks that were acquired by Major William Joseph Myers (1858–1899), an alumnus of the college; through 1/21. • "Art and the Empire City: New York, 1825–1861." Paintings, sculpture, architectural drawings, photographs, and decorative arts created in New York City, from the museum's own collections and from lenders in the United States and Europe; through 1/17. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art

"ABCD: A Collection of Art Brut." *Art brut* works by Darger, Mackintosh, Ramirez, Wölfli, and others, from the collection of the Paris-based foundation ABCD (Art Brut Connaissance & Diffusion); 1/20–7/28. • Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage

"Cyprus to Haifa, 1949: Photographs by Paula Horn Kotis." Photographs taken by Kotis when she was invited to sail to Cyprus on an Israeli ship that was picking up some of the last Jewish internees who had been held in detention camps and taking them to Israel; through 2/25. • 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and the eve of Jewish holidays 9–3, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art

"MOMA 2000: Open Ends." An exhibition comprising approximately twelve separate exhibitions of the museum's acquisitions in all media since 1960, including paintings, sculpture, photography, video, design, and architectural drawings and models; through 1/20. • "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection of painting and sculpture; through 1/28. • "Projects 70: Janine Antoni, Shahzia Sikander, Kara Walker." Three new banners displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 3/13. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

"Guys & Dolls: The Fabled Musical of Broadway." Scene designs, costumes, photographs, and ephemera drawn from the archives of composer Frank Loesser and playwright Abe Burrows that reveal how they turned the Damon Runyon story "The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown" into the 1950 hit musical; through 6/10. • "The City Shops: Photographs by Martha Cooper and Fred W. McDarrah." Images from the sixties to the present documenting shops in New York City neighborhoods; through 4/15. • "A Portrait of Paris: Eugène Atget at Work." Images of architecture in Paris at the turn of the last century, taken by the French photographer during the last two decades of his life; through 2/4. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

"Fresh: The Altoids Curiously Strong Collection, 1998–2000." Seventy works by emerging American artists that have been donated to the New Museum by Altoids; through 1/28. • "Adrian Piper: A Retrospective and MEDI(t)Ations." Objects, installations, performances, videos, and soundworks by the artist known for her identity-based works; through 1/21. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. noon–6, Thurs.–Sat. noon–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library

"Utopia: The Search for the Ideal Society in the Western World." A collaborative exhibition between the NYPL and the Bibliothèque Nationale de France featuring works from both institutions' collections on the theme of Utopia; through 1/27. • "Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society

"The Sight of Music: Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." Twentieth-century prints offering visual interpretations of music, by Chuck Close, Red Grooms, Roy Lichtenstein, and others; 1/16–6/17. • "Elder Grace: The Nobility of Aging." Photographs of 80 African-American women and men by Chester Higgins Jr.; through 3/4. • "Intimate Friends: Thomas Cole, Asher Durand, William Cullen Bryant." Paintings, manuscripts, and periodicals relating to Cole and Durand, founders of the Hudson River School, and their poet-editor friend; through 2/4. • "Inventing the Skyline: The Architecture of Cass Gilbert." Sketches, presentation drawings, letters, and other materials from the society's Cass Gilbert Collection, relating to such projects as the U.S. Customs House and the Woolworth Building; through 1/21. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center

"Disasters of War: Works by Francisco de Goya, Henry Darger, and Jake and Dinos Chapman." Works that mediate horrific historical events; through 2/25. • "Georges Adéagbo: *Abraham—L'ami de Dieu*." Installations by a West African artist that combine paintings, sculptures, books, hand-written texts, photographs, newspaper articles, and objects; through 3/29. • "Special Projects Program, Winter 2000." New projects by Geyer and Hayes, Pilson, and Rakowitz; through 1/30. • "Some New Minds." Works by emerging artists Omer Fast, Christoph Girardet, Julia Loktev, Dave Muller, John Pilson, Brad Tucker, Pablo Vargas-Lugo, James Yamada; through 2/28. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"Seductions and Games: Recent Video Installations by Maureen Connor." The first American survey of the artist's interactive-media production; through 1/28. • "Tiffany Behind the Glass." An exhibition focusing on the construction, manufacture, marketing, and conservation of lamp and window production; through 2/4. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

"Sol LeWitt: Retrospective." A survey of the artist's wall drawings, structures, photographs, and works on paper from the past 40 years; through 2/25. • "Edward Steichen." A retrospective of the photographer's work including nearly 200 vintage prints as well as rarely seen examples of his work as a painter, designer of textiles, and curator of exhibitions; through 2/4. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Auctions

Christie's

1/18 at 2: "Audubon Prints." On view from 1/13. 1/19 at 10 and 2: "American Decorative Arts." On view from 1/13. 1/20 at 10 and 2: "Allan Daniel Collection." On view from 1/13. 1/23 at 10 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/20. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Sotheby's

1/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Property From the Collection of Ulysses S. Grant." On view from 1/12. 1/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Important American Furniture." On view from 1/12. • 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000).

Photograph courtesy of Susan Sheehan Gallery.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

New and Noteworthy

Adä
As you might guess from the Murano-glass chandeliers and bas-relief nudes, this isn't your run-of-the-mill curry kitchen. Your dinner choices are limited to two streamlined prix fixe menus that run $55 and $65, and feature newfangled novelties like salmon quenelles with cashew rice and fresh-coconut curry, garam masala quail with date-and-pistachio pillau, and wild-mushroom biryani with white-truffle oil. • 208 E. 58th St. (212-371-6060). (M–E)

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
After a harrowing ride through the critics' spanking machine, eight-Michelin-star chef Alain Ducasse has emerged if not triumphant, then at least standing. All his Cartier pens have been dutifully stolen, the array of mysterious knives presented in a leather case is gone, but the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room feels more like a $160–prix fixe Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. Dishes that were very good to begin with have gotten even better—pea soup with crab cakes; silken woodcock, pheasant, and foie gras terrine; halibut with sea-urchin custard; glorious cheese; luscious rhubarb clafouti—and even the few disappointments don't sting so badly now that the chastised Ducasse has shown us his warm and cuddly side. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

★ Annisa
Deft designer tricks like a raised dining space in soothing shades of off-white, and secluded nooks give this room a dignified grandeur, and the food backs it up. Chef Anita Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (soup dumplings crowned with seared foie gras) to Provence (chickpea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). The name means "women" in Arabic, so pay special attention to the gender-specific wine list. • 13 Barrow St. (212-741-6699). (M–E)

Babalu
In not-so-subtle homage to Ricky Ricardo, this is a supper club with a salsa beat, curtained booths, sharp dressers, and fifty different kinds of rum. With that kind of inventory, it's no wonder the lively crowd is guzzling mojitos and daiquiris, barely pausing to refuel with Colombian arepas with braised oxtail, tostones rellenos, Peruvian shrimp chowder, and seafood paella. • 327 W. 44th St. (212-691-8888). (M)

★ Baldoria
Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s father earned the nickname Frankie No after years of politely declining requests for reservations at Rao's, his ten-table East Harlem celebrity hangout. Junior offers better odds in the theater district: 136 seats, plus a raw bar upstairs. A fugitive from Felidia's posh kitchen adds some verve to the home-style Neapolitan seafood salad and roasted peppers Pellegrino borrowed from his dad uptown. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

★ Bar Demi
Verbena's Diane Forley named this twelve-seat wine shrine for its half-address and devotion to hard-to-find half bottles. Then she challenged sommelier Aaron von Rock to match appropriate wines with her ever-so-dainty "tiers" of flavor-packed finger food. Order the Pinot Noir package, for instance, and share ethereal foie gras mousse, grilled baby lamb chops, and Von Rock's Pinot of choice. Or flex your own wine-pairing muscles and order a la carte. • 125 1/2 E. 17th St. (212-260-0900). (M)

★ Blue Hill
Alex Urena's seasonal American menu draws on his cooking tour of France and Spain, which is where he picked up the haute habit of garnishing food with foam (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parmesan froth). But despite a certain culinary trendiness, the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial or the service less pretentious. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M–E)

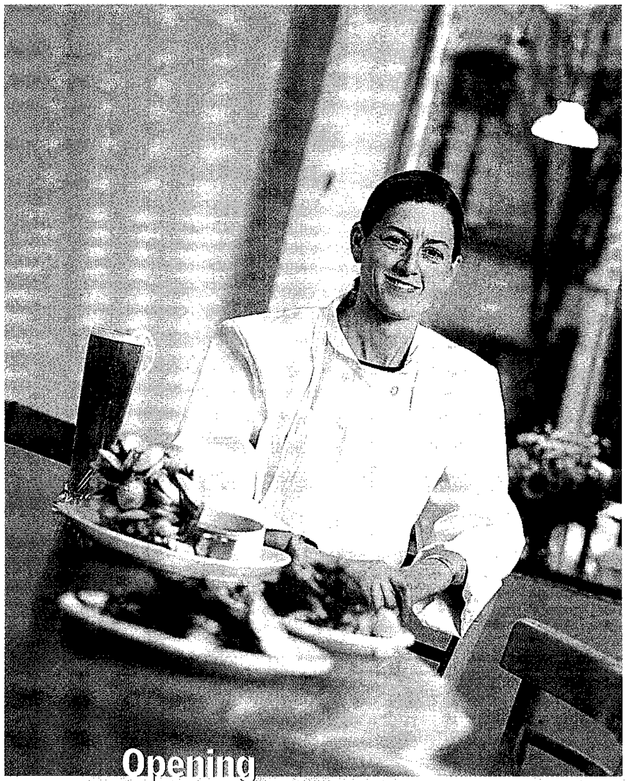
★ Brasserie 8½
At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport lounge style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M–E)

★ Caffé La Grolla
The itty-bitty offshoot of Ristorante La Grolla performs three essential functions: It accommodates 28 extra bodies; it provides a more casual, late-night alternative to its popular parent; and it delivers. The menu's an appealing mix of La Grolla classics its regulars can't live without (veal scallopine, scrumptious artichokes) and brand-new dishes like supernally moist roasted pork loin and Neapolitan-style pizzas. • 411A Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-579-9200). (I–M)

Chinghalle
The name of Mark Straussman's (Campagna) frenetic new contribution to the meatpacking district means "wild boar" in Italian, although the spelling's been altered, presumably to attract a wider clientele. The menu mingles artful down-home Mulberry Street cooking with an odd variety of New Country favorites like St. Louis ribs and a gelato banana split. Stick to the mostly delicious Italian food (try the three-cheese pizza, and spaghetti alla Nonna). And try to secure one of the vintage Belgian train-car booths, to keep from getting trampled by all the rowdy bankers. • 50 Gansevoort St. (212-242-3200). (M)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein started out cooking at China Grill and El Teddy's, then parlayed that spicy Chino-Latino experience into a lucrative cross-country consulting gig. Luckily for us, he's settled down in the West Village, where's he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively bar crowd, which seems ecstatic to finally find a quasi-exotic neighborhood place to call its own. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

Cocina Cuzco
This colorful room decorated with Incan pottery is connected to the jungle-themed Lemongrass Grill next door; they're both part of a restaurant empire that includes the eight-branch Lemongrass Thai-food chain, plus assorted Japanese, Korean, and Malaysian kitchens. But



Opening

Divide and Multiply

For the past three and a half years, there have been few experiences more frustrating for the determined diner than scoring a seat at Pearl Oyster Bar, home of a world-class lobster roll, silken clam chowder, and one of New York's teensiest counters. Which explains why we weren't completely devastated by news of the rift between Pearl's two chef-partners, who've recently gone their own piscatory ways. For Mary Redding (pictured), that meant across Seventh Avenue to open **Mary's Fish Camp**, a sunny corner spot equipped with a tin ceiling, a curved stainless-steel counter, and her whole delectable repertoire: that lobster roll; salt-crusted shrimp; whole fish packed with fragrant herbs and garlic. Plus new additions like crispy kernel-studded corn fritters and a lush, sherry-enhanced lobster pot pie. And, in a true departure from her cramped roots, ten actual tables. The line starts here. (Entrées, $18 to $24; 246 West 4th Street; 646-486-2185.)

Photograph by Bruce Katz.

Ask Gael

We're all so needy on the Upper West Side.

Blur your cares with a minty mojito at **Sabor**, and make a meal of tapas tricked out with a Nuevo Latino edge. It's neat and small, earnest (if not confused) and relaxed, an oasis from the frenzy at Chicama or at Calle Ocho just steps away. Dip a crusty smoked-chicken croquette into the powerful saffron aïoli, and you're safe from vampires for a week. The Viagra, a seviche of clams, oysters, calamari, and mussels, could be less citric, but the lemongrass-marinated tuna is fine. Small corn cakes with cream and chorizo in a red-pepper-tomato pool are too sweet for me (my pals disagree), but we're all blissed out over the spicy lamb sausage served on a bed of chickpea salad, potato croquettes stuffed with savory oxtail, and the lobster quesadilla. Encouraged by the kitchen's way with tapas, we move on to entrées, nothing priced higher than $15.95—splendid skirt steak (we insisted it be rare) and a decent seafood paellita. If all you want is just a spoonful of something sweet, I'd take the dulce de leche cheesecake over flan that tastes like sweetened squash. And check your bill. We four managed to pay a bill for seven without noticing. It must have been that third mojito. (462 Amsterdam Avenue, near 82nd Street; 212-579-2929.)

there's no culinary confusion on this traditional Peruvian menu, which features seven kinds of seviche, succulent rotisserie chicken, and varying degrees of aji-pepper-spiced sauces. • 55 Ave. A (212-529-3469). (I) ($).

★ Del Frisco's

Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbanely elegant steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. Now if they can only figure out how to get their staff up to the level of their surroundings and kitchen. The place is New York landmark potential. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

Dim Sum gogo

What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) collaborates with a Hong Kong chef (Guy Lieu)? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme, four different sauces, and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I–M)

★ The Dining Room

You know how you love cooking those intimate dinners at home for just you and your close friends? Oh, you don't. Well then don't you wish you were at one? This scrumptious example of turning lemons into lemon soufflé not only transforms an awkward layout into a series of cozy hideaways but it gets you all warm and snuggly with hearty American cuisine that surprisingly weighs less than the conversations around it. • 154 E. 79th St. (212-327-2500). (M–E)

District

At this new hotel restaurant, David Rockwell's design makes playful reference to the theater-district locale, and Sam DeMarco's menus make mouthwatering reference to the fun, original food he popularized downtown at First. For breakfast, there's the Scramble (smoked salmon, cream-cheese fondue, latkes, and dill-caper gremolata). For lunch, "double features" like potato pierogi with a brisket sandwich. Plus a $28 pre-theater dinner and a late-night "mini-bar." • 130 W. 46th St. (212-485-2999). (M)

★ Esca

Somewhere in between overseeing Babbo and Lupa, taping his cooking show, and just basking in the glory of his own undeniable greatness, Mario Batali has found time to earn another gastronomic gold star. At Esca, the overachiever in the orange clogs, partner Joe Bastianich, and chef David Pasternack do for Southern Italian seafood what Le Bernardin has done for French: The poured concrete bar with a built-in conduit for ice and oysters is an inspired take on raw-shellfish service; crudo (think Italian sashimi) is incredibly fresh and of the highest quality; pastas like spaghetti with fresh chiles, mint, and a one-pound lobster are irresistible. And the whole fish for two, roasted in a sea-salt crust that's cracked tableside, is a riveting performance worthy of the theater-district locale. • 402 W. 43rd St. (212-564-7272). (M–E)

Fernicola

Mesa Grill alumna Barbara Bogart imbues Italian fare with her own modern accents at this former Williamsburg warehouse: Chili-seared squid tossed with prosciutto and frisee sauced with roasted-fig vinaigrette; cavatelli with oxtail ragu; chicken marinated in cranberry and pineapple juice. Bogart's is a palate founded in classical technique, yet she takes a refreshing approach to the dishes on her menu. • 119 Kent Ave. (718-388-9000). (M–E)

Fleur de Sel

Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. His $52 prix fixe menu is small and changes daily, so there's no telling when you might see that lobster-avocado salad or venison fillet with juniper berries and orange zest again. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M–E)

★ 44 & X Hell's Kitchen

John Tesar's inspired new American cooking packs this handsome room nightly with Hell's Kitchen locals and clued-in theatergoers, happy to find such good food and friendly service this far west. After feeding Wall Street warriors downtown at Vine, Tesar's traded in some of his fancier flourishes for a renewed focus on down-home dishes like rich and gooey mac-and-cheese, crispy buttermilk fried chicken and chive waffles, and individual meat loaf swathed in tomato sauce. • 622 Tenth Ave. at 44th St. (212-977-1170). (M–E)

★ Gnocco Caffe

Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this East Village café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently-priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmigiano-Reggiano shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I)

★ Grand Sichuan Int'l Midtown

Each successive branch of this Szechuan chainlet has become progressively glitzier, culminating in this location's chandeliers and wall to wall carpeting. What separates this one from the kung pao pack is menu oddities like the eight dishes inspired by a Chinese TV show and a super-spicy category called "Mao's home cooking." (The chairman liked his chili peppers—who knew?) • 745 Ninth Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-582-2288). (I)

Grappa Café

A culinary coup on a congested stretch of Court Street known primarily for fast food and red sauce, where chef Anthony Parascondola—a veteran of Picholine, Remi, and Maxim's—revs up juicy chicken breast with pan-seared gnocchi and lemon-rosemary jus; swaps lamb shank for veal in his osso buco; and packs risotto with wild mushrooms, smoked duck, and truffle oil, a tribute, perhaps, to Picholine's signature dish. • 112 Court St., Brooklyn (718-237-4024). (M)

★ Guastavino's

They could serve tuna casserole and you'd still be in awe of one of the most spectacular restorations of a neglected urban space. Don't worry. It's ok to drop your jaw at the first sight of the towering Alhambran arches. Everybody does. Though you may not be as impressed with what's put in front of you, Guastavino's is one of those massive undertakings that may take a long time to get things right. In the meantime, enjoy the scenery. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). (M–E)

ike

In some quarters—even in the outré East Village, apparently—the phrase "American food" still evokes tuna casserole and TV dinners, three of which are actually on the menu at this stylish throwback to the Eisenhower era. But so are latter-day reworkings of deviled eggs, cornflake-crusted fish sticks, and lobster-and-spinach Thermidor cassolette, plus all the classic cocktails you never imagined drinking with Salisbury steak. • 103 Second Ave. (212-388-0388). (I–M)

★ Le Zinc

Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hungarian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's

Photograph by Carina Salvi

Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (☆) indicate our critics' recommendations, either for outstanding overall quality or in recognition of at least one exceptional feature, and are usually awarded after the restaurant has been formally reviewed. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over $19. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I-M)

★ Los Dos Molinos

Not since Drew flashed Dave has Manhattan witnessed a hotter display than the one at Los Dos Molinos—the Union Square branch of the popular Arizona restaurant. The slow, satisfying burn begins with chips and fiery salsa and continues with familiar but superlative Mexican-American fare. Entrées like irresistibly hot "adovada" pork ribs come with rice and beans, a good homemade flour tortilla, and an apology in advance printed on the menu: "Sorry we do not provide a mild sauce, I do not know how to make 'mild,' " reads the chef's mission statement–indemnity clause. • 119 E. 18th St. (212-505-1574). (I-M)

★ Lotus

Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitchiness keeps it warm. Nice guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M-E)

★ Macelleria

Vegetarians beware: The name is Italian for "butcher shop," which the cozy back room still resembles, and the space used to be a meat locker. But there's much more to chef Jeffrey Edwards's menu than his dry-aged porterhouse for two. Whole peppercorns enliven Gorgonzola salad dressing. Zesty fennel sausages adorn a cannelini-bean stew. Delectable pastas are served with hearty ragus, perfect for fall. • 48 Gansevoort St. (212-741-2555). (M)

★ *Mangiarini*

There may be more Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side than there are cannoli on Mulberry Street, but few as bare-boned chic as this one. The designer of the Calvin Klein boutique went commensurately minimalist at this narrow 30-seater, where spaghetti with lemon and basil and sandwiches like prosciutto and melted goat cheese on semolina flatbread are as stylishly stripped down as the décor. • 1593 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-734-5500). (I)

★ Merge

Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack for creating neighborhood restaurants good enough to leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signature "tiny tini" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multiculti neo-American cooking are an irresistable draw for locals as well as interlopers. Sunday evenings, "Gino's *Soprano* Style Dinner," a $25 prix fixe Italian-American feast, is an absolute steal. • 142 W. 10th St. (212-691-7757). (M) AE only.

Mirchi

A modern Indian restaurant that takes the street out of street food. The main attraction here is an open kitchen equipped with two *tawas*. The large saucer-shaped griddles that look like cast-iron gongs are used to prepare traditional Indian street food like tak-a-tak, a heavily spiced stir-fry of chopped vegetables and herbs, accessorized with chicken, lamb, or chicken liver, and served like tapas with little KFC-style dinner rolls. • 29 Seventh Ave. So. (212-414-0931). (I-M)

☆ Mombar

An artist at heart, chef-owner Moustafa El Sayed designed and built this sort of Alice-in-Arabian-Wonderland dedicated to Egyptian clay-pot cookery, where teacups protrude from walls, and tabletops double as canvases for his surrealistic visions. And El Sayed is as creative with food as he is with paint and tile; his menu changes daily, depending on the season and the market. Try the meze plate, or the egga, a sort of Egyptian frittata, and then move on to El Sayed's raison d'être, the all-encompassing clay pot, which on any given night might be filled with stewed rabbit, lamb tagine, or chicken and olives. • 25-22 Steinway St. (718-726-2356). (M)

Nick & Stef's Steakhouse

Los Angeles chef Joachim Splichal opened the first branch of this steakhouse in his hometown, knowing it might play even better in red-meat-loving Manhattan. There's twelve of everything, from salads and starters to potatoes and sauces. And where's the beef? Front and center, hung out to dry in a steel-and-glass aging chamber. • 9 Penn Plaza (212-563-4444). (M-E)

★ Peasant

Peasant is exactly right. From its stunningly backlit brick-walled kitchen that features only open-fire cooking to its incredibly appealing Tuscan menu, chef-owner Frank De Carlo has reason to bust his buttons every night, and you have almost too many reasons to undo a couple of yours. And thanks to some recent soundproofing, you no longer need to shout to get your share of impeccably al dente pastas, and meltingly tender osso buco in a risottolike nest of farro. • 194 Elizabeth St. (212-965-9511). (M)

★ Pipa

Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patria and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish (sort of). A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, all of which undergo subtle and delicious transformation in the chef's inventive hands. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate dipping sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old Parlour Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis with serrano ham hanging from beams and walls studded with enough shells to stock Sanibel Island. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

★ Quartino

All that separates this rustic Italian paninoteca and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also (with one or two exceptions) doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I)

★ Rhône

The owners of this former meatpacking-district garage are erstwhile sommeliers with a thing for the Rhone Valley. If you've ever wondered about the difference between a Côte Rotie and a Côtes du Rhône-Villages, this is the place to find out, to the accompaniment of Gramercy Tavern alum Payson Dennis's sophisticated French country cooking. Splurge on lobster-truffle salad or sea bass served with oxtail ragout, or just mellow out at the enormous walnut bar or on a low-slung fifties-era Artifort chair in the lounge area. • 63 Gansevoort St. (212-367-8440). (M-E)

Rosa Mexicano at Lincoln Center

This hyper designed offshoot of Josefina Howard's upscale Mexican restaurant features a floating terazzo staircase ascending a dramatic 40-foot water wall. Not to be upstaged, the signature made-to-order guacamole has survived the commute, as have the pomegranate margaritas. And chef Sergio Remolina

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has made his own mark with assorted seviches and chile-spiced lamb shank steamed in parchment. • 61 Columbus Ave, at 62nd St. (212-977-7700). (M–E)

☆ Rose Water

Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb brik. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conspicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom tomatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded pork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St. (718-783-3800). (M)

★ A Salt & Battery

The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, Heinz baked beans, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars. Between orders, a relentlessly cheery staff spouts cockney slang while fry-chef Patsy Carroll—who used to cook in the British Merchant Navy and then, judging by his hoop earrings and Errol Flynn beard, turned pirate—cracks wise. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I–M)

★ Sandro's

Has Roman chef Sandro Fioriti finally settled down? Those of us whose taste buds remember his signature crisp-fried baby artichokes, pan-fried calamari, and classic bucatini amatriciana from the original uptown Sandro's, all revived in this otherwise nondescript Chelsea storefront, can only hope. But judging by his recent restlessness, our advice is to get while the getting's good. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

★ Sandwich Planet

Owner Will Brown got his start in the sandwich trade a dozen blocks north with his thriving Island Burgers and Shakes. At Planet, he reprises his boldly seasoned, lavishly garnished chicken churascos and hamburgers but also expands his Island oeuvre to include the kind of two-fisted retro sandwiches—Reubens, cheesesteaks, clubs, and croque-monsieurs—that have been displaced recently by wraps and other raised-pinky deviations. • 534 Ninth Ave., nr. 39th St. (212-273-9768). (I) ($).

★ Shelly's New York

The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

★ Strip House

The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Tapika, Michael Jordan's, and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse menu with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the former Asti's space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M–E)

Sushi Samba 7

Co-chefs Eiji Takase and Michael Cressotti bring their innovative Latino-Japanese seviches, samba rolls, and sashimi to a Sheridan Square offshoot big enough to handle the caipirinha-fueled overflow from their Gramercy flagship. There's a sunken cocktail lounge, an oyster bar, and a bold new Brazilian accent, especially in the churrasco a' Rio Grande: a feijoada-inspired fantasy of beef, pork, quail, sausage, rice, beans, greens, and farofa. • 87 Seventh Ave. So. (212-691-7885). (M)

Tao Asian Bistro

The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a pan-Asian place where the terminally indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private dining room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace no doubt. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

☆ Tocqueville

At the loveliest new mom and pop shop in town, Marco Moreira and Jo-Ann Markovitzky have taken what they've learned from a decade of catering and added to it all the things they couldn't do in someone else's home to come up with a gently idiosyncratic nook that will take about twenty minutes to charm you. • 15 E. 15th St. (212-647-1515). (M–E)

★ Triomphe

Now that 44th Street west of Fifth is hotel row, the venerable Iroquois has emerged from its midlife stodge with a $13 million makeover and a pocket-size restaurant. Perhaps the prices could be sweeter, but there is refreshing pride in the serving crew, and much to savor on Steven Zobel's menu: tender braised rabbit, oysters simmered in Vermouth cream, sautéed chicken livers, and a commendably serious steak. • 49 W. 44th St. (212-453-4233). (M–E)

★ Vaux Bistro

At the more affordable, family-friendly reincarnation of what used to be Vaux, the menu reads rustic French, with daily specials like coq au vin, beef stew, and bouillabaisse (all $16), plus all the bistro classics we've come to expect: Frisée salad with meaty lardons and hot garlic croutons. Potato-and-leek soup. Terrine de canard. Mussels with addictive first-rate frites. And a chocolate-caramel bread pudding tha will make you regret finishing them. • 278 Fifth Ave. nr 1st St. (718-499-1433). (M)

☆ Viareggio

At first glance, there's little to distinguish this dining room from countless others. But the kitchen's another story. Chef Donato Deserio's deft touch with pastas like creamless rigatoni alla vodka reinvigorates old standards, and entrées like a subtle Parmigiano-Reggiano-crusted chicken breast in white wine taste almost new. As does the *amuse-bouche* of spicy tomato salsa, served with crispy fried- cheese wafers. • 1347 Second Ave., at 71st St. (212-585-2900). (M)

Village

After years of pushing steak-frites at places like Odeon and Quatorze, Stephen Lyle has more than mastered the bistro idiom. To prove it, he opened this instantly chic West Village watering hole, which draws a fabulous crowd tired of trying to remember the way to Pastis. Lyle weaves Asian and Mexican accents in dishes like tuna sashimi with grape leaves and oyster pan roast with chipotles; for more buttoned-down bistro tastes there's steak au poivre and potatoes sauteed in duck fat. • 62 W. 9th St. (212-505-3355). (M)

★ Vine

It will take a lot of duck confit with sweet-potato hash to make a village in the canyons of Wall Street. But the bold pioneers at Vine are game to gamble. Their bull-market menu is big on seafood like lobster pan roast with corn fritters and coconut-curried grilled shrimp. There's a quick-service café and grocery next door, and private party space (plus extra lunch seating) downstairs in what used to be, and still resembles, bank vaults. • 25 Broad St. (212-344-8463). (E)

★ Wallsé

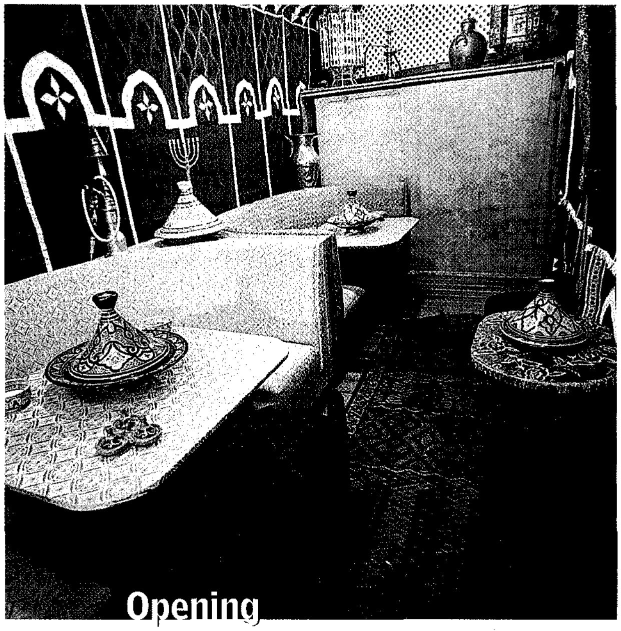
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Guttenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. Don't miss the quark dumplings. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M–E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Alfanoose

This spotless but otherwise nondescript falafel joint flanked by $10 discount emporiums, makes the best—and neatest—



Opening

How Low Can You Go?

Apparently, the more authentic the Middle Eastern restaurant, the lower the seats. From Al Baraka's Moroccan casbah uptown (reopening next month) to the Iraqi hookah den that is the East Village's festive Mamlouk, postures are challenged and chiropractic practices enriched with each bite of couscous. And this Saturday, in a similar low-slung vein, the elaborately decorated **Secret Palace** opens in what used to be the Village Crown Moroccan's enclosed garden. Owners Eli and Ellen Vaknine returned from vacation in North Africa last summer, loaded down with Moroccan antiques and artifacts, carpets and clay pots, and a grand vision for the back room. Like the main restaurant, the Palace serves a kosher Moroccan menu of soups, salads, and assorted tagines; only here, they must be ordered as part of a $50 prix fixe, supplemented with new dishes like pastels (savory stuffed pastries) and kefta with eggs. (96 Third Avenue; 212-674-2061.)

Photograph by Magdalena Caris

falafel sandwich in town. Co-owner Mouhamad Shami meticulously rolls his expertly seasoned falafel and fresh condiments in an unusually thin and pliant pita, like a burrito, so that all the harmonious components merge in every bite. It's also a great source for Middle Eastern appetizers, flatbreads as well as suberb lamb or vegetarian kibbeh. • 150 Fulton St. (212-349-3622). (I)

★ Balthazar

Keith McNally has countless pacesetting restaurants to his credit, but this is his masterpiece, an evocation of a Paris brasserie that outglows anything within Brie-tossing distance of the Seine. Yet for all its visual impact, Balthazar boasts equally compelling fare: tender braised lamb shoulder gets served over garganelli pasta, shepherd's pie is made with duck, grilled tuna floats over tomato-and-saffron coulis. And its oyster bar, short ribs, bread, and service make you not give a damn whether you ever see the Eiffel Tower. • 80 Spring St. (212-965-1414). (M)

★ Bo Ky

There are 30 soups at Bo-Ky. The best way to order them is by number. Don't read closely to see what's in them. And don't ask. You don't want to know. Whether the meat is pork chop or beef belly or chicken leg, just savor the smells wafting up from those bowls of Chinese, Cambodian and Vietnamese home cooking. It is tremendous soup, in size, flavor, and content. And the prices are pocket change. • 80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).

★ Bouley Bakery

Love him or hate him, there's no denying that the famously obstreperous David Bouley—bouncing between this kitchen and Danube—gets the job done. And his loyal clientele gratefully lap it up in the ethereal form of degustation menus revolving around superlative seasonal ingredients like skate steamed with fresh chamomile, say, or organic baby lamb with eggplant moussaka. • 120 W. Broadway (212-964-2525). (M-E)

★ Canteen

It's not that the food is bad; just that it can't compete with the furniture (the orange-wool-upholstered chairs in particular). Executive chef Matthew Kenney has veered off his Mediterranean path to make people-pleasing comfort food like macaroni and cheese, rendered here with Wisconsin Asiago. An abbreviated menu is available late at night, when those fabulous chairs are most in demand. • 142 Mercer St. (212-431-7676). (M)

Capsouto Frères

Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. • 451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M-E)

★ Chanterelle

The Waltucks, Karen and David, have specific ideas about how to make an evening unforgettable. The walls are without art. You will hear no music. Chairs are huge; plates are, too. The goal is to get you to concentrate solely on who you are with and what you are about to be presented—the stunning juxtapositions of David's quail and star anise, lamb with cumin crust, crabs in ginger and strawberry mille-feuille with elderflower sorbet. • 2 Harrison St. at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E)

★ City Hall

Chef-owner Henry Meer may be imagineering Old New York, with back-lit photos of bygone street life, but he can't help refining it, too. The triple-tier "Chrysler" shellfish highrise is global gluttony via the jet stream. Chesapeake she-crab soup is creamy perfection. But go for the marvelous double steak on the bone, a behemoth served stunningly rare. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777). (M-E)

The Greatest Bar on Earth

This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and, of

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Opening

Through the Looking Glass

When Water's Edge owner Marika Somerstein and Donny Evans, her partner at the new **Marika**, took a look at the sprawling low-ceilinged space that used to be Mendy's, they knew they needed a creative architect. So they enlisted Jonathan Jova Marvel to divide the open room into a series of interconnected ones, with glass partitions and long, uninterrupted sight lines. Marvel clad the columns with bluestone, built a 90-foot bar of back-lit glass, and framed the private dining room's pivoting window with blackened steel—all American materials, to complement chef Joel Somerstein's globally inspired American menu. Or, rather, *menus*: one each for the lounge (caviar, charcuterie, cheese); the café (hanger-steak sandwich, chicken paprikash); and the dining room, where he lets loose with warm sake-glazed Atlantic oysters, crispy sweetbreads, and seared diver sea scallops with crisp lobster ravioli. Not to mention a dessert menu by Nicole Plue, who's known for accessorizing her cookie plate with a dainty demitasse of hot chocolate. (208 West 70th Street; 212-875-8600.)

Photograph by Bruce Katz.

course, tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M)

★ Honmura An

While the management doesn't care about your entrance clout at Moomba, it all too obviously plays favorites. Most emphatic, however, is its sanctimoniousness about soba and udon noodles. Still, you won't be disappointed—unless you don't take the menu seriously when it claims that a dish is built around a single giant shrimp. • 170 Mercer St. (212-334-5253). (M–E)

★ Next Door Nobu

Set in a stunningly clever David Rockwell–designed room as homespun as it is elegant, Nobu Matsuhisa's simpler version of his South American–flecked Asian cooking matches its décor by making Nobu's genius even more accessible. The only thing we'd change is the no-reservations policy. Come early, come late, come on Monday. Come Saturday, if you're nuts. • 105 Hudson St. (212-334-4445). (M–E)

★ Nobu

There is not another experience like it in town. Nobu Matsuhisa is a chef of such wondrous originality that nothing on his menu is merely as it reads. Each dish reinvents your definition of what it should taste like. Teensy oysters make your eyes pop. Bonito soothes the throat like sable. Seaweed sparkles. The fake trees aren't necessary. Two bites and you're in Eden. • 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (M–E)

★ 71 Clinton Fresh Food

Is there much call for Scottish salmon wrapped in avocado at the intersection of Clinton and Rivington Streets? Well, yes, judging by the hungry crowd cooling its heels at the bar. Jean Georges alum Wylie Dufresne cooks seemingly complicated, easy-to-eat food like beer-braised short ribs geometrically sculpted into a perfect square; and parsley-root purée with a little parsley-root raft of lump crabmeat. (To eat, capsize and stir.) The chef's dad, a warm and punny presence on the floor, compiled the winning wine list. • 71 Clinton St. (212-614-6960). (M)

★ Wild Blue

It sounds like a bar right outside the NASA compound, but in fact, it's an intimate, upretentious room that doesn't try to compete with the famous view. Chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steak house in side dishes like creamed spinach and butternut-squash hash. Don't wait for a special occasion to take the 107-flight elevator ride. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E)

Windows on the World

Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomanaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from the main attraction, that spectacular view of Manhattan Island. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Bond Street

The crowd is too cool, the rooms too cozy, the waiters way too pretty. No way is this anywhere you're going to get chirashi worth much more than a can of Bumble Bee. Boy, are you about to be surprised. With food this fresh, original, and vibrantly spiced, the kitchen can easily take on most traditional midtown sushi houses and wouldn't have to walk out of a room backwards if Nobu's troops were in attendance. • 6 Bond St. (212-777-2500). (M–E)

★ Five Points

Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. NoHo has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is more boldly passionate than coolly contemplative. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

★ Gotham Bar & Grill

Alfred Portale created a restaurant where anyone, dressed any way, is invited with affability to partake of his talent for making American cuisine exciting and as easy to fathom as a burger and fries. Even when faced with soft-shell crabs or squab, say, topped with potato purée and fava beans for the first time, Gotham customers attack their plates with a fearlessness suited to Great Adventure. Actually, this is a great adventure. • 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (E)

★ Il Buco

Clued-in regulars and the occasional celebrity chef convene at this funky, cluttered antique shop-cum-restaurant to graze on Mediterranean appetizers and entrées that change nightly. (Don't get too attached to that venison with farro and honey-roasted plums.) Seafood is the kitchen's strength: grilled baby calamari in green-chili-cilantro oil, octopus carpaccio and cod croquettes are standouts. • 47 Bond St. (212-533-1932). (M)

Osso Buco

Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune

There's not a wrinkled plum in sight at this American bistro. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose quirky bar menu includes Triscuits alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. Minus the traditional categories for appetizers, main courses, and sides, the menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to the more entrée-ish capon on a savory garlic crouton, or the pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

★ 2nd Avenue Deli

A recent facelift struck fear in the hearts of those who believe that a true pastrami sandwich must be authenticated by grimy Formica and generations' worth of atmospheric shabbiness. But so far, so good. This East Village landmark continues to draw dedicated fressers with its great fries, chicken in the pot, the near-lethal hush puppy (a frank in a potato knish), and the hard-boiled service. • 156 Second Ave. (212-677-0606). (I–M)

Siren

Aside from some strange and funny cabaret acts and a D.J. spinning to a boisterous young crowd, the spotlight at this East Village mini supper club is on chef Patrick Fromm's accomplished French-and-Asian-accented American cooking. Try the triple-tiered appetizer trays the menu calls "trilogies," which include a choice of everything from spicy "lollipop" wings to foie gras to sashimi, or opt for more substantial fare like homemade tagliolini with wild mushrooms and barbecued filet mignon. • 12 St. Marks Place (212-995-9100). (M–E)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Babbo

Ever try goat cheese tortellini dusted in dried orange and wild fennel pollen? Or spicy lamb sausage romanced by mint love letters and a paste of sweet peas? Get ready to crave them. Ingredients you didn't expect or never heard of become unforgettable. Mario Batali's original yet airy Italian cooking will stun, fool, bewitch and ultimately obsess you. Just get it together to make another reservation before you leave. • 110 Waverly Pl. (212-777-0303). (E)

★ Bar Pitti
Located on one of the few tracts of sidewalk actually wide enough to accommodate an outdoor café, Pitti's anguid allure is something you normally get to enjoy only while carrying a passport. The kitchen produces uperlative Tuscan fare: grilled chicken with lemon and endive, cool panzanella (bread salad), super liver veneziana, and the best veal meatballs you've ever had. 268 Sixth Ave. (212-982-3300). (M) ($).

★ Blue Ribbon Bakery
Don't be hoodwinked by what looks like one more brick-walled Village joint with first-come-first-serve eating and a brunch menu. Instead, focus on the inriguing all-over-the-place menu's superb steak tartare, perfectly smoked sable, a butcher's plate to shame most talian antipasti, a BLT that really is a meal. And can you pass up anywhere that can still make a root-beer loat? • 33 Downing St. (212-337-0404). (M)

★ Da Silvano
Few of the fervent regulars here—including the city's media, fashion, and art-world elite—seem to recall an talian restaurant whose menu wasn't sopping in red auce before Da Silvano. The roasted standing duck is crackling, the lamb tender and moist, the artichoke alad as brash as the air around Montecatini. And not an eggplant-parmigiana hero in sight. • 260 Sixth Ave. 212-982-2343). (M–E)

★ Do Hwa
enny Kwak and her mother Myung Ja try to familiarze diners with their home-style Korean cooking with family-style dinners for four, as well as various combinations of dumplings, spicy pancakes, stews, sautés, and the barbecue dishes that provide all the drama. If you're a do-it-yourself type, request a table with a built-in grill. • 55 Carmine St. (212-444-1224). (M)

★ Fressen
The three rooms are as spacious and sleek as an Audi TT. And considering the trendificant meat packing etting and the priorities of nightly revelers, the house could have gotten away with a post-Cosmo menu of meager-morseled pizzas or duck burritos. Instead, hey've opted for a selection of semi-organic dishes ike escabeche of sardines or a mullet pot-au-feu. And rather than being somewhere hip, you actually feel hip, thanks to the refreshingly congenial staff. • 421 W. 13th St. (212-645-7775). (M–E)

★ 'ino
Named for panino, this cozy nook excels at crafting perfect Italian snacks to nibble with wine: crustless ramezzini, pressed panini, and bruschetta, all on great bread and enlivened by zesty condiments. Supplement your sandwich with a bowl of olives and a plate of cheese, and keep the motif going with a Nutella panino for dessert. Best of all, it's open for business from early morning until after midnight. • 21 Bedford St. 212-989-5769). (I) ($).

★ Lupa
We love this down-home Roman trattoria and not ust for Mario Batali's celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich's bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint's wine service. We like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices, but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. It's almost as tough a sanctum to crack as its pricier sibling, Babbo. • 170 Thompson St. (212-982-089). (M)

★ Pastis
Keith McNally's Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balthazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallow-rivulet-ribboned neighborhood, it also renders the new place instantly ess imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don't live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

☆ Campagna
The far-too-cautious interior is woefully inappropriate preparation for the whoops of joy that routinely erupt when patrons sample Mark Strausman's gleefully game sense of Italian cuisine. The lobster broth in his cacciucco is a blast. And his grandma's lasagna makes you sorry you never met the old girl. • 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E)

☆ Chicama
Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting, did-Mom-ever-make-it-like-this? suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M–E)

★ City Bakery
No one comes close to Maury Rubin at satisfying our grown-up snacking impulse. Heavenly tarts, perfectly textured cookies and brownies, lusciously tart lemonades, ultra-thick and creamy hot chocolate—even homemade marshmallows—beckon irresistibly from the counter. Pre-dessert, there are inspired sandwiches like roasted pear and ricotta salata and the only salad bar we obsess over. • 22 E. 17th St. (212-366-1414). (I–M)

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel
Commuters and business travelers can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal from the French-influenced American menu. • 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E)

★ Cosette
Everything about this humble 30-seat restaurant is unswervingly Gallic, from the Côtes du Rhône table red to the menu (a Gruyère-crusted brandade de morue, rich onion soup, flaky pissaladière, textbook juicy steak-frites). Everything, that is, except for the host's friendly manner and the West African chef. Cosette is exactly what every neighborhood should be lucky enough to have: an affordable French bistro with consistently well-executed food and a comfortable, low-key atmosphere. • 163 E. 33rd St. (212-889-5489). (M)

★ Eleven Madison Park
While this soaringly grand space in the MetLife lobby will never be a room for clandestine assignations, the compensating grace of the staff, and simple but big-flavored dishes—capon stuffed with pistachio and garlic, cod with sausage and mustard greens that don't get lost in the landscape—make it a vibrant place to do business and an incredibly sensible choice for the family. • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0905). (E)

★ Gramercy Tavern
Tavern has become Danny Meyer's most appealing restaurant, with a no reservations discount bar room to make one churlish for not living or working nearby. Chef Tom Colicchio pairs foods folks crave with elements they usually don't. Roast sirloin of beef comes with braised beef cheeks. Crabmeat fondue contains sea urchin. Not only does each gamble pay off, but so tickled are diners by their nascent daring that on their next visit, damned if they don't demand sweetbreads with Jerusalem artichokes and roasted cod with brussels sprouts. • 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (M–E)

★ Gyroland
Is it a slice joint, a Greek coffee shop, a neon sign store, or all of the above? While this brightly lit restaurant may suffer from a mild identity crisis, torn between serving strictly Turkish fare and appeasing the neighborhood clientele of hospital workers and police cadets with pizza and cheese-steak sandwiches, it's also an undersung source for fresh and delicious meze, doner kebab, kofte, lahmacun, and pide. The cops don't know what they're missing. • 351 Second Ave., nr. 20th St. (212-254-3200). (I)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

Mi
A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E)

The Pump Energy Food
There simply isn't any way to cheat at this "Physical Fitness Restaurant" and takeout shop. The falafel is baked, not fried; the tuna is low-sodium; and all the egg dishes are whites-only. In fact there's no fried food at all, no oil period, not even a soda in the house. • 113 E. 31st St. (212-213-5733). Also, 40 W. 55th St. (246-6844). (I)

☆ Tabla
It's diminishing to categorize Floyd Cardoz's clean Goan-spiced Maine crab cake or his exquisite pairing of seared foie gras with a black-pepper-and-pear compote as nouvelle Delhi; he's gone and forged a deliriously satisfying union of this country's produce with the strong, heady spices and bewitchingly pungent condiments of his homeland. A less expensive menu at the Bread Bar downstairs aspires less to break new ground than to rekindle old taste memories—specifically Cardoz's, including his mom's recipe for beef assad, otherwise known as "Indian pot roast." • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0667). (M–E)

★ Union Pacific
A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for wunderkind turned matinee idol Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin, and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. Do these sound like the delusions of a madman? In less capable hands, maybe; in DiSpirito's, it's pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Veritas
Does the wine list make the restaurant? Luckily, if you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) perfectly complements the massive cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection with the paying public. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar
This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M)

Chelsea Bistro & Bar
This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. • 358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.

Diabla
Appetizers to be eaten tapas-style and entrées like herb-crusted scallops with grilled-vegetable tamales and sage-and-lime roast pork with chiles rellenos draw a neighborhood crowd to this Chelsea Mexican restaurant. • 202 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (646-638-1111). (M)

Hush
Part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M)

★ Mesa Grill
It's a clumsy room. But just keep your head down and don't stop eating—Bobby Flay's mastery of the spicier

things in life keeps getting more polished and exciting. Ribs, tomato-tortilla soup, shrimp-and-corn tamale, blue-corn-crusted snapper, and pan-roasted rabbit—eat here, and you'll ramble on too—are just sensational. Flay's gonna rope you in, and leave you hog-tied and smiling. • 102 Fifth Ave. (212-807-7400). (E)

Ohm

An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an eclectic menu including sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E)

★ The Red Cat

Not every artist is starving, and the ones with bank accounts and hearty appetites would do well to make this their home away from home among the West Chelsea galleries. Hanging lanterns, barn siding, and artwork contribute to the funky décor, and the bar is the roomy, welcoming sort that solo diners find appealing. It's hard to find a clunker on the Med-American menu. The quick saute of zucchini with toasted almonds is something your mother would never have imagined—a vegetable that could spoil your appetite. • 227 Tenth Ave., nr. 23rd St. (212-242-1122). (M)

Simply Pasta

Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers antipasti, salads, pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. • 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I)

World Yacht Dining Cruises

Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Avra

Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street–fresh whole fish are priced here by the pound and described on the menu the way some restaurants' wine lists like to talk about their wines. *Barbounia*, for example, is a "Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful." Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M–E)

★ Brasserie

Nostalgists may have wished for a clone of the original Brasserie. This ain't it. But the redesign is stunning and the big-brother video screens make as much of your entrance as those bygone steps used to. The classic French food (think onion soup, duck cassoulet, mandatory beignets) is satisfying and served nearly continuously from breakfast through late night—a welcome anomaly in this otherwise early-to-bed precinct. • 100 E. 53rd St. (212-751-4840). (M–E)

Coldwaters

Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood—steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops—in a casual atmosphere. Every dinner comes with garlic bread and all the salad you can eat, nearly anytime you want to. Brunch is served daily, and the kitchen stays open until 3 A.M. • 988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (212-888-2122). (M)

★ Della Femina

It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: chef Kevin Penner's souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in the 212 area code. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks" with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

★ Fresco

A family restaurant thriving on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx one can understand. But in midtown? Yet, the Scotto clan strolls around the bustling dining room, cajoling, nudging, hugging, ordering on top of your ordering, as if you'd shown up at their house for leftovers the day after Thanksgiving. For them, Fresco is one big welcome mat. Doesn't matter that the pizza is to die for, the lasagna superb; and if you like liver, you may never want to leave. • 34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M–E)

★ Kuruma Zushi

Nobu and Bondst might draw celebrity sushi fans, but this is where you'll find the true fanatics, willing to squander their savings on superlatively fresh sushi and sashimi in nondescript surroundings one flight above a midtown side street. Cognoscenti put themselves and their taste buds in the nimble hands of the sushi chef, who amazes with imported treasures like Japanese aji, sea eel, and prawn-Kuruma ebi. • 7 E. 47th St. (212-317-2802). (E)

La Mangeoire

A bit of Provence in midtown. This rustic French country restaurant featuring hearty fare like Mediterranean fish soup with rouille and rabbit fricassé in a mustard tarragon sauce is a boon for a neighborhood otherwise lacking in savoir fare. • 1008 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (212-759-7086). (M)

L'Actuel

Mosaic tiles, sand-blasted mirrors, beechwood accents, and mohair and suede upholstery lift this French restaurant located at the Kimberly out of hotel-restaurant anonymity. Equally enticing are Michelin-starred chef Jean-Yves Schillinger's grazing menu: foie gras with black cherries, marinated shrimp skewers, excellent tartes flambées, plus a full raw bar. • 145 E. 50th St. (212-583-0001). (M–E)

★ Le Périgord

A recent renovation did nothing to disguise the comforting, cosseting old-world feel of this Sutton Place landmark, where tuxedo'd captains oversee tableside service and remind you to order your Grand Marnier soufflé at the same time as your dinner. And new chef Jacques Qualin (Jean Georges) is not opposed to bathing veal chops in yogurt-lemon sauce or molding a salmon fillet into the shape of a petite mignon. He's a wizard with lighter dishes as well, like turbot (with a lacy glaze of comte cheese) and a succession of luminous soups. Try the Floating Island for dessert, but be sure to dress in proper attire, or owner Georges Briguet will banish you to the back room. • 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E)

★ Lespinasse

Old-fashioned, luxurious hotel dining is not everyone's idea of fun these days—even with the possibility of a noontime flirtation and posh hotel rooms so handy. But chef Christian Delouvrier's cooking is anything but a bore. His butternut squash soup is revved up with chunks of duck breast and crusty foie gras, lamb rack and loin is touched with Chartreuse and coffee, and baby pig with cassoulet is carefully sauced to keep it from getting too rustically porky. With inventive cooking like this, even the recently redone room—so French and namby-pamby when it ought to be robber-baron American—seems pleasantly mellowed. • 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E)

Nino's Positano

An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food from the southern regions, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Oceana

You might call Rick Moonen a conservationist. We call him a tease. He'll serve up dynamite renditions of swordfish and Chilean sea bass, then whisk them off the menu the moment the species nears extinction. But luckily, it's not so much about the raw materials as it is about his unique seasonings and flavor compositions: lobster ravioli in a tomato-basil broth, for instance, with real acid oomph. Or "everything" crusted tuna steak, inspired by the bagel. • 55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E)

★ Oyster Bar

Unperturbed by the arriviste competition in the food court next door, the jewel of the pre-renovation Terminal continues to serve superlative pan roasts and clam chowders, and an overwhelming assortment of East and West Coast oysters. The sprawling subterranean space has the hustle-bustle feel of a cafeteria which its snaking counters resemble, but don't b fooled—you pay for the privilege of eating under tha vaulted tile ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M–E)

★ Peacock Alley

In this cushioned cocoon of a dining room off th lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, chef Laurent Gras— disciple of Alain Ducasse—offers diners a chance t mix and match bite-size "courses" chosen from categories like Ocean and River, Field and Forest, an Farm. Or put yourself entirely in his hands with th seven-course "tête à tête" menu, each streamlined dis composed of just two ingredients achieving, in Gras' words, a "single clean note." • 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E)

★ Sushisay

An emergency room is more inviting; everyone' greeted with the same clinical courtesy. Sushi presentation is handsome and precise, but hardly breathtaking. The taste, however, is something else. Sushisay ha the cleanest, most seductive sliced raw fish in town Go with someone who will help you ignore the setting. Or just close your eyes. Don't worry. Your othe senses will be doing overtime. • 38 E. 51st St. (212-755 1780). (M–E)

★ The Four Seasons

They're still the most perfect dining rooms in town Happily, the owners sensed how marvelous it woul be if the food matched the peerless design. They'v radically altered an expensive menu to be more inventive, more seasoned, more current, and worth th bucks. The power lunchers may ignore what's on thei plates, but the rest of us won't. • 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754 9494). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne

Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spendin spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hote restaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch o Fifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern Frenc menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio o soups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), an poached Dover sole. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsul (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Beacon

The gimmick here is cooking everything over an ope fire: wood-roasted trout, spit-roasted duck with grille scallions, roast suckling pig with grilled apples and bitter chocolate rub, even oysters. The house-bake breads are exceptional. And in an age of designer martinis and so-so cosmos, the classic cocktail list is precision science. • 25 W. 56th St. (212-332-0500). (E)

Benihana

Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there wer the lickety-split tableside cooking shows that are stil the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, o course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

Bombay Palace

This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant ha been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtow office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Da Rosina

A convenient pretheater location, specializing i homemade pasta and other Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $20.99 pri fixe dinner. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

Halcyon

An elegant setting and carefully presented food. A creative American menu with global accents include lemon-lime salmon steak, rack of lamb with pumpki spaetzle, and lobster three ways. A $45 pretheater dinner prix fixe is a good deal. • 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (212-468-8722). (E)

★ Island Burgers and Shakes

This Hell's Kitchen storefront with a Southern Caliornia-vibe specializes in burgers and chicken sandwiches, or churascos, in countless combinations and erved on great bread and with superior condiments. A blackened churasco is almost painfully spicy and needs only minor embellishment (some blue cheese, or avocado and Monterey jack) to gain admission into our sandwich hall of fame. Great malteds douse the lames. • 766 Ninth Ave., nr. 51st St. (212-307-7394). (I) ($).

★ Judson Grill

t's a room so vast and vaulted you expect them to be announcing Trailways departures. But chef Bill Telepan's cooking, propelled by a rousing level of confidence in bold flavors and pairings, matches the bravura of the room. With blithe deftness, he makes the familiar seem fresh. Crab cakes get dashed with lemon verbena, chickpea soup tickles insidiously, and loin of pork with apple compote will leave you happy. • 152 W. 52nd St. (212-582-5252). (E)

★ La Côte Basque

Decorated with harbor murals of St. Jean de Luz, dark *ceiling beams and buttercream walls, the room feels as* rich as chef-owner Jean-Jacques Rachou's repertoire: Cassoulet Toulousain. Boeuf Bordelaise. Veal kidneys in mustard. Specialties of the house—anything involving truffles or foie gras—pad the $65 prix fixe. But in a place like this, who's counting? • 60 W. 55th St. (212-588-6525). (E)

La Veranda

Northern Italian food. A popular theater district spot offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta and brunch on weekends. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. • 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M)

★ Le Bernardin

Criticizing Le Bernardin is like analyzing rainbows. Just try to describe the snapper in coconut milk or the black bass with truffles and celery root. No matter what you say, you sound like a fool. Submit to the sorcery of chef Eric Ripert, the bewitchery of owner and co-creator Maguy Le Coze, and experience the thrilling sensation of having everything that surrounds you perfect. • 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E)

★ Local

If your idea of Theater District dining is a lackluster prix fixe, this stylish newcomer and its focused, flavorful cooking will open your eyes—and with entrées venturing into the mid-thirty-dollar range—your wallet. Previously seen stirring the pots for Ron Perelman, chef Franklin Becker has the knack. We're particularly fond of his Vidalia onion and black olive tart, and knockout sea scallops riding a crab cake. • 224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M-E)

★ Molyvos

Adorned with photos of Greek island life, ceramics, and folk art, this sprawling midtown taverna is a stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. The window tables up front are ideal for nibbling meze and sipping something from the Greek wine list, but for a true taste of the isles—or the way we'd like to imagine them—go for something gutsier: the melting lamb shanks, clay-pot-baked with orzo and tomato, or "Aglaia's moussaka," unfinishably rich (but still worth the attempt). Desserts offer a few surprises, like the mastic ice cream, a resinous flavor unknown even to Ben and Jerry. • 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-582-7500). (M)

Palio

Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous ground-floor muraled bar depicting the Palio race and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like sliced hen pheasant on salad with white truffles, and monkfish ravioli with asparagus and fresh tomato. Jacket required. • 151 W. 51st St. (212-245-4850). (E)

Pig and Whistle

A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. • 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M)

☆ Redeye Grill

This place jumps late at night with live jazz, a cacophony of paintings by artists those latter-day Duveens Saatchi and Giuliani have yet to discover, and a fine *smoked-fish platter, plus the town's quintessential* cobb salad. • 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M-E)

St. Andrews

In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I-M)

Trattoria dell'Arte

Follow the giant white plaster nose that looms above the entrance to Trattoria dell'Arte like a Route 66 roadside diner icon, for the restaurant's unmatched antipasto bar, crackling pizzas, and consistently reliable kitchen. The Milton Glaser-designed space is a packed power scene at lunch, and a boon for nearby Carnegie Hall concert goers. • 900 Seventh Ave., nr. 56th St. (212-245-9800). (M-E)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro

Trattoria Dopo Teatro is famous for open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on the Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops and risotto with baby shrimps. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded *connoisseurs can pursue their passions in the wine* room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

'21' Club

You no longer need to wear a necktie at lunch, and chef Erik Blauberg has, gasp, slightly modernized the country-club-classic menu— try the foie gras with black mission figs and pomegranate and the crispy black sea bass with champagne sauce. But the tablecloths at this famous Prohibition-era speakeasy are still red and white, toys still hang from the ceiling, Nixon's *wine is still in the vaults, if that gives you a* thrill, and, in spite of the lunchtime dress code, the crowd here doesn't have anything against neckties. • 21 W. 52nd St. (212-582-7200). (E)

Wu Kong

Shanghai soup dumplings continue to emigrate out of Chinatown—and Flushing—and into neighborhoods formerly deprived of the intense pork-and-crab-infused mouthfuls. In addition, there's Grand Marnier jumbo shrimp, smoked vegetable duck, plus a full sushi menu. • 30 W. 46th St. (212-997-4757). (I-M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Atlas

Each dish has a litany of preparations, and every single impressive yet complicated one of them gets explained to the diner. Chef Paul Liebrandt's food—marinated eels with watermelon, tagliatelle with cepes, and tuna with mini green-apple strudels—exhibits remarkable invention, though some dishes could use more restraint. All the house is missing is the confidence to let its guests sit back and observe Atlas's enjoyable qualities for themselves. • 40 Central Park So. (212-759-9191). (M-E)

Restaurant

Counter Intuitive

When we heard Anthony Bourdain rave about the perfect steak he devoured at the bar at **Veritas**, we figured you had to be a friend of the house (like Bourdain, who devoted an awestruck chapter of *Kitchen Confidential* to Veritas chef-co-owner Scott Bryan) to dodge the obligatory three-course $68 prix fixe on those rare nights of limited appetite. But then we discovered that the bar has its own à la carte menu (appetizers, $8 to $18; entrées, $24 to $35), available to anyone lucky enough to snag an empty stool. Order two appetizers, like the frothy, truffle-flecked celery-root velouté and the flaky wild-mushroom-and-melted-onion tart. Or just launch right into an artful arrangement of seared Irish venison fortified with bacon and Armagnac in a green-peppercorn jus. Whatever you save on dinner, you can squander on a glass or bottle *from the staggeringly deep cellar, a collection that attracts the sort of oenophiles* who swirl Spiegelau stemware and vociferously expound on the relative merits of an obscure Sancerre. If you need guidance, park yourself at the bar on a Wednesday night, when it's manned by a sommelier who'll happily navigate you through the list—or at least suggest something to go with the cheese plate. (43 East 20th Street; 212-353-3700.)

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

☆ March

If you're not in the mood, March can seem awfully precious. Your meal a succession of intricately thought-out small courses (either four or seven): shards of grilled duck in a tart shower of lime and mango, for instance. Service that almost gets a tissue to you before you've sneezed. But should there come a time when you want to be surrounded by people who have every right to their effusive confidence, Wayne Nish and Joseph Scalice offer one of New York's most deliciously covert seductions. • 405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E)

Nirvana

The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, kababs, and vegetarian dishes. • 30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M)

★ The Russian Tea Room

If he hasn't been lionized as a landmark himself, Warner LeRoy certainly deserves a Landmarks Preservation Commission crown for polishing up the fanciful red and green frippery of the Russian Tea Room with so little trauma. Whether you love or hate the trout swimming inside the acrylic bear, you can't fault dishes like borscht and Georgian-spiced seared halibut. • 150 W. 57th St. (212-974-2111). (E)

★ San Domenico

You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ Cafe Boulud

Most chefs have one menu to worry about. At Daniel Boulud's beige-on-beige bistro, Andrew Carmellini has four. For "Le Voyage," he globe-trots wherever his taste buds take him, from Vietnam to New Orleans. Mixing and matching is encouraged, so there's no reason why you can't begin with fresh- and smoked-salmon latkes from "La Saison," segue into potato-crusted sea bass from "La Tradition," and conclude with a warm fig tart from the menu called "Le Potager," nirvana for the vegetarian gourmet. • 20 East 76th Street (212-772-2600). (E)

Cafe Crocodile

A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. • 354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M)

★ Cello

Every appointment (Bernaudaud dishes, monochromatic flowers, and almost reflective mahogany walls) serves as an elegant yet unobtrusive backdrop for the whisper-light delicacies that emerge from chef Laurent Tourondel's kitchen. Rougets glistening like bloodstones in a raw tomato sauce. Turbot that melts like cotton candy. Lamb as velvety as foie gras. And frozen crême bruleé that must have the Häagen-Dazs people turning like dervishes. Cello also has the most beautiful new private dining room in town. • 53 E. 77th St. (212-517-1200). (E)

★ Daniel

Daniel Boulud is blessed with the gift of being able to add familiar flavors into the most stunning of summations, like walnuts and foie gras that intensify the lush gaminess of quail. He routinely triumphs in why-didn't-anyone-else-think-of-it feats like finding what envelopes sweetbreads to leave you without that heady aftertaste—suspending them between a rhubarb glaze and spinach purée. And his chocolate bombe soars like no other. • 60 E. 65th St. (212-288-0033). (E)

☆ Fireman's of Brooklyn

Shelly Fireman, the man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner, expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and something called the "lobster shanty" (an outsize beauty buried under a hill of fried onion ribbons). Landlubbers go for "Bubba Fireman's chicken." • 1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M)

★ Fred's at Barneys New York

Normally, the stuff served in department-store eateries is the gastronomic equivalent of the final clearance bin. Not so at Fred's. Its menu is an amalgam of au courant Italian (lovely pasta), guilt-ridden dietetic (chicken soup rendered fatless), and size-6-be-damned deli (chicken livers and pot roast to plotz from). Almost as satisfying as snatching up an irregular with no pulled threads. • 10 E. 61st St. (212-833-2200). (M–E)

★ JoJo

Before there was Jean Georges, there was JoJo, the place where Jean-Georges Vongerichten stunned gourmands with his herbal essences, vegetable sauces, and gossamer desserts. A ravishing goat-cheese-and-potato terrine in arugula juice. Fruit soups exploding with penny-bright flavor. Sit upstairs where it's more intimate and less conspicuous to dip your fingers into the sauce oozing from the center of his lascivious Valrhona cake. • 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E)

Mark's

Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

★ Payard Patisserie & Bistro

You'll never shiver and blush the way Francois Payard's Nôtre Dame, Fontainbleau, St.-Honoré, or devilish chocolate tart make you when they hijack your taste buds to a place they've never been and will forever yearn to return. If all this sweetness weren't enough, Payard's chef Philippe Bertineau concocts first and second courses that match François's touted thirds. • 1032 Lexington Ave. (212-717-5252). (M–E)

Sel & Poivre

Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Tanuki

People in the restaurant business and Upper East Side sushi savants have already discovered this source for top-quality sushi and sashimi. Chef Tatsuya Nagata, formerly of Bond Street, demonstrates a deft hand with dishes like soy-marinated Chilean sea bass and specials like squid with uni paste, and oxtail stew. • 1466 First Ave., nr. 76th St. (212-452-1066). (M)

Trata

With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Avenue Bistro

Linger over a scrambled-eggs-and-apple-pancake breakfast until three in the afternoon, or come for dinner, when the pastry counter becomes a wine bar, votive candles flicker on tiny tabletops, and the menu shifts to sophisticated French-American fare like sweetbreads, foie gras terrine, and crisp roast duckling. Chef-owner Scott Campbell is justly proud of his creamy Valrhona hot chocolate, which he freezes into ice cream in the summer, and he's shrewdly responded to the neighborhood's demographics by concocting his own line of baby food, made from all-natural ingredients. • 520 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (212-579-3194). (M)

☆ Barney Greengrass

A Formica-clad shrine to smoked fish and everything else that defines the dying art of Jewish appetizing No one's stopping you from ordering cheese blintzes chopped liver, even caviar. But that's not why you're here. You're here to savor Barney's raison d'être: the holy trinity of sturgeon, smoked salmon, or Nova scrambled with eggs and onion, with an H&H bagel and cream cheese on the side. • 541 Amsterdam Ave., nr 86th St. (212-724-4707). (M) ($).

★ Jean Georges

Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of its extraordinary chef, Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unexpected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Picholine

Terrance Brennan doesn't want to be the Upper West Side's best chef. He's got the whole city in his sights. which explains why his French-Mediterranean menu aspires to such lofty heights. Rustic nightly specials like cassoulet and seven-hour lamb shank are earthy counterpoint to menu selections like sea-urchin panna cotta and truffle-steeped poached halibut. The wild-mushroom-and-duck risotto has its own fan club, as does fromager Max McCalman, a true cheese whiz. • 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E)

★ Ruby Foo's

In what might be Auntie Mame's duplex during her high mah-jongg period, the black-bean sauce is vibrant and the wok steamed lobster is worth its weight in jade. And regardless of where you sit, you have to walk down the Mamescent staircase at least once. Screaming "Live! Live! Live!" is optional. • 2182 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-724-6700). (M)

Brooklyn

★ Diner

Even before you've finished your first cocktail, you notice the floor is tilting. But the disequilibrium contributes to the charm of this snug, just-rehabbed-enough 1927 dining car. A beyond reductive menu offering "soup," "burger," "spinach," and at brunch, "hot cereal" misleads at first. Don't believe the lack of hype. Chef Caroline Fidanza shows her dexterous hand with specials like succulent pork loin with caramelized cipollini and tender lamb ragout with white-bean gratin. • 85 Broadway (718-486-3077). (M)

★ Peter Luger

Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own Peter Luger credit card, or bring cash. • 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).

Queens

Water's Edge

Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. • 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E)

Westchester

Equus

No ordinary hotel restaurant, this one is housed within a hundred-year-old castle called, appropriately enough, the Castle at Tarrytown, a Relais & Châteaux property with Hudson River views. Dinner is a $58 prix fixe, and offers such contemporary French fare as terrine of foie gras with Calvados, pan-roasted wild striped bass with corn ravioli, and medallions of venison with red cabbage and root-vegetable cakes. Jacket required. • 400 Benedict Ave (914-631-1980). (E)

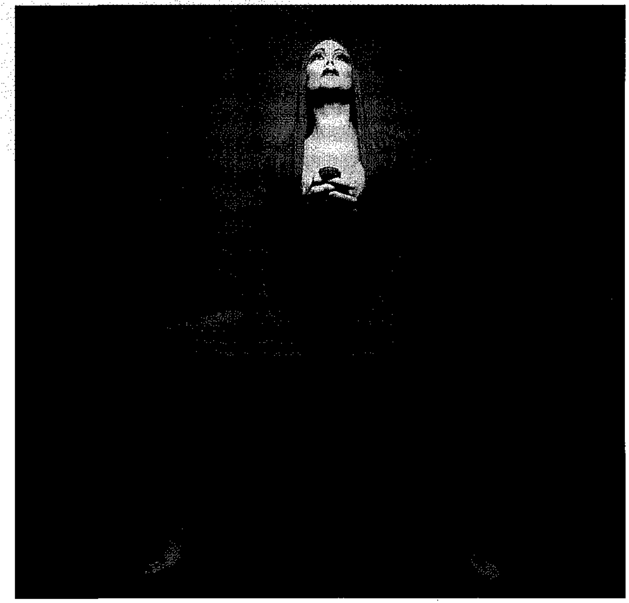
InConcert

Edited by Tara Pepper

Preview

Martha, My Dear

As Martha Graham's disciples battle over rights to her work, a tribute show that's lurked downtown for four years is moving into no less august a space than the Town Hall. Fishing around for ideas for his cabaret act, Richard Move (pictured) started *Martha@Mother* in 1996 with co-presenter Janet Stapleton, at the maternally monikered club in the meatpacking district. One of the city's last late-night performance clubs, it went the way of Danceteria in June, and though Richard Move is no Madonna, his evening of Graham-inspired dance and banter, *faux* Halston, and glamour-drenched dramatic monologues went on the road, touring Europe. The show is "based in historical fact," says Move. "The audience learns about Graham and her incredible friends and collaborators. But they're satirical, fun, a bit surreal." This Saturday's show, **Martha@Town Hall**, includes performances by Sharon Kinney, an original member of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and Merce Cunningham, who will also appear "in conversation" with Martha. Though Graham's school will reopen this month, there's still a moratorium on performances of her work. "It's a tragedy," says Move, who researched his performance from films, videos, and biographies. Anecdotes that original members of her company have shared with him are central to the show. "They love being part of it, and they won't be around forever to hand down her legacy." (See "Dance.") T.P.



lassical Music

A Great Day in New York"
he series continues with the Orion String Quartet erforming *Fast and Driving* from Peter Schickele's iano Quintet and *Creole Contradanzas* by Wynton arsalis. The program also includes Steve Reich's *rumming Part I* performed by the composer, and ther works. 1/16 at 7:30. The fifth concert features orks by Meredith Monk, Milton Babbitt, and cott Johnson. 1/21 at 5. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln enter (212-721-6500); $25–$40.

orin Maazel
aazel celebrates his 70th birthday performing rahms's complete sonatas for violin accompanied y pianist Yefim Bronfman. 1/16 at 7:30. • Carnegie all, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21–$83.

rpheus
ianist Imogen Cooper performs Mozart's *Piano oncerto No. 17* in a program that also includes eethoven's *Symphony No. 1* and *Five Movements for tring Quartet* by Webern. 1/20 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, eventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $16–$46.

The Romantic Piano: Aspects of Liszt"
iano works performed by Valerie Tryon are interpersed with readings from the composer's correpondence, his pupils' memoirs, and contemporary oncert reviews. Directed by Liszt scholar Alan alker. 1/20 at 8. • 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. 212-996-1100); $25; series subscription, $60.

merican Composers Orchestra
ontinues its "Twentieth Century Snapshots" series ith "Berlin, 1931," a tribute to Nicolas Slonimsky's oncerts that introduced European audiences to usic by Charles Ives. His *Three Places in New Engnd* will be performed with works by Henry Cowll and others. 1/21 at 3. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. t 57th St. (212-247-7800); $16–$46.

he Caramoor Virtuosi
he nine member ensemble performs Schumann's *Piano Quintet in E-flat Major,* Ives's *Piano Trio,* and Penderecki's *String Trio.* 1/21 at 3. • The Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (212-734-2130); $20.

Don Hulbert, flute
Premieres two new works by Martin Hennessy, *Rhapsody and Remembrance of Hazie* and *Benjamin Fraser,* in a concert that also includes works by J. S. Bach, Handel, and Prokofiev, accompanied by cello, harpsichord, percussion, countertenor John Carden, and Hennessy himself on piano. 1/21 at 2. • St. Peter's Church at Citicorp, 54th Street and Lexington Ave. (212-316-3321); $20, $15 students and seniors.

New York Viola Society
Presents the first of this season's "Collegial Concerts," with performances of Hindemith's duo for viola and cello, Toch's for viola and violin, and solo works by Block and Waggoner. 1/12 at 4:30. • The Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. (212-924-7299); $10, $5 students and seniors.

"Vignettes: Ellis Island"
Mezzo-soprano Stephanie Blythe and pianist Warren Jones premiere Alan Smith's song cycle. 1/21 at 3. • 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $25.

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra
Seventeen-year-old Han-Na Chang performs Shostakovich's *Cello Concerto No. 1* in a program that also includes Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 6* and *The Three-Cornered Hat* by Manuel de Falla. 1/22 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $20–$78.

Opera

The Metropolitan Opera
Aida has its season premiere 1/15, and on 1/21 at 4, Plácido Domingo celebrates his 60th birthday with a special concert. *Carmen* begins again on 1/17 after a break in December. Busoni's *Doktor Faust* will be performed through 1/29. *The Merry Widow* closes 1/18. Call for program details and times, or visit www.metopera.org. • The Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); *Aida* season premiere $50–$275; all other performances $25–$250.

The Mikado
An updated libretto keeps the humor fresh in the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players' production. Through 1/21 at 8, weekend matinee at 3. • Symphony Space, Broadway and 95th St. (212-864-5400); $31–$46.

Dance

New York City Ballet
Performances are Tuesday through Friday at 8, Saturday at 2 and 8, Sunday at 3, beginning this week with Peter Martin's *Harmonielehre,* set to music by John Adams, Balanchine's *La Source,* and *Moves* by Jerome Robbins. Call for details or log on to www.nycballet.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); $26–$74.

2001 Altogether Different Festival
Poor Reality, a new work from Brazilian company Chamek-iLerner, uses reflective panels to examine perceptions of identity. Through 1/19 at 8. The John Jasperse Company presents *Scrawl* and *Waving to You From Here,* 1/16 and 1/20 at 8, 1/21 at 2. • The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $20.

Martha@Town Hall
Richard Move is joined by Merce Cunningham, Sharon Kinney and Mark Morris in an evening of modern dance and conversation that also includes a "vocal offering" by Meredith Monk. 1/20 at 8. • The Town Hall, 123 West 43rd St., (212-840-2824); $30–$35.

Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

hotograph by Josef Astor.

cue

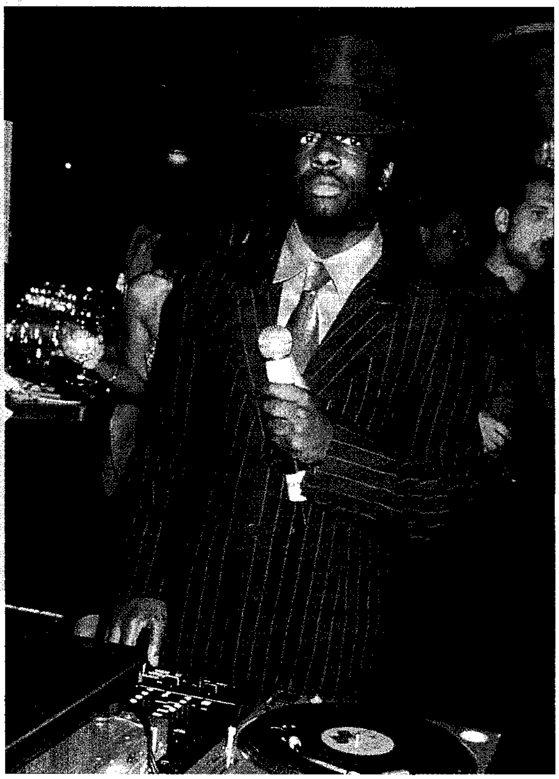
Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brow

Performance

Clef Notes

Everybody knows how to get to Carnegie Hall, but if you're the first rapper headlining, a little confidence doesn't hurt, either. "Sometimes we stereotype, say 'Rappers should do *this*,' " says **Wyclef Jean**, who's putting on a January 19 benefit concert for his music-education foundation, with guests including Eric Clapton, Whitney Houston, and Destiny's Child. "I defy all that." He does indeed—what other rapper could have performed with Kenny Rogers?—and the organization he started in 1998 aims to help children around the world do the same through donations of musical instruments and lessons. "A lot of the time, we forget the fact that there are kids from the hip-hop era who are musicians, who can get busy with the jazz and with the classical," says Jean. Eight of the foundation's beneficiaries—"Clef's Kids"—will perform at the concert, which will also feature an orchestra. "I'm basically the conductor," says Jean. "Like a hip-hop Amadeus." He's also looking forward to presenting the reggae group Third World, to conducting while Whitney Houston sings, and to dueting with a teenage opera singer ("I have this idea for Charlotte Church, and it's mayhem"). The only aspect of all this furious genre-bending that seems to faze Jean is the chance to play alongside a personal hero, the guitarist he calls "just incredible." "When Eric Clapton shows up," says Jean, "I do not know how to play guitar." (See "Concerts.") ROBERT LEVINE



Concerts

Toshi Reagon; Carl Hancock Rux
1/20 at 7:30. • New Jersey Performing Arts Center, Newark, New Jersey (1-888-GO-NJPAC); $25.

Wyclef Jean Foundation Benefit Concert
1/19 at 8 P.M. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th Street (212-247-7800); $85 and up.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
1/16: Bobby Rush. 1/17: Marcia Ball. 1/18–1/19: Peter Frampton. 1/20–1/21: Dr. John. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
1/19–1/20: Tony Orlando. 1/22: Music of Frank Zappa. 1/24: Anson Funderburgh. 1/26: "The Beat Goes On." • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
1/18–1/19: Jay Farrar. 1/21: Cibo Matto; Sean Lennon. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Fez
Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 1/16: Cameron Dezen; Caleb; Mehuman Johnson. 1/17: Amy Correia. 1/19: Raymond Scott Orchestrette. 1/20: VaVaVoom Room. 1/21: Hedda Lettuce in "Sex, Lies and Duct Tape." • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Hard Rock Cafe
In the surest sign yet that man cannot live by theme restaurant alone, the Hard Rock has added real live rock shows to go with all that memorabilia. All ages, no cover, all shows start at 9 P.M. 1/18: Keepsake; King Pickle. 1/19: Buddha Brains. • 221 W. 57th St., bet. Seventh Ave. and Broadway (212-489-6565).

Irving Plaza
1/21 Savoy Sundays. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Stylus," underground hip-hop with D.J.'s like Bobbito and Lord Sear. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 1/16–1/17: Ann Magnuson's Twisted Cabaret. 1/18: The Moonlighters. 1/20: Greg Tate. 1/22: "The Last Lousy Moments of Love: The Song of Bolcum & Weinstein." 1/24: Gloria Deluxe. • 42 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
1/16: Corsi-Tier; Steve Cardenas Trio. 1/17: Hen Chris Lee; Arthur Kell Quartet. 1/18: Babe the Blu Ox; Dan Bryk; Jorge Sylvester Ace Trio. 1/19: Shella Nina Nastasia; Jorge Sylvester Ace Trio. 1/20: Shella Peer Group; Jorge Sylvester Ace Trio. 1/21: Shella Blonde Redhead; Leni Stern. 1/22: Benefit fo R.A.W.A.; Benoir with Sauce on the Side; Ori Ka plan. 1/23: Alessia DiMatteo; Martha Colby's Thin 1/24: Beth Custer; Sarah Dougher. 1/25: Skyrocke Ben Perowsky Trio. 1/26: George Garzone & th Fringe. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
1/16: "Songwriters Hall of Fame." 1/17: Mish-communication II. 1/18: Ellis Paul. 1/1 Push Stars. 1/20: Soulfarm. 1/21: Eri Person & Meta-Four. 1/23: Nesham Carlebach. 1/23: Pransemble. 1/24: D Lux. • 35 W. 67 St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Ada Roth. 1/16: The Brilliant Mistake 1/17: Nick Tosches; Jerry Stahl. 1/1 The Brought Low. 1/20: The Drossell 1/21: Bombshell. 1/23: The Popsta Kids. 1/24: Charmer; Blisster. • 99 Av B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's
1/15: The Juliana Theory; The Multi Purpose Solution. 1/17: Dan Bryk; special guests. 1/18 Jam Yang; Perforate Head; Blowup. 1/19: Luna; Mink Lun 1/20 Luna. • 1039 Washington St., Hob ken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
1/16: Leslie Ness; Gregory Paul; Th Rosenbergs; Rocket Science. 1/17 Slim Cessna; 34 Satellite; Dust for Lif Rebecca Lord. 1/19: Calla; Flux Information Sciences; The Melted Men; I Sound. 1/20: Satanicide; The Mik Hunt Band. 1/23 Interpol. • 217 Houston St. (212-260-4700).

S.O.B.'s
1/18: Dave Wakeling of the Englis Beat. 1/20: Ogans. 1/22: "La Tropic Mondays." 1/23: "Reggae Tuesdays with Gregory Isaacs. • 204 Varick S (212-243-4940).

Wetlands
Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collectiv 1/17: Lettuce. 1/18: Keller Williams. 1/19: Ekoosti Hookah. 1/20: Blueground Undergrass. • 161 Hudso St. (212-386-3600). $.

Clubs

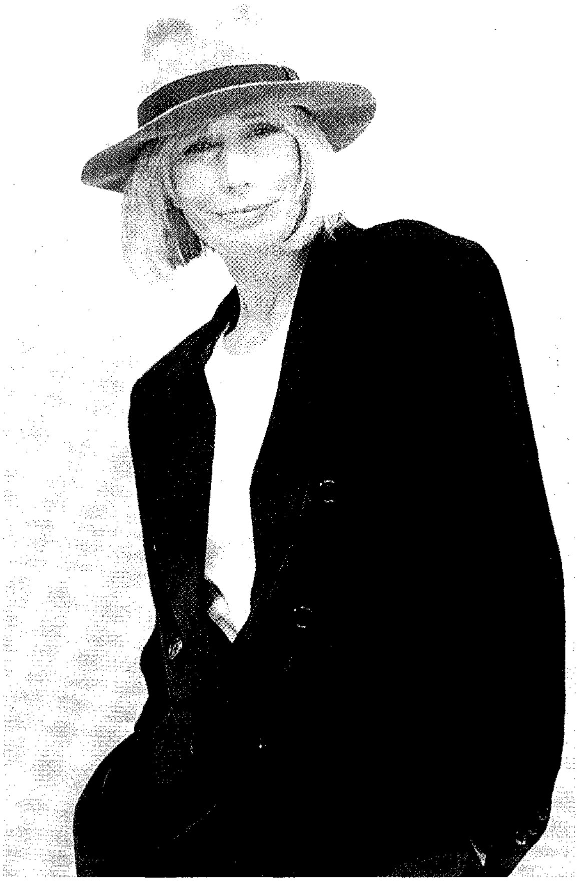
Centro-Fly
Once dominated by the bottle-service set, Centro-F has now achieved a near-perfect mix of Wall Streete with loosened ties, D.J.-bag-carrying dance-music fa natics, and track-suited deep-house heads. Tuesday Promoter Noah Tepperberg's fabulous "Tuesday Baby Tuesday" goes head-to-head with Spa's model centric Tuesday party. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name special guest The second Friday of every month: House part "N'Ice." Third Friday of every month: House part "Con-fu-sion" with talented out-of-town D.J.'s lik Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and bi beat with "Plant." 1/18: Frankie Knuckles' birthda party; Erick Morillo. 1/19: "New York Showcase

Photograph by Jen Lombardo/Mazu

Opening

Sally Can Dance

Sally Kellerman (pictured) is best known as the sexy, shaggy, vaguely wacko comic presence in movies like *M*A*S*H* and *Brewster McCloud*, but she's also a formidable—and often very funny—cabaret singer. January 18 through February 8, Kellerman will bring her love of standards to Feinstein's at the Regency for *More Than You Know*, a new show celebrating women that includes a medley of material from female songwriters. (See "Cabaret.")



hotograph courtesy of Sally Kellerman.

pcoming D.J.'s and Producers" with Katsu; Dan obbins; Justin Nichols; Carl Michaels. 1/20: Les hythmes Digitales. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

heetah

jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and small yet powerful sound system. Thursdays: Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop eats. Fridays: "GBH" ("Great British House"), a pary that, thanks to great guests like Tony Humphries, shley Beedle, and the D.J.'s of "Miss Moneypenny's," as quietly become one of the best nights out in the ity. Saturdays: Thumping tribal house and live percusionists at "Cherchez La Femme." Sundays: Nicky iano of "Twelve West" joins "Boys Nite" D.J. Merritt or "Mardi Gras." The emphasis is on deep house and arage classics. • 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

un

his sprawling warehouselike space doesn't book bigame D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interirs in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anie,* a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemngly gravity-defying D.J. booth. Best of all, Fun ecently snagged the cyberfetish party "Click+Drag" rom the defunct Mother. • 130 Madison St., under the anhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.

Journey"

ouse music gets a great new home Fridays in Brookyn: Caviar Studios, a loftlike space with a cute, intiate dance floor and a cozy lounge. Before midnight, he party has an after-work pickup vibe, but late in the vening, the space fills with dreadlocked dancers and ead-wrap-wearing divas dancing to the sweet grooves f resident D.J. Kim Lightfoot and guests like Kalim habazz. • Caviar Studios, 46 Washington Ave., bet. Park nd Flushing Aves., Brooklyn (718-222-9456).

imelight

he Limelight is officially back from the dead, thanks its powerhouse weekend nights, which see the likes f Detroit techno icon Jeff Mills and the trance heavs of the "Gatecrasher" crew grace the turntables. 660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-807-7780).

he Roxy

he cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply enteraining and mysteriously underattended Tuesdaynd Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps booie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Friays, the Roxy enlists D.J. Jason Ojeda for the reunch of its night for the weekender straight rowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone pins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied o-go boys dance on the bar. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-27-0404). $.

hine

his downtown spot is now host to excellent, enhusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights and upnd-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." • 285 West Broadway (212-941-0900).

Spa

The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office *zhlubs,* club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Twilo

Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. • 530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).

Upstairs at Studio 54

Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M., Veruka's Noel Ashman and the ubiquitous Ronsons (Charlotte and Samantha, to be exact) take over the loungey upstairs space of Studio 54. Expect nods to the disco era, but the overall vibe will be upscale hip-hop and house. • W. 54th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-517-4065). $20.

Vinyl

The recent quality-of-life crackdowns have taken a toll on the club's once extradorinarily open vibe, but the parties—"Shelter" and "Body & Soul" in particular—continue to be strong. Fridays: Hard, trippy house from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early (before seven) or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

"Jazz at Noon"

Lunchtime jam sessions every Friday at the San Martin Restaurant with some of jazz's hottest players. 1/19: Loren Schoenberg. • 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888) or www.jazzatnoon.com.

"Jazz at Lincoln Center" presents: "The Music of John Lewis"

1/18 and 1/20 at 8. • Alice Tully Hall, 65th St. at Broadway (212-721-6500). $45.

Birdland

Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M., David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 1/17–1/18: Steve Kuhn Trio with Sheila Jordan. 1/19–1/20: Joe Chambers Quintet. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note

With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/16–1/21: Nnenna Freelon. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cajun

A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

City Hall

Fridays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).

Iridium

In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 1/16–1/21: Frank Fos-

round Rules

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.

$ = cash only.

ter Quartet. • 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

The Jazz Standard

A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 1/16–1/21: Michelle Rosewoman & Quintessence. 1/22: The Tim Ries Quartet. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Museum of Modern Art

Jazz performances at MOMA's "Sette MOMA" restaurant Thursday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10. 1/20: Ron Jackson Trio. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Red Blazer

Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's

Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St (212-929-7565).

Sweet Basil

An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/16–1/21: Kevin Mahogany. • 88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).

Tonic

Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 1/17: New Circle Quintet with Pauline Oliveros. 1/18: Projects by Jim O'Rourke, Tony Conrad, and Arnold Dreyblatt; Chris Mann and Sam Ashley. 1/19: Projects by Jim O'Rourke, Tony Conrad, and Arnold Dreyblatt; Big Lazy. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard

Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 1/16–1/21: Jeff "Tain" Watts Quartet. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club

Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines On Broadway

In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. 1/16: "The Blue Collar Show." 1/17: "The Girl Show." 1/18–1/21: Carlos Mencia. 1/22: "The Trevor Project." 1/23: Hot 97's "Phat Tuesday." • 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Comedy Cellar

A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 1/21: Colin Quinn; Billy Burr; Gregg Rogell; Jim David; Sherrod Small; Godfrey. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip

Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. • 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's

Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham

A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase; Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover; two-drink minimum. 1/19–1/20: Mitch Fatel; Greg Giraldo; Jim David; Wali Collins. • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

"Spin Cycle Comedy"

Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. • King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.

Stand-up New York

Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, an 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel

The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in it cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri and Sat.). Through 2/17: Erick Comstock. • 59 W 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place

A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimat cabaret space. Mondays at 8 through 12/18: Jim Caruso and Billy Stritch. 1/16–1/20: "O'Neill Theatr Centers Cabaret Symposium" with Margaret Whiting; Ellie Ellsworth; Erv Raible; Carol Hal. 1/21: Terri Lynn Paul. 1/22: Steven Lutvak. 1/23: Karen Saunders. • 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Cafe Carlyle

Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Ban at 8:45. $60. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212 744-1600).

Cafe Pierre

Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrate her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a specia program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years o American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum jacket and tie required. • Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940 8195).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books

Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin' eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Don't Tell Mama

What better way to wind down after an evening o overwrought Broadway fare than some understate cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox. Fridays: "The Next Big Broadway Musical." Saturday at 8: "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femi presents "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212 757-0788). $.

Feinstein's at the Regency

Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $50 Tues.–Fri.; $75 for the early show on Friday and all shows on Saturday; $50 food-and-drin minimum. 1/18–2/8: Sally Kellerman in "More Tha You Know." • 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 c 212-339-4095).

Judy's

This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Jud herself. Mondays: "Leer Mondays." • 169 Eighth Ave bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

Birthday Party

Give Knuckles a Hand

Way before D.J.'s became the new rock stars, **Frankie Knuckles** (pictured) and frien Larry Levan spun uptempo R&B records in the city's underground gay nightclubs. The tw weren't just average record-spinners, though: Levan went on to lay the foundations fo soulful house and garage at the Paradise Garage in the late seventies, while Knuckles who later moved to Chicago, helped inaugurate the house-music revolution, along wit D.J.'s like Farley "Jackmaster" Funk and Steve "Silk" Hurley. Though he's now nearly thre decades into his career, Knuckles is hardly a dance-music dinosaur—he recently release *Choice,* a fantastic compilation of disco oddities that ranks among the best mix CDs o 2000. Celebrate the birthday of dance music's living—and still relevant—legend whe Knuckles plays Centro-Fly on January 18 (See "Clubs.")

Photograph courtesy of Def Mix Production

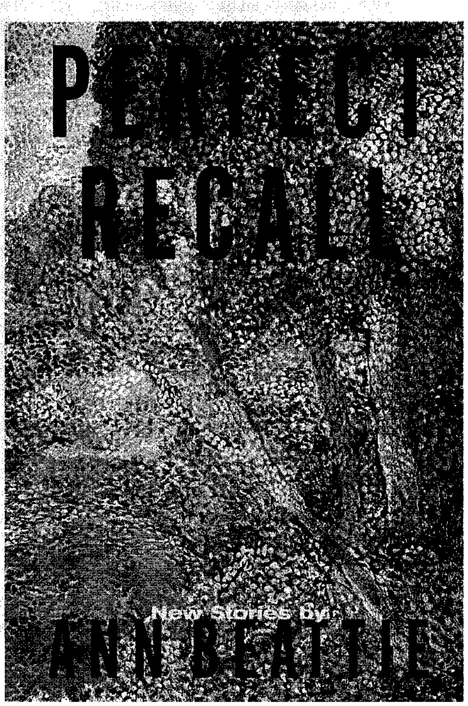
TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

In Print

Don't Call It a Comeback

Ann Beattie admits that her writing career has had "certain peaks and valleys." More than two decades back, as a twentysomething *New Yorker* regular and Guggenheim Fellow, she was roundly praised for her portraits of a generation halfway between hippiedom and yuppiedom. She kept writing—prolifically—through a subsequent lull in her popularity, and the 1998 publication of *Park City*, a 36-story boxed set of sorts, revived critical interest. In recent months, she's published her first story in *The New Yorker* in a decade, received the PEN/Malamud Award (joining the ranks of Updike and Bellow), and seen her seventh collection, **Perfect Recall** (still largely featuring baby-boomers who vaguely remember the sixties), justifiably applauded. Still, Beattie seems unaffected. "It's very nice to win an award," she says. "But when I'm writing, really, I'm just thinking, 'I can't wait to read this to my husband. I can't wait to show this to my friends.' It's a small world for me, people I can count on one hand, but they've been so constant all these years that an award is just an addition to that." Much has changed though: Beattie's life has diverged from those of her drifting, mildly pathetic characters even as they've aged together. The most common figures in *Perfect Recall*—middle-aged men assisting wealthy artists in Key West, middle-aged New England women full of regret—may live where she does (Beattie and her husband, a painter, spend summers in Maine and winters in Key West), but they exist on the fringes of her social circle. "What my eye would go to is not necessarily the host of the evening, but the cook, or something that's unusual in my experience. I'll find the one exception to the rule and that's what captures my imagination." Beattie will read at the National Arts Club on January 16 and at Barnes & Noble on January 18. (See "The Written Word" for details.)



Radio Highlights

Prison Diaries"
All Things Considered" runs episodes from this new eries every Tuesday in January. Five inmates, four corectional officers, and a judge were given tape ecorders and kept journals on their experiences in ne system for six months. The results were edited own to five half-hour episodes. This week: Matthew and the Judge: Juvenile Court Diary." • 1/16, :30–5 P.M. WNYC, simulcast on 93.9 FM and 820 AM.

Why Bother With Marriage?"
his episode of "On the Line With Brian Lehrer" eatures Maggie Gallagher, a *New York Post* syndicated olumnist and co-author of the new book, *The Case r Marriage*, who reveals that—statistically, at least—arried people are happier, healthier, and financially etter off. • 1/17, 10 A.M. to noon. WNYC, 820 AM.

en Burns's *Jazz* Simulcast and Welcome Party
VBGO's twice-weekly simulcast of the new PBS documentary this week focuses on swing. On Wednesday, January 17, "Swing: Pure Pleasure (1935–1937)" covers the form's rise to prominence. The following Monday, "Swing: The Velocity of Celebration (1937–1939)" introduces the first successful female instrumentalists and Benny Goodman's debut at Carnegie Hall. Before and after the broadcast, the station celebrates with a "Jazz Welcome Party" including guests, CD giveaways, and lots of music, from 8 P.M. to midnight. • 1/17, 9–10:30 P.M., and 1/22, 9–10:30 P.M. WBGO, 88.3 FM.

Burns Day
New York's major folk station—which doesn't limit itself to American music—dedicates two weekend programs to the annual Scottish celebration of its poet laureate. Saturday Morning's "A Thousand Welcomes" broadcasts three hours of Robert Burns songs. On Sunday's Celtic specialty show, "Ceol na nGael," Burns songs are supplemented with the work of Scottish artists like Dougie McLean and Capercaillie. Haggis, turnips, and whiskey optional. • 1/20, 9 A.M. to noon, and 1/21, noon to 4 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Studio 360: "The Art of Medicine"
Host Kurt Andersen explores the intersection of art and the healing profession with guest Barbara Stafford, author of *Body Criticism: Imaging the Unseen in Enlightenment Art and Medicine*. The program will visit a music-therapy clinic, a conceptual artist who genetically crossbreeds animals, a portrait photographer of surgeries, and, of course, plastic surgeons. • 1/20, 10–11 A.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Lectures and Panels

"Becoming a Parent in Your 40s, 50s, and Beyond"
This three-part weekly lecture series, focusing on adoption and featuring Dr. Jane Aronson, founder of an international adoption center on Long Island, begins this Tuesday with Session 1: "Parenting 101." • 1/16, 6–7 P.M. Spence-Chapin Adoptive Services, 6 E. 94th St. (212-360-0237 to register); $15, $35 for three sessions.

Edward Rothstein: "Utopianism and Its Discontents"
The New York *Times* cultural critic speaks at the first installment of the annual New York Public Library–Oxford University Press lecture series. In conjunction with the library's ongoing exhibition on Utopia, all speakers will somehow address the concept. • 1/17, 6 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

"The Jewish Confederates"
Alan Dershowitz invites Robert N. Rosen, author of *The Jewish Confederates*, to discuss the role of Jews in the Confederacy and the Civil War. Like the book, the talk features many newly discovered photos, maps, and other artifacts borrowed from descendants of these Jews. Reservations highly recommended; this will likely be packed. • 1/17, 6:30 P.M. Center for Jewish History, 15 W. 16th St. (917-606-8200 for reservations); free.

Forum on Contemporary Values: Max Frankel
The forum, a series created nine years ago, comes in three parts this year, featuring Rabbis David Woznica and Joseph Telushkin in conversation with prominent Jewish figures. During this first session (the next two, with Dr. Ruth and Barry Scheck, will come in May), Max Frankel talks about his long journalistic career. • 1/17, 8 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $15, $40 entire series.

"Hail to the Chief: The Media and the Inauguration"
Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting's ongoing series of events at Housing Works continues with a panel discussion on the topic above. • 1/18, 6:30 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

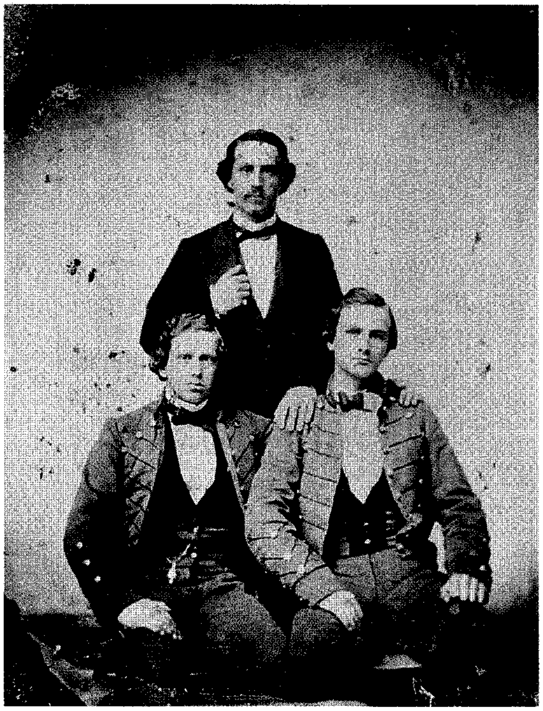
Ken Burns Talks to Annette Insdorf
Insdorf, the director of Columbia's undergraduate film program, interviews the creator of the new PBS documentary *Jazz*. • 1/18, 8 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20.

"African Roots, Hispanic New Yorkers"
Historian David Stark, author Pearl Duncan, and genealogist Ariel Blondet each talk about investigating the African ancestry of Latino New Yorkers. Afterward, Miguel Hernandez, president of the Puerto Rican/Hispanic Genealogical Society (which co-sponsors the event), moderates a panel discussion among the speakers. • 1/21, 2 P.M. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); free with $7 suggested museum admission.

Happening

Johnny Rebbe

"Our gallant Jew Major smoked his cigars calmly and coolly in the thickest of the fight," wrote a Civil War captain of Major Adolph Proskauer. What was a nice Jewish boy from Prussia doing defending the institution of slavery, you ask? Historians of the period know that Judah Benjamin, Jefferson Davis's secretary of War, was the Joe Lieberman of Richmond, but most of the material in Robert Rosen's **The Jewish Confederates** is brand-new and nothing to *kvell* about. Rosen found Confederate *landsleit* everywhere: patriotic townspeople, infantrymen, and officers like the Moses brothers (pictured, left to right: Isaac, Joshua, and Perry), whose descendants lent their photos and documents to the project. On January 17 at the Center for Jewish History, Alan Dershowitz (!) invites Rosen to discuss his book; show slides of maps, photos, and artifacts; and field questions along the lines of *What were they thinking?* or, more to the point, *Who knew?* (See "Lectures and Panels" for details).



The Written Word

Ann Beattie, James Salter, and Jerry Stahl
Beattie, winner of the 2000 PEN/Malamud Award, reads from her new short-story collection, *Perfect Recall*; novelist and memoirist Salter reads from his new book, *Cassada*; and Stahl, who wrote the memoir *Permanent Midnight*, reads from his new novel, *Perv*. Beattie also reads from her stories at Barnes & Noble this week. • 1/16, 8 P.M. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. (212-592-4648); free, jacket required. Beattie solo reading: 1/18 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Michael Lewis
The author of *Liar's Poker* and, more recently, *The New, New Thing*, discusses the latter—a profile of Netscape founder Jim Clark—and talks about the history and prospects of Silicon Alley and the New Economy. • 1/16, 8:15 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20.

Ben Katchor
The famed cartoonist continues his New York City tour with a slide-show presentation from his new book, *The Beauty Supply District*. • 1/17, 6 P.M. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672, ext. 257; reservations required); $15, $12 students and seniors.

Olaf Olafsson
The author, who also happens to be the vice-chairman of Time Warner Digital Media, reads from his second novel, *The Journey Home*. • 1/17, 6 P.M. Corner Bookstore, 1313 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (212-831-3554); free.

Douglas E. Winter and Thomas Tessier
SCIFI.COM, KGB's science-fiction-reading series, continues as Winter, a critic, editor, and the author of *Run*, and Tessier, who wrote *Finishing Touches* and *Fog Heart*, read from their work. • 1/17, 7 P.M. KGB Bar, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Amir D. Aczel
The internationally renowned mathematician and author discusses his book, *The Mystery of the Aleph: Mathematics, the Kabbalah, and the Search for Infinity*—about Georg Cantor, his theories, and the consequences of his work. • 1/17, 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Jeremy Sigler and Lytle Shaw
Sigler reads from his new collection of poetry, *Mallet Eyes*, and Lytle Shaw, curator of the Drawing Center's reading series, reads from work including his latest, *Cable Factory 20*. • 1/18, 7 P.M. Spoonbill & Sugartown, Booksellers, 218 Bedford Ave., at N. 5th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-387-7322); free.

Herbert Leibowitz on William Carlos Williams
The Y's "Biographers & Brunch" series continues with Leibowitz's talk on the life of the poet, essayist, and doctor. Brunch will be served. • 1/21 at 11 A.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $24.

Eliza Minot, Myla Goldberg, Karen McKinnon
Minot reads from her book, *The Tiny One*, Goldberg reads from last year's *Bee Season*, and McKinnon presents a story recently published in *Global City Review*. • 1/21 at 7 P.M. KGB Bar, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

"Food for Thought: Lunch Hour Theatre"
Actors George Gazard and Jared Harris read Arthur Miller's play, "Clara," as the National Arts Club inaugurates its answer to Symphony Space's "Selected Shorts"—24 lunchtime readings of eight plays from the likes of Grace Paley and William Carlos Williams, performed by actors including Judith Light and Joh Shea. Admission also includes a gourmet boxed lunc • 1/22, 1–2 P.M. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park (212-362-2560 for tickets); $27, $135 for a six-play su scription.

Special Events

Tour

Brunch & Gospel at Londel's and Tour of Harle
Architectural preservationist John Reddick joins yo for a southern-style brunch and music at one Harlem's newest restaurants, before leading an info mative tour of the neighborhood. Your ticket in cludes the meal, entertainment, tour, and transporta tion. • 1/21, 10 A.M.–1:30 P.M. Meet at Lo del's, 2620 Eighth Ave., at 140th S (212-415-5500; reservations required); $5

Benefit

Warm Clothing Drive and Jazz Part
Cocktails, hot and cold hors d'oeuvr and live jazz are a good way to rais money for Partnership for the Home less, and you can save $10 on the eve by donating new or used clothing. 1/20, 8-11 P.M. The Cutting Room, 19 W. 24 St. (212-645-3444); $55 or $45 plus clot ing donation.

Other Events

The New York Ceramics Fair
The second annual festival highligh some of the best-known galleries an dealers of ceramics—antique and con temporary—in the world, not to men tion 16 lectures by curators and schola on various periods and movements ceramics. Lecture reservations require • 1/18 and 1/20, 11 A.M.–7 P.M.; 1/19, 11 A.M.– P.M.; 1/21, noon to 6 P.M. National Institut for Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (30 924-5709 for reservations); $15 daily in cludes illustrated catalog.

The Winter Antiques Show
For the forty-seventh year in a row, th annual show offers the best variety of an tiques of the season, from 70 exhibitors displayin American, English, Continental, and Asian object This year's special loan exhibition, "The Best Is N Too Good for You" features a diverse collection fro the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, and all pro ceeds from the show benefit East Side Hous Settlement (which provides services for Mott Have in the South Bronx). • 1/19–1/28, noon to 8:30 P.M., ex cept Thurs. and Sun., noon to 6 P.M. Seventh Regiment A mory, Park Ave. at E. 67th St. (718-292-7392); $16 gener admission includes catalogue.

Montréal Fashions on Ice Show
All of your favorite things—the Ice Capades, Fash ion Week, and French Canadians—are combined this fifth annual event. The ice rink replaces a cat walk, as medalist skaters from Ice Theatre of Ne

Game Week

HOME AWAY ▨

	Mon: 1/15	Tue: 1/16	Wed: 1/17	Thu: 1/18	Fri: 1/19	Sat: 1/20	Sun: 1/21
KNICKS	**SA** MSG 1 P.M.				▨ **DET** MSG 8 P.M.		**IND** NBC NOON
NETS	▨ **ATL** FSNY 2:30 P.M.		**WAS** FSNY 7:30 P.M.		▨ **PHI** FSNY 7 P.M.	**CHI** FSNY 8 P.M.	
RANGERS		**PHI** MSG 7 P.M.		**TOR** MSG 7 P.M.		▨ **MON** MSG 7 P.M.	
ISLANDERS		▨ **COL** FSNY 9 P.M.			▨ **MIN** METRO 8 P.M.		▨ **ATL** METRO 3 P.M.
DEVILS		**BOS** METRO 7:30 P.M.		▨ **PHI** FSNY 7 P.M.		**ATL** FSNY 1 P.M	▨ **MIN** FSNY 2 P.M.

Photograph courtesy of Anne F. Jenning

ork model men's, women's, and children's win-:r 2001 wear from more than a dozen Montréal ıshion houses during a choreographed half-hour :e dance. • 1/22, 6:30 P.M., and 1/23, 1 P.M. Rocke-:ller Ice Rink, 50th St. at Rockefeller Plaza (212-843-972); free.

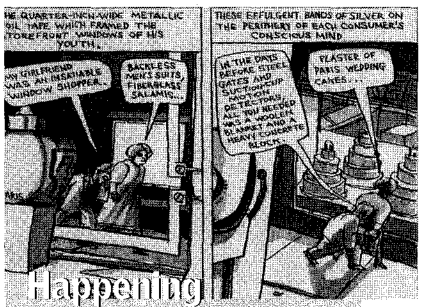
;ports

ıAC Indoor Classic and Multi-Event Cham-ionships

'he Metropolitan Athletic Congress hosts a Fri-ay-night meet for youth boys, masters, and open ıen and women; the Sunday event features a :iathlon and pentathlon. Nonmembers $6 per ıdividual event, $18 per relay. Visit the MAC's Vebsite, www.mactrack.org, for scheduled events nd categories. • Indoor Classic: 1/19, 6 to 11 P.M.; Iulti-event Championships: 1/21, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Ar-ıory Track and Field Center, 216 Fort Washington ve., at 186th St. (212-227-0071).

:hicken Soup Loop

:o-sponsored by the 92nd Street Y and the New 'ork Road Runners Club, this year's event fea-ıres 10K and 20K runs (with cash prizes of up › $500) and a two-mile health walk. The walk :arts at 8:45 A.M. at East Drive and 95th; runs :art (9:30 A.M.) and finish on East Drive at 99th t. The 10K also serves as the Jewish Communi-y Center/YM-YWHA Championship of North ımerica. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day en-:ies $22. Visit the NYRRC's Website, www.-yrrc.org, to register or for more information. 1/21 (212-860-4455).


HE QUARTER-INCH-WIDE METALLIC OIL TAPE WHICH FRAMED THE TOREFRONT WINDOWS OF HIS YOUTH,
MY GIRLFRIEND WAS AN INSATIABLE WINDOW SHOPPER...
BACKLESS MEN'S SUITS, FIBERGLASS SALAMIS...
THESE EFFULGENT BANDS OF SILVER ON THE PERIPHERY OF EACH CONSUMER'S CONSCIOUS MIND
IN THE DAYS BEFORE STEEL GATES AND SUCTION-CUP MOTION DETECTORS, ALL YOU NEEDED WAS A WOOLEN BLANKET AND A HEAVY CONCRETE BLOCK.
PLASTER OF PARIS WEDDING CAKES...

Happening

Catching Katchor

Marking the publication of his new cartoon collection, *Julius Knipl, Real Estate Photographer: The Beauty Supply District*, and the paperback release of *The Jew of New York*, the book that launched his reputation, hometown boy **Ben Katchor** continues a tour of readings and slide presentations that takes him all the way from the East Village to the Upper East Side, peddling his skewed visions of New York's mercantile lore (including the pictured segment from *The Beauty Supply District*). Katchor appears at the Museum of the City of New York on January 17, at the Central Synagogue and the New York Public Library in February, and at the Jewish Museum in March. (See "The Written Word" for details.)

ustration courtesy of Ben Katchor.

ROSHAN *Continued from page 31*

snug idea?' *Snug* was Dana's word for everything that's loving. So I said yes. I mean, I'm not going to say, 'No, you fucking moron; it's a *stupid* idea! Now everyone's going to think you were trying to flee the country with me.' I said, 'Yeah, it's a lovely idea; yup, very snug.' But it was just a fantasy.

"I know some people think, *Oh, Allegra's this dumb woman who's been manipulated by Dana's charm and his exaggeration*," she continues, dragging deeply on her umpteenth cigarette. "And the truth is, he's definitely prone to hyperbole. But no one in a million years will ever occupy the place this man occupies in my life."

GIACCHETTO'S SOHO LOFT WAS VACATED IN July; his penchant for partying provoked the building into evicting him long before his legal problems arose. His possessions were stored or put up for sale. First to go were Giacchetto's paintings—some 40 Bleckners, George Condos, and Lichtensteins valued in the millions. Last November, in an attempt to fend off an imminent lawsuit, Giacchetto turned the works over to the rock group Phish, the earliest of his clients to charge malfeasance.

Next to go were his endlessly photographed cockatoos. Beloved by Giacchetto, the birds despised each other, and they were dispersed to different coasts. Angel, the female, now lives in Brooklyn with Giacchetto's former maid. The male, Tiberius, was adopted by a cousin in Los Angeles. Brosco packed the rest of Dana's belongings into boxes—and spent weeks rummaging through the detritus of his life. "It seemed like he had a good time," she admits. "He saved every VIP pass he got."

She took special care with his suits—racks of Helmut Langs and Pradas, which she carefully folded and packed away. Giacchetto's belongings are now in storage in Massachusetts, where they may be confiscated to pay off his fines.

The night before she moved out, Brosco slept alone on a sheet in the middle of the now-empty loft. The electricity had been shut off earlier in the day. By then, there were dozens of mice running around the apartment, some climbing into her makeshift bed. "It was like the apocalypse," she says. "The mice started coming a few weeks after Dana was in jail. I hired an exterminator, but it didn't do any good. By the end, there were about twenty of them and they were everywhere. It was almost like they knew Dana was gone." ■

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cue

Kids

Edited by Susan Aver

Happenings

Language Arts

"Put your *keppie* down and go *schluf,*" says a baby-sitting New York grandma to her giggling granddaughter. Grandpa, also a native of the city, sprinkles his speech with Spanish, a secondary tongue for him but nonetheless "*muy importante,*" he says, "for a New York kid to *comprender.*" While it was *mucho* embarrassing when my parents did this Yiddlish-Spanglish thing decades ago, nowadays kids who can multilingualize are far cooler than their one-tongue classmates. And it's no surprise to the folks at **Los Kabayitos Puppet & Children's Theatre** that the audience members for their Spanish shows are often English-speaking. The company's nine productions a year—in Spanish and English—are composed of adaptations from famous, century-old tales that originated in Latino countries. The latest, *The Toothache of King Farfán/La Muela del Rey Farfán* (pictured), is part of the curriculum in Spain that teaches kids the consequences of nastiness. In another current production, Zalmen Mlotek, the co-author of *Kids and Yiddish,* a newly revamped show, uses pop icons to make the antiquated Eastern European tongue more palatable. "Yiddish culture can be hip and fun," says Mlotek, who is also the musical director. "It was just connected with grandparents . . . but it's a valuable culture to transmit." In the show, which is made up of a series of skits, kids will be quizzed in "Who Wants to Be a Milyonchik?" and they'll have a seventh-inning stretch to "Oy-robics" for a lesson on body parts. "Hershl Putter," a.k.a. Harry Potter, the Schlimazerins, and Grepsendorfs (Slytherins and Gryffindors) will also be on hand to conjure up a menorah. Parents will rock out to the Yeatles with the Fab *Fir's* rendition of "P.S. I Love Yud." *Oy, Dios mio.* (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

Children's Events

The Toothache of King Farfán

King Farfán has a nasty toothache, and he's taking it out on everyone in the kingdom. Then one day, when he learns the virtues of being nice, his pain disappears. This production, from the Society of Educational Arts, includes life-size, Japanese-style puppetry and offers performances in both English and Spanish. • English: 1/20, 1/28, and 2/4; Spanish: 1/21, 1/27, and 2/3. All performances are at 3 P.M.; 107 Suffolk St. (212-260-4080, ext. 14); $10, $8 for kids.

Kids and Yiddish

The 85-year-old Folksbiene Yiddish Theater wants to keep the language alive, and to that end, they've created a play aimed at the grammar-school set. "Kids and Yiddish" is a series of skits that familiarize, and quiz, the audience on the language of our bubbies. Puppets and music round out the performance, which is sponsored by the JCC of the Upper West Side. • 1/21 at 11 A.M.; at Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-580-0099); $15, $12 for kids.

Teen Poets

An intensive lab for teens interested in performing their words, the Poetry and Performance Workshop leads participants on a dynamic journey from the page to the stage. The same class, with different group leaders each time, will be offered on one Saturday a month from January to May. Teens can bring their own work, or just a pen. Attendance to all five classes is not required. • 1/20, 2/24, 3/31, 4/21, and 5/5; all classes are from 1 to 3 P.M.; The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. , bet. Tenth and Eleventh Aves. (212-255-5793, ext. 15); free.

Out on a Limb, on Staten Island

Youngsters, get ready to be challenged. The Staten Island Children's Museum opens a new exhibit this week, the Big Adventure. Kids can climb a six-foot rock wall and crawl through dark tunnels. They can also go "out on a ledge," where they'll feel like they're three stories high, moving from building to building on a thin beam. In a virtual flyer, they'll test-drive a kid-size airplane and dodge flying saucers and monsters. • Opens 1/22 and runs through 8/15; at Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060); $4, children one and younger are free.

Beauty and the Beast on Ice

We love Belle, that's all there is to it. However, we also love Gaston. Both will be on ice in the new Disney production of *Beauty and the Beast.* • At Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island, from 1/16 to 1/21; and Continental Arena, East Rutherford, New Jersey, from 1/23 to 1/28 (212-307-7171); $14–$42.

Music to My Little Ears

Designed to stimulate an interest in classical music, the KidsClassics series at Queens College offers four concerts this season that encourage an understanding
sound. Early birds can show up to create their own i
struments in the concert hall's atrium. Afterward, ki
can meet the performers. Opening day, 1/21, is "He
the Organ," 2/6 is "Follow the Beat," 3/11 is "Join th
Chorale," and 4/1 is "Meet the Chamber Orchestra
• All performances are at 2 P.M.; at the Colden Center f
the Performing Arts, Flushing, off the eastbound servic
road of the Long Island Expressway, exit 23 (718-79
8080); $11 per show, $36 per ticket for all four.

Fortunately, It's My Bag

The Paper Bag Players can do no wrong. I've seen th
season's show, *Fortunately,* twice: once as a 5-year-ol
and recently as an adult with my 5-year-old in to
and it holds up through the generation gap. We espe
cially loved the bicycle race and the tale of Ted's mess
room. • 1/20 through 3/4, Saturdays at 2 P.M. and Sunday
at 3 P.M.; at the Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, 68th S
and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4448); $15–$20.

Year of the Snake

The days before and after the Chinese New Year o
January 24 are spent decorating the house and cele
brating with special foods. The China Institute has p
together family workshops that teach the tradition
Chinese festivities. On 1/20, kids have a bang-up tim
when they make non-explosive firecrackers and re
paper cutouts for decorating win
dows. On 1/27, they make the
own lanterns as well as a custom
ary *hung bao,* a gift to friends of
small red envelope containing
coin for good luck. In the fin
workshop on 2/3, kids get int
the kitchen with a lesson in ho
to make dumplings (meat an
vegetarian). For each worksho
children must be accompanied b
an adult. • All programs are fro
3:30 to 5 P.M.; 125 E. 65th St. (21
744-8181); the January workshop
are $15 for one adult and one chil
$5 for each additional child; th
dumpling workshop is $20 for on
adult and one child, $5 for each add
tional child.

Good Theater Lollipop

All of the shows at Miss Majesty
Lollipop Playhouse are audienc
participation, so when kids wa
to talk with the actors, they're en
couraged to do so. The lights never go out in the the
ater, there are no puppets, and villains are always funn
rather than scary. That said, check out two new pro
ductions of *Sleeping Beauty* and *Hansel, Gretel & the Jo
ly Gingerbread Man.* • Saturdays and Sundays throug
2/25, *Sleeping Beauty* at 1:30 P.M., *Hansel, Gretel* at 3:30 P.
Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (212-741-6436); $8.5

A Wild Sleepover

Snooze at the zoo. Kids, accompanied by an adult, wi
enjoy games, crafts, nighttime explorations throug
the tropical rain forest, and watching live animals' noc
turnal activity. Snacks and breakfast are included.
1/19–1/20 or 2/9–2/10 from 7 to 9 P.M.; Central Park Wildli
Center, 830 Fifth Ave., near 62nd St. (212-439-6583); $9
for one adult and one child, $30 for an additional person.

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Ask LaLa

want to sell my apartment. What's an "exclusive isting", and why do brokers keep asking me for it?

lmost every broker will ask you for an exclusive listing. This is because it s the surest way for a broker to collect a commission, even if the broker loesn't sell the apartment. For the most part, Manhattan sellers have just *wo options: selling the apartment on their own or using a broker.* But vhile brokers may not mention it, you have a choice regarding the type of sting you give them. Briefly,they are as follows: **1. Open Listing:** Any roker can sell the apartment and whoever brings the ready, willing and ble buyer gets the whole commission. In this arrangement it is unlikely hat more than one broker will be involved. If you, as seller, find a buyer vithout the assistance of a broker, then no commission is due. **2. xclusive Agency Listing:** *As seller, you promise to use only one particular* roker to find a buyer. If another broker wants to show or sell the partment, then he or she must do so through your broker and the ommission is split between them. Despite your promise to use one roker, you, as seller, are allowed to find your own buyer and to sell the partment to that buyer without paying a broker commission. **3. Exclusive ight to Sell listing:** In this arrangement, your broker is entitled to ommission no matter what. This means you must pay the agreed-upon ommission even if you, as seller, find a buyer without the help of any roker. So, in answer to your question, brokers will generally ask for an xclusive Right to Sell (taking away from you the right to sell the property ommission free), but will agree to something less. Unless you are pressed o sell your apartment, or otherwise want to restrict the availability of your roperty in the market, it is generally better that you list your apartment n an open listing basis.

ala Wang has been helping to connect renters, sellers, landlords and brokers since 1993. or more expert advice or to ask a question, email LaLa at asklala@mlx.com

Best Brokers of the Week

JoAnne and Jonathan Douglas have been selling Manhattan properties for 15 years. They are among Corcoran's top producers in a group of over 400 brokers and are members of The Corcoran Group's Multi-Million-Dollar Club. This dynamic team is continually innovative in their techniques for selling all categories of fine residences. Most of their buyers and sellers soon become loyal pat- ons of their caring, knowledgeable service. If you are selling, the Douglas' tart their job by giving you comparables in your area to establish an up-to-the ninute snapshot of current activity and recent sales that are the basis for ricing a property. If you are purchasing, you will find their balance of person- ble and professional behavior to be a welcome part of why they can work so ffectively on your behalf. JoAnne and Jonathan's wealth of experience and rack record always produce a positive outcome. Their expert opinions are requently sought, and they have been featured on National Public Radio, NN, FOX Financial News, and in The New York Times, Business Week, Crain's nd The Wall Street Journal.

ontact: JoAnne and Jonathan Douglas at (212) 821-9147 or by e-mail at ND@corcoran.com.

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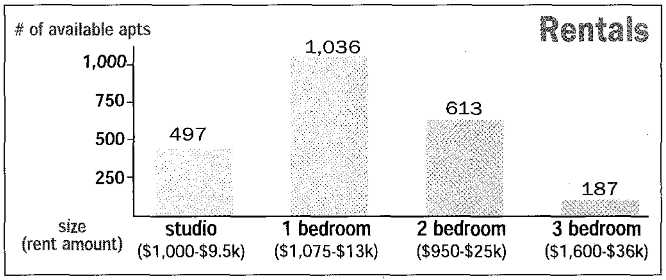

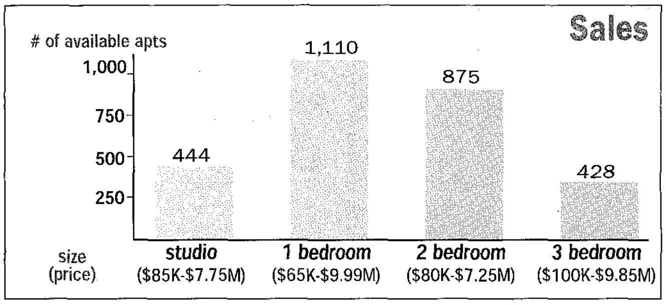

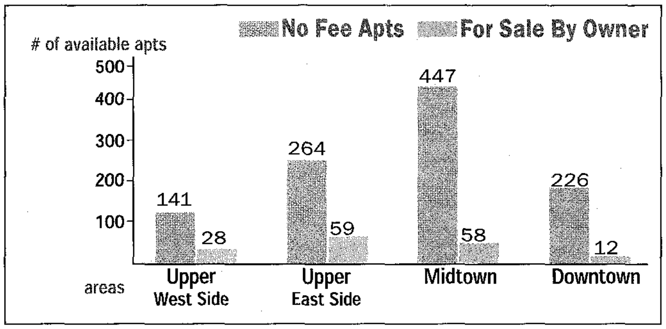

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Company Name	# of Properties
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2. Douglas Elliman	643
3. Bellmarc Realty	148
3. Halstead Property Co.	148
5. Sumitomo Real Estate, Inc.	83

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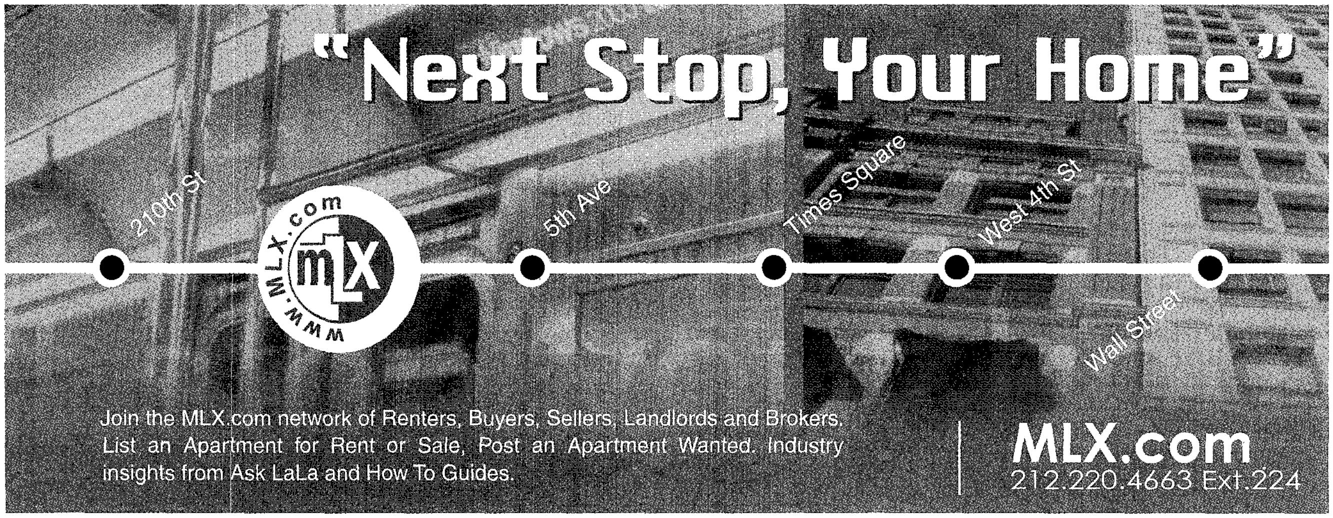

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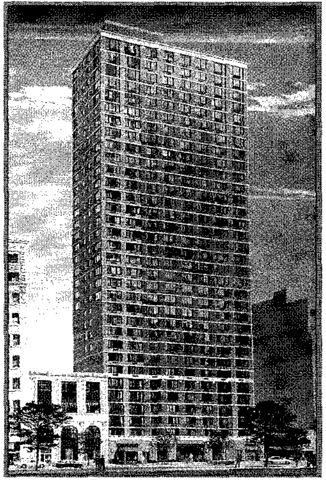

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Upper West Side

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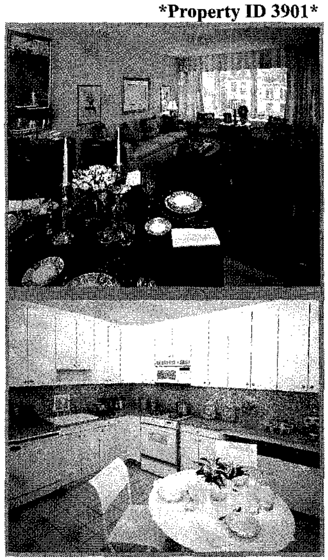

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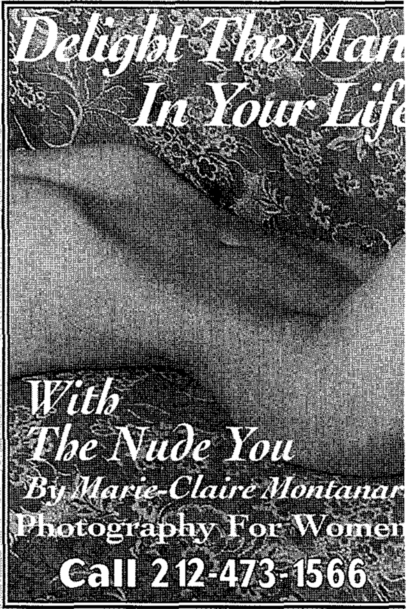

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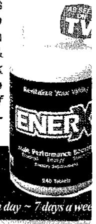

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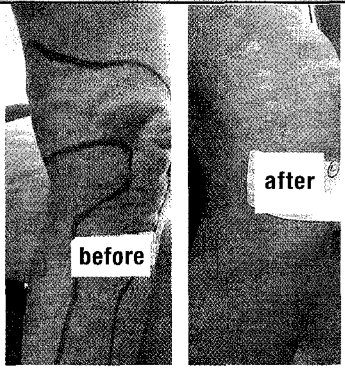

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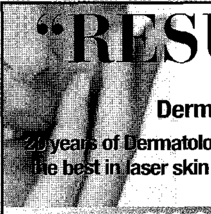

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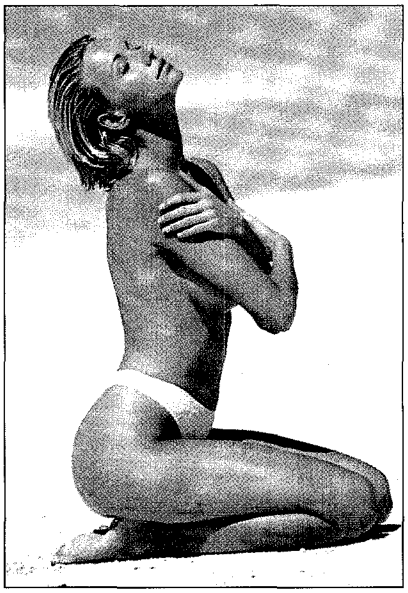

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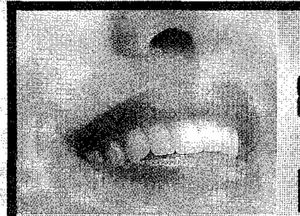

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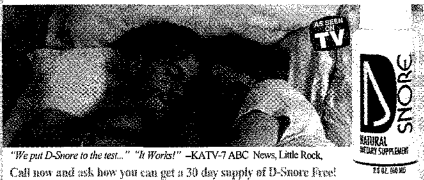

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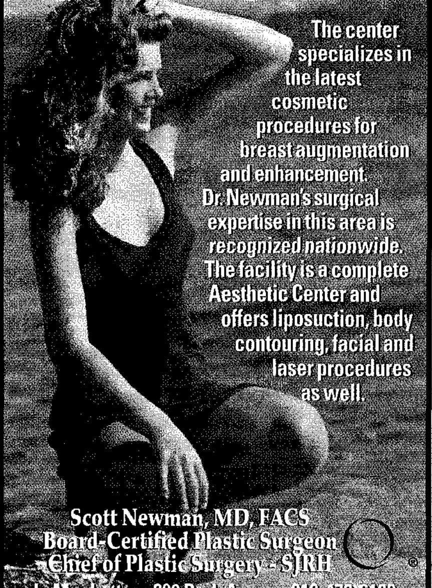

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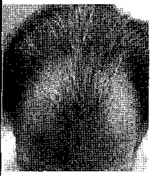
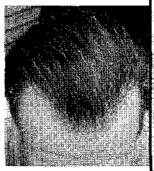

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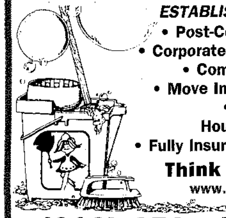

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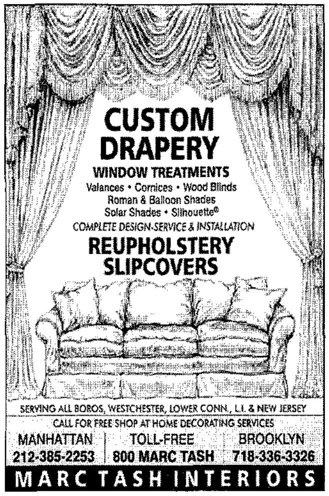

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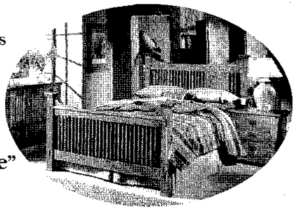

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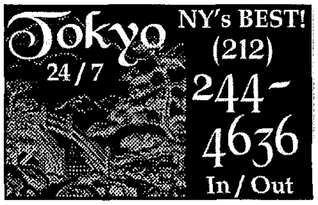
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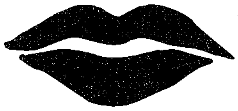

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Beautiful Inside And Out—European woman, raised on fairy tales, respect and humanitarian values, 40s, with passion for life and gift for love. Ex-fitting model, now professional in international investment. Excellent education and manners, elegant, classy brunette, dark eyes, mysterious smile, confident, witty, equally comfortable in high heels and a dress as well as sneakers and jeans. Love the arts, films, books, music, fine dining. Looking for a handsome, charming and sophisticated, kind, ethical, financially successful, organized gentleman, late 40s-early 50s, for serious relationship. Photo. 6269✉

Good-Looking, Tall, Slender—Graceful, single white woman, in academic clinical area, with presence, warmth and realness. Enthusiasm for life - good aesthetics, sensual things - music (amateur pianist) and most other arts, hiking in the Alps, beautiful sea coasts, and a particular love of Italy. Seeks compatible relationship with professional, attractive, 5'9"-plus, 58-70, divorced single white male. 6248 ✉☎

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Let's Tee-Off This Spring—NY/N mom, 37, Jewish, MBA, very attractiv seeks a strong, secure, funny man, 35-4 to laugh while we play. Photo. 6272 ✉

Looking For A Beautiful Amazon– This attractive, caring, creativel accomplished, materially successfu Ivy-educated Manhattan male has learne (as perhaps you've always known) th strength is a female quality. If you' intelligent, cultured, tall and athletical beautiful, I'll respond to your lette photo. 6250 ✉

Sweet, Dark-Eyed And Pretty– Divorced, Jewish, 50, financially indepen dent, professional woman looking f highly intelligent, accomplished, culture man to be my partner and best frien Together, we will indulge our passion f the arts and all that NYC has to offe You must be a successful JD/MD/CE possessed of grace, dignity, refineme and, above all else, the ability to gi and receive love. 6287 ✉

Attractive, Affluent Male—3 never-married, Ivy-educated, Christia background, 5'10", in search intelligent, attractive female, 26-33, f a committed relationship. 6252 ✉☎

Warm, Sincere, Affectionate—Jewis Ivy-educated professional seeks woma 28-plus, who's beautiful on the insi as well as the outside, fun to be wi and easy to talk to. My interests inclu travel, music, movies, theater, tenni Photo/phone, or respond to e-mai Warmwestsider@aol.com 6255 ✉☎

Marry Me In 6/02—Female, 46, 5'6 125, great figure. Dads okay. 6276✉☎

Attractive, Boston, Single Jewish Man- 61, ex-Upper West Sider, visits NY ofte seeks female for full connection wh I'm there. Have e-mail/fax. 6270 ✉☎

Happy New Year—Younger ma wanted, 25-35, for adorable, acti lady - over 35. You must be honest a healthy. No drugs. No disease. No at all. Only reply if you are a tr romantic - and love to laugh. Sim send letter. POB 262, NYC 10116.

oreign Admirer—43, 6', professional, eks lady of foreign descent for friendip/relationship (you won't be disappointed). Photo/phone, please. 6283✉☎

---

lassic Beauty—Woman of substance eeks single, attractive Renaissance an, 45-55. Photo. 6268 ✉

---

rofessional Man—Early 60s, 5'10", 63 lbs, college grad, financially secure, hristian, seeks trim, pretty professional oman, to 50, for NYC restaurants, plays. ecent photo/note. 6282 ✉

---

atin Lady—40, seeks the special man r *a serious relationship.* 35-55. 6257 ✉

---

verage White Guy—Dashingly andsome, delightfully witty, deftly telligent, physically fit, financially sound, motionally secure, humble Christian idower seeks woman, 47-53, for longrm relationship. I could go on telling you ore good stuff about me, but you would ink that it is BS. So send note/photo/ hone and e-mail address. 6281 ✉☎

---

uccessful, 44, Single Jewish Male— , athletic type, entertainment business xecutive, looking for 29-39, Jewish, iritual, sophisticated female companion share the good times. Must be careerinded, physically fit, attractive. Enjoys usic, theater, travel, and loves to laugh. o photo - no reply. 6271 ✉

---

ew To Area—Genuine, fun, down-torth male, 40, in Summit, NJ, seeking milar qualities in female, 30s, to share ining, dancing, the beach, movies, sports d more... Note/photo. 6277 ✉

---

ady Seeks Educated Man—50s-60s, ith humor, love for travel. Photo. 6258✉

---

ute, Classy—50s professional female ith looks, smarts, warmth, wit, seeks gnificant other, 55-65. 6274 ✉☎

---

ab, Fit, Fun, Flush—50s, vital male ught by fab Jewish female. 6254 ✉ ☎

---

uropean-Born Female—40, unconentional, cultured, Ivy, (212), seeks onsexual relationship/friendship with interesting, sophisticated, cultured entleman, 35-85. My passions: etaphysics, reading, classical music, imming, skiing, cooking, dogs. Note/ hoto/phone. 6260 ✉☎

---

ingle, Attractive Physician—38, with ts of interests, seeks attractive, single atholic girl, 25-38, with old-fashioned lues. Photo essential. 6265 ✉

---

mart, Cute, Thoughtful—Nonreligious, nmaterialistic, boyish, 44, professional ale dreams of bonding with a city girl ith same qualities. Note/photos changed. tqe@webtv.net. 6263 ✉

Looking For An Angel?—Playful, beautiful, diverse lady-lawyer, Ivy-grad, slim and sincere to my tippy-toes. Love Impressionist art, tennis, reading, fireside massage. Seeking to meet bright, fit professional male (50-55) to be lured into devilish love. Photo with handwritten note valued. 6256 ✉

But?—Single Jewish man, 40, looks younger, 5'6", average looks, balding but no B.S. Accomplished academically, professionally, financially, athletically. Loves high mountains, raging rivers but also arts, writing, family. Be a 25-35, thin, petite, pretty, well-educated woman also in search *of the Fountainhead. Note/photo.* 6251 ✉

Young And Successful—35, 6'1", athletic, handsome, Catholic, looking to have a relationship with someone who likes variety in their life - fine food, theater, movies, city and travel. Seeking a woman who is beautiful, size 8 or less, athletic, outgoing, with a passionate personality, in her 20s. Photo. 6285✉☎

Boca Raton, Florida—Tall, handsome, 45-year-old cardiologist, classical pianist, Jewish, dynamic and successful, in excellent physical condition, never-married, stable, no baggage. Seeking a young, sweet, talented, family-oriented woman, under 36, for a lifetime of love and happiness. Photo needed for reply. 6249 ✉

Very Witty, Well-Educated/Traveled—Upstate gentleman, 52, tall, divorced, nonsmoker, in NYC often, seeks company of special lady - appreciates style, warmth and values. Send pic and note to: POB 1207, Buffalo, NY 14213. 6259✉☎

Legs, Brains, Beauty—Head-turner. I am a Jewish female, very attractive, caring, giving, thin, intelligent, with a sense of humor. Seek Jewish (and aware of it) male, athletic, handsome, warm, sensitive, 38-50; enjoy movies, theater, dining out, NY culture (but prefer living in suburbs); have your feet planted firmly on the ground; possess a sense of humor, desire for kids. Love of Israel a plus. Photo preferred - will exchange. 6279 ✉

A Woman For All Seasons—Who has a passion for music, politics, great fun, adventure, travel. Love to meet 49-plus, educated, worldly man to share life's beautiful moments. 6262 ✉

Pursuit Of Wow—NJ Jewish male, 40, international business exec, 6', humorous, honest; enjoys movies, music, sports, travel and more. Seeks smart, pretty Jewish lady, 29-37, for fun, romance, marriage, kids. Note/photo/phone. 6284✉

Manhattan MD—51, 5'10", 185. Likes the arts, travel, restaurants. Seeks very pretty lady, nonsmoker. Great legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 6273 ✉

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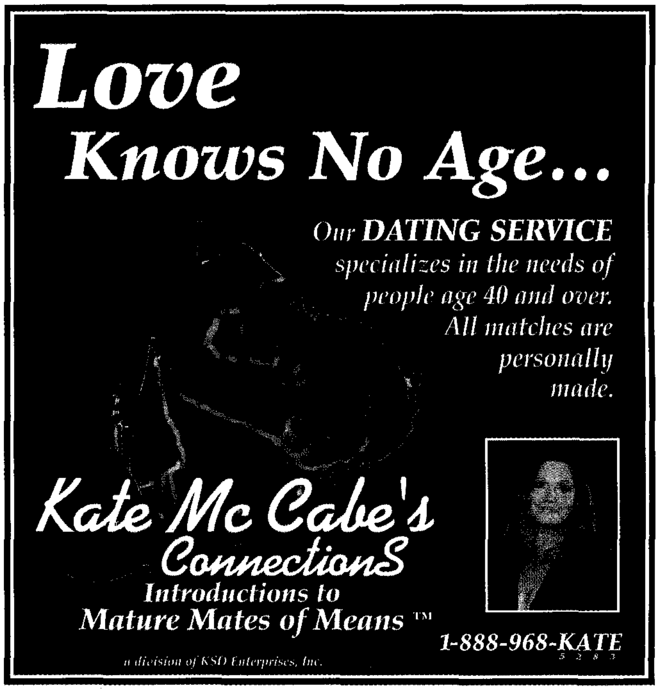

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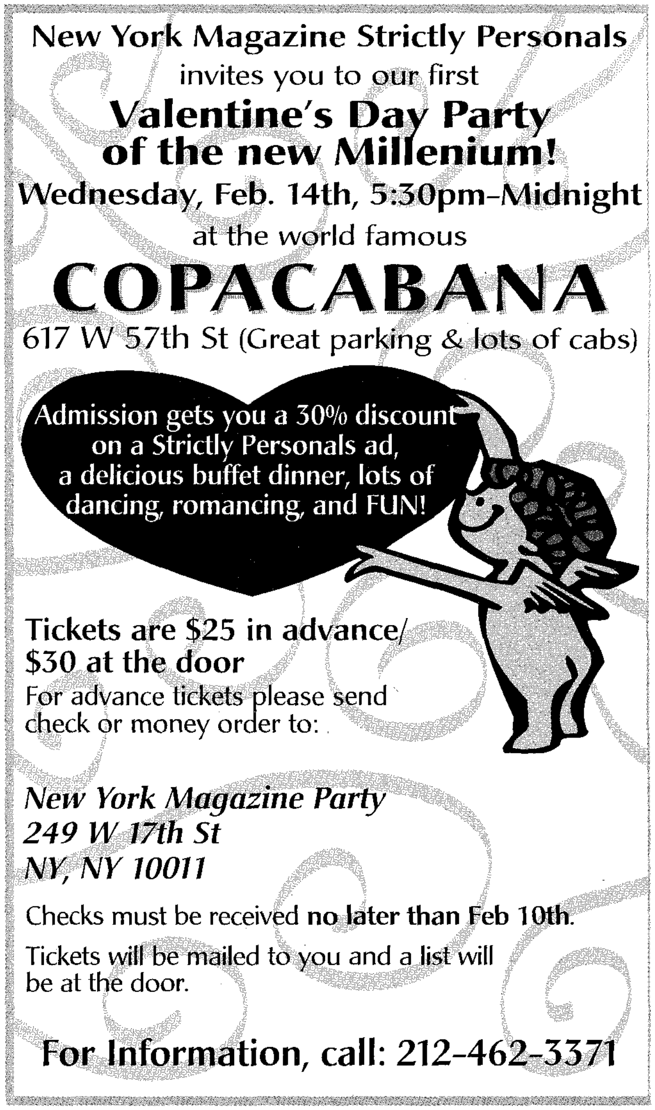
Soul Mate—Single black female, 35, pretty, well-traveled, seeks single male, any ethnicity, well-groomed, good-natured, 40 plus, for life partner. Photo/note. 6286✉

I'm Ready To Travel Again—With a woman, 55-65. What exotic spot interests you? Please send photo. 6261 ✉

You're Invited...—To spend 2001 with me. Desirable, warmhearted, professional, single Jewish female, 37, never married, financially secure, slim, attractive, 5'4", brown-eyed brunette with various interests. Seeks a handsome, caring, easygoing, single Jewish professional male, nonsmoker, 35-45, for the possibility of a loving and lasting relationship. Note/photo, please. NJ preferred. 6266 ✉

Sharon Stone Resemblance—5'10", statuesque, curvaceous, fit, highly accomplished... Would be ideal match for high-profile, extremely successful, financially stable, well-established, handsome gentleman, 41-57. 6278✉☎

Single Jewish Female—Striking, intelligent, artistic, relocating, seeks quality male in 50s or 60s. POB 620746, Newton, MA 02462



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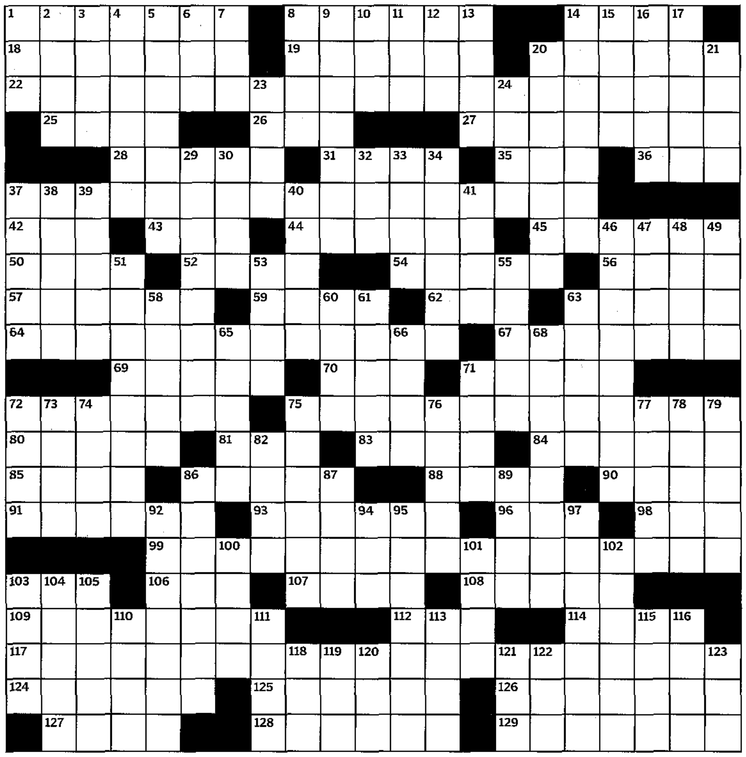
'The Clueless Guy'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



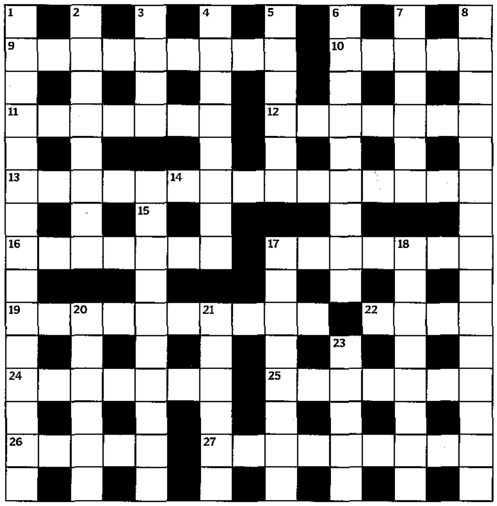
ACROSS

1 Out of the ordinary
8 Masterworks
14 Concrete block
18 Disney World locale
19 As yet unrevealed
20 Ringo, for one
22 The clueless guy moved to the east ——
25 Enthusiastic yes, Spanish style
26 Happy —— lark
27 Gets going again
28 Positive quality
31 Tuscaloosa coll. nickname
35 To the —— degree
36 Suffix for idol or critic
37 The clueless guy submitted stones to ——
42 L.B.J. dog, companion of Him
43 Tattered remnant
44 Pooh's donkey friend
45 Discombobulates
50 Singleton
52 Two of these make an African fly
54 The Devil you say
56 Unctuous
57 Least nasty
59 Oodles
62 Between B.A.'s and Ph.D.'s
63 The —— Spoonful
64 The clueless guy went to jail to ——
67 Breed of cat
69 Ranee's wardrobe
70 Before: poetic
71 Trousers
72 Feeling of regret
75 The clueless guy served dinner on his ——
80 In solitary
81 Adjectif for Paree
83 "Comin' ——!" (1981 3-D Western)
84 Two-horse bet
85 Deep mud
86 Congeals, as an aspic
88 Dealer's "—— out?"
90 Tenth of a decade
91 Filmdom's Bullock
93 Arthurian paradise
96 Uncooked
98 Anger
99 The clueless guy made up questions for ——
103 Doggy-bag item
106 Falsehood
107 Tear down
108 "The Promised Land" author
109 Walker's sound
112 Paver's goo
114 Goulash
117 The clueless guy went to a school to find a ——
124 Relative of G-Major
125 Dairy products
126 Come back in
127 Radar sweep
128 Combined trios
129 Goes by like a comet

DOWN

1 Call from the Titanic
2 Paid athletes
3 Grades 1 to 12
4 Salad name
5 Front tooth
6 Trifling fuss
7 "Skip to My ——"
8 General Motors car, familiarly
9 Biblical moral tale
10 Southwestern Indian
11 Dry, to a vintner
12 U-turn from W.S.W.
13 Use a swizzle stick
14 Was boiling mad
15 Holy Tibetan
16 Video-game company
17 Intensive media campaign
20 Gore Vidal play, with "The"
21 Or —— (ultimatum)
23 Backing for plaster
24 Vascular channel, to M.D.'s
29 Strews
30 Heart scans: abbr.
32 Yasmin Khan's father
33 Cow conversation
34 House shape
37 Leather strip on some sandals
38 Sonja of the ice
39 Standing straight
40 Famed fabler
41 Greek cheese
46 Time of the Last Judgment
47 Part of "S.N.L."
48 Wallach and Whitney
49 Last word on December 31
51 Employed logic
53 Angled extensions
55 Very, in music
58 Cause fright
60 Ellington's "Take —— Train"
61 In a kind of way, slangily
63 Rubber base
65 Belgian city
66 Nair competitor
68 Have mutual influence
71 Blueprint
72 St. Louis gridders
73 Director Kazan
74 Opposite of eve
75 Long John of fiction
76 Reclining
77 Obstruct, as an Arctic ship
78 Gape
79 Rabbits' kin
82 What there oughta be
86 Maintenance man
87 Franklin D.'s mother
89 Algerian port
92 Cereal brand
94 She played Cleo
95 Former
97 Say very softly
100 Prophet
101 Artist Chagall
102 Not off-key
103 "Why not take all ——?" (1931 song lyric)
104 Hotel rentals
105 Pick-me-up
110 Singing Turner
111 One-chevron G.I.'s
113 Aide: abbr.
115 Kett of old comics
116 Half a fortnight
118 Mine find
119 Mardi Gras king
120 Fez, e.g.
121 Surgical sites, for short
122 N.Y. opera house
123 B. & O., et al.

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Pasquale



ACROSS

9 A magical power getting hold of man—Hollywood stuff? (9)
10 Piece of armour is hard, copper-plated. (5)
11 Spoilt document containing truth in short supply. (7)
12 Affair in a hut? (7)
13 One of 23's trio with combed fibres around. (4)
14 Tattered blue coat contains war medal, convertible into money. (10)
16 Ornament from Britain wrapped in fabrics oriental. (7)
17 Leave party clutching record and brood? (7)
19 Babe's intoxicated with lover, that's evident. (10)
22 Food shop that sounds capital. (4)
24 Possibly the output from 6 characters. (7)
25 Performer offering rubbish mostly at end of West Street. (7)
26 Good bar was legendary for the wine it had. (5)
27 Article is rewritten to be made down-to-earth. (9)

DOWN

1 Golden eagle, calm when flying around 23's educational establishment. (8,7)
2 Loud little man sinking into deckchair, perhaps, somewhere along the coast. (3,5)
3 One of 23's trio is humorous fellow given honour. (5)
4 One of 23's trio is medic held in honour after hostilities. (8)
5 23's space-travelling hero could be on Mars. (6
6 23's nasty bit of work to vandalise recording. (9
7 What's used for cooking fish, one caught to be eaten. (6)
8 Theocrat grieved about one of 23's books. (3,5,7)
15 Pintas before 6 am, we hear? Only a few times year. (9)
17 Girl coming in slipped up, creating difficulties. (8
18 Spot art gallery, as you might say, and take a look. (8)
20 Sub-governor has a trick to undermine Head of State. (6)
21 Declare what sounds like a sure thing to the audience. (6)
23 Island writer. (5)

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 11

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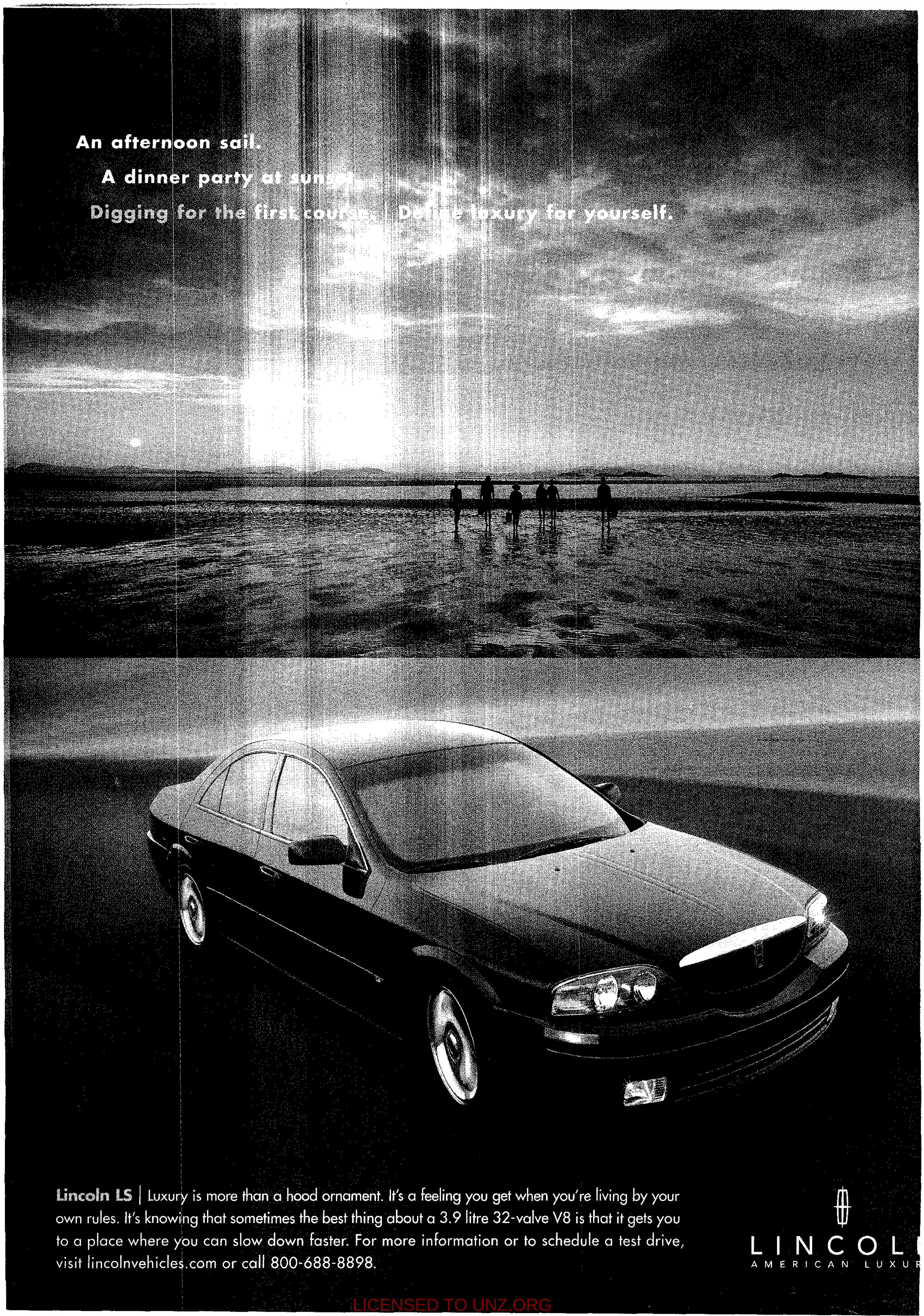
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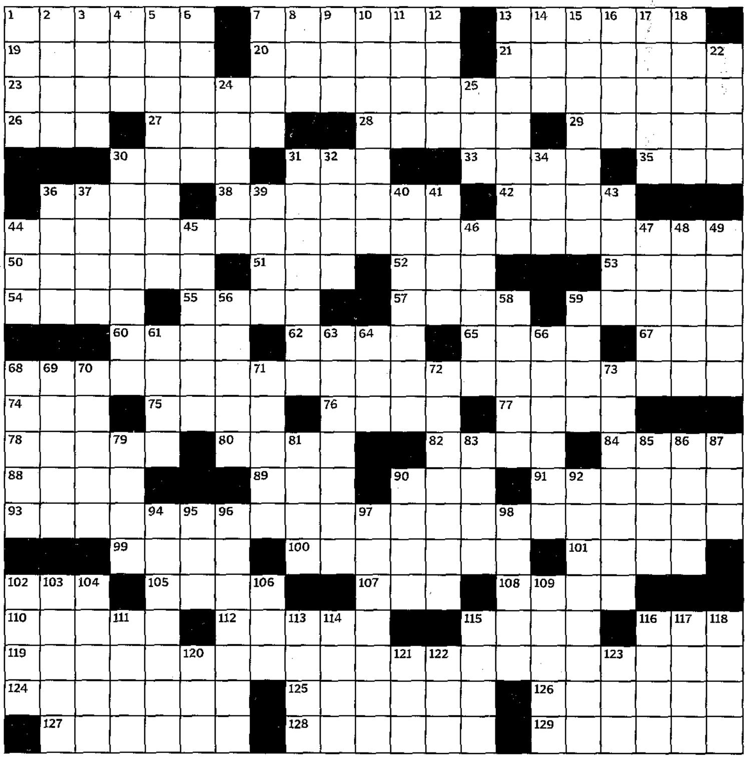
'Rift in the Cities'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



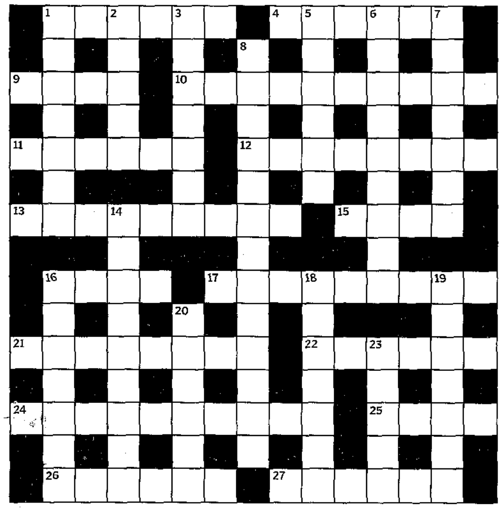
ACROSS

1 Spuds
7 Roam about
13 Latino ballroom dance
19 Brunch choice
20 Baltimore bird
21 Adds new ammunition
23 He said: "—— weight."
26 Winter sports item
27 Folk history
28 Fills to the gills
29 Parthenon marbles in the British Museum
30 Take a spill
31 Cigar dropping
33 "Big" creation theory
35 Canonized femme: abbr.
36 Half a vitamin deficiency
38 Rowboat device
42 First Mrs. Copperfield
44 She said: "When you sleep, ——."
50 Most skiddy
51 Morning moisture
52 "O Sole ——"
53 Ringo's instrument
54 Julie's "Zhivago" role
55 Chez Eve
57 Serf's acquaintance
59 —— Selassie
60 Sky twinkler
62 "For —— be married today": "Iolanthe"
65 Mythical galley
67 He's a Hur
68 He said: "Every time you drive, ——."
74 Motel's forerunner
75 Dripping wet
76 Remove, as a hat
77 Oklahoma city
78 Sauna feature
80 Notes following sol
82 Gradually lose color
84 Swearing-in recitation
88 Lockup lodging
89 Unseld of basketball
90 Last year of the XVIth Century
91 Hit a tennis ball without a bounce
93 She said: "I'm taking ——."
99 Otherwise
100 Go back onstage
101 "If —— a Hammer"
102 Embargo
105 Safecracker, slangily
107 Put down, as linoleum
108 Sporting sword
110 Ancient Troy
112 Far from urban
115 Mideast gulf
116 Burro
119 Together they said: "We are ——."
124 Carol of TV comedy
125 Watch out for
126 Leather worker
127 Middle of A.S.A.P.
128 Sonnet's last six lines
129 Shoddy

DOWN

1 Playthings
2 Berserk
3 Garr or Hatcher
4 Big buck
5 Demands the return of
6 Bar seat
7 Stopped sleeping
8 Jackie's second
9 Diarist Anaïs
10 Kennel Club event
11 Essayist Lamb's alias
12 Remainder
13 Zealous movement for a cause
14 Language of Isr.
15 Lively musical tempo
16 Innerspring part
17 Dangles
18 Fess up
22 New Year's Eve word
24 Relative of nylon
25 Rookie socialite
30 As —— bird
31 Companion of old lace, in a play title
32 Cabbage salad
34 Integers: abbr.
36 —— Raton, Florida
37 Kuwait potentate
39 Right-hand man
40 Opposite of stay on
41 Actor Kristofferson
43 Forever —— day
44 Zilch
45 Varsity first-stringers
46 Submarine detector
47 Pygmy antelope
48 Measuring stick
49 Church-service finales
56 Run off at the mouth
58 Goofed
59 Pueblo Indian
61 Cable car
63 Fashionable seamstress
64 Bisector's amount
66 U.N. city of Switzerland
68 "Saturday Night Fever" locale
69 Prepays at poker, with "up"
70 Ring mournfully, as church bells
71 How fish reproduce
72 Temporarily free from assignment
73 Menjou of early films
79 Lotion ingredient
81 Eye drop
83 Realtor's unit
85 Queen of Jordan before Noor
86 Be inclined (to)
87 Health-maintenance sci.
90 Lisa of the Louvre
92 Kind of patterned rug
94 Shipmate of Wynken and Nod
95 Antipole of W.N.W.
96 Polite invitation refusals
97 Becomes jaundiced
98 Belief
102 Lettuce variety
103 Baseball family
104 Part of T.N.T.
106 Holster holding
109 Nudniks
111 Cry of disappointment
113 Dixie G.I.'s
114 To —— (exactly)
115 Help at a heist
116 She went to Siam
117 De Lesseps's canal
118 Nimble
120 Greek vowel
121 Belfry undesirable
122 Afore
123 Yearling's age

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Araucaria



ACROSS

1 Sculptor has ability with eggs. (6)
4 Young motorist has bottle. (6)
9 Young detective is pleased. (4)
10 High-flier on the bench gone gaga among the . . . the . . . the French. (5,5)
11 Something that sticks to water in the office. (6)
12 Calcination here makes the Nile run with milk. (8)
13 Unit of destruction causes oath in Irish county. (9)
15 Bribe the cast? (4)
16 Connive at success for the king. (4)
17 South American sailors fed with flesh? (9)
21 A viscous substance, that's me, with some too young or too old. (3,5)
22 Withdraw from the diocese about a month back. (6)
24 Billing and cooing in rhyme. (5-5)
25 Inverted Englishman's hair. (4)
26 Catch the lady at lesser altitude. (6)
27 I ac's work with airs. (6)

160

DOWN

1,3 The arts are dead meat to me. (7,7)
2 Prompting repeatedly associated with 16 ac. (5)
3 See 1 down.
5 Splitting a Lombardy poplar's crown causes coolness. (6)
6 City in credit with little flower. (9)
7 A record for Christmas? (4,3)
8 Silver surplus requires one local person ensuring cohesion. (13)
14 Abolition is about keeping a student among the miners. (9)
16 Old man without hair-piece—admit him here! (7)
18 Metal tester or foolish philosopher? (7)
19 Model in digs broadcast news. (7)
20 Blur made sweet music initially for topless 2. (6)
23 Funny little company for Manx cat's prey? (5)

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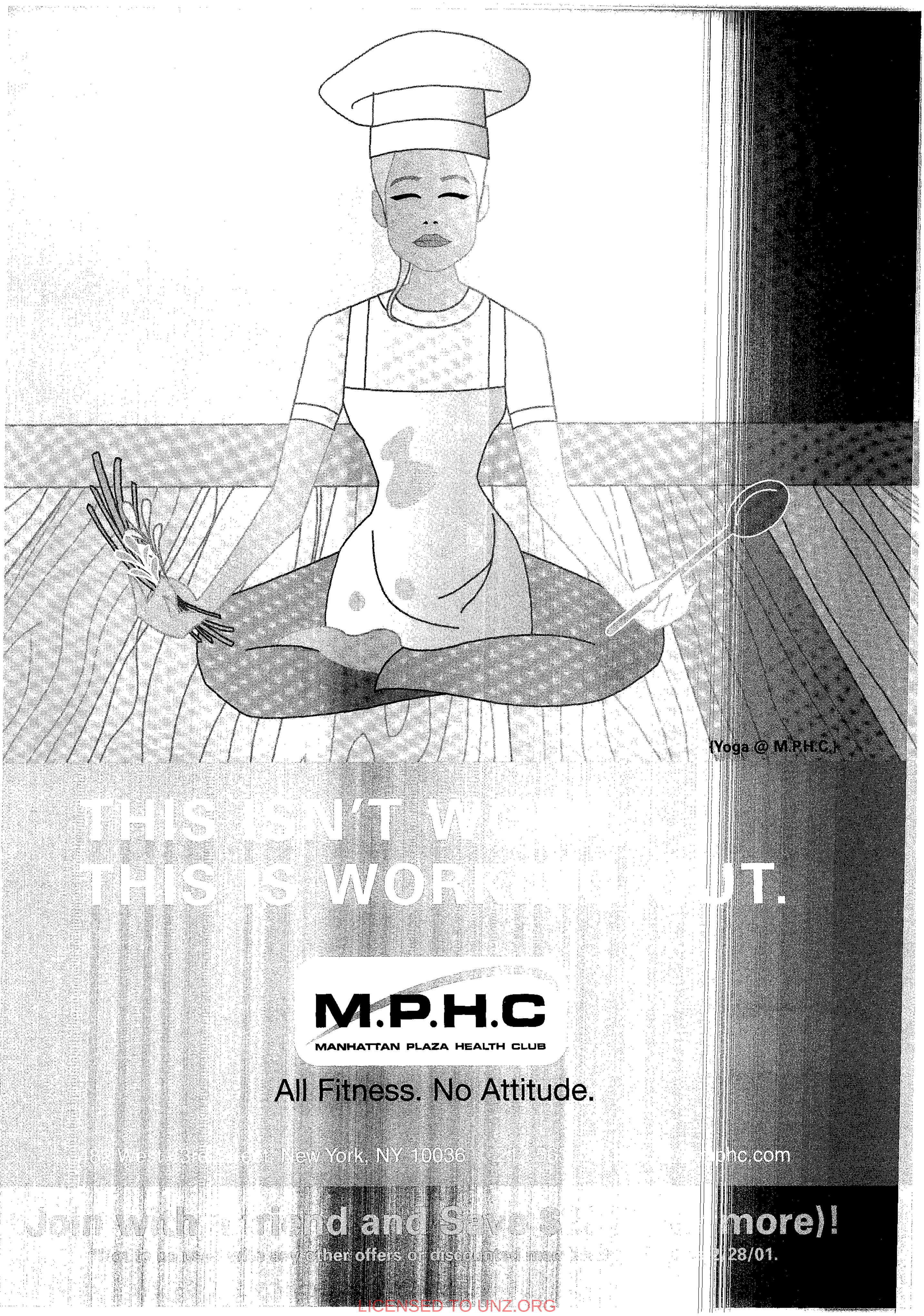
Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 76.



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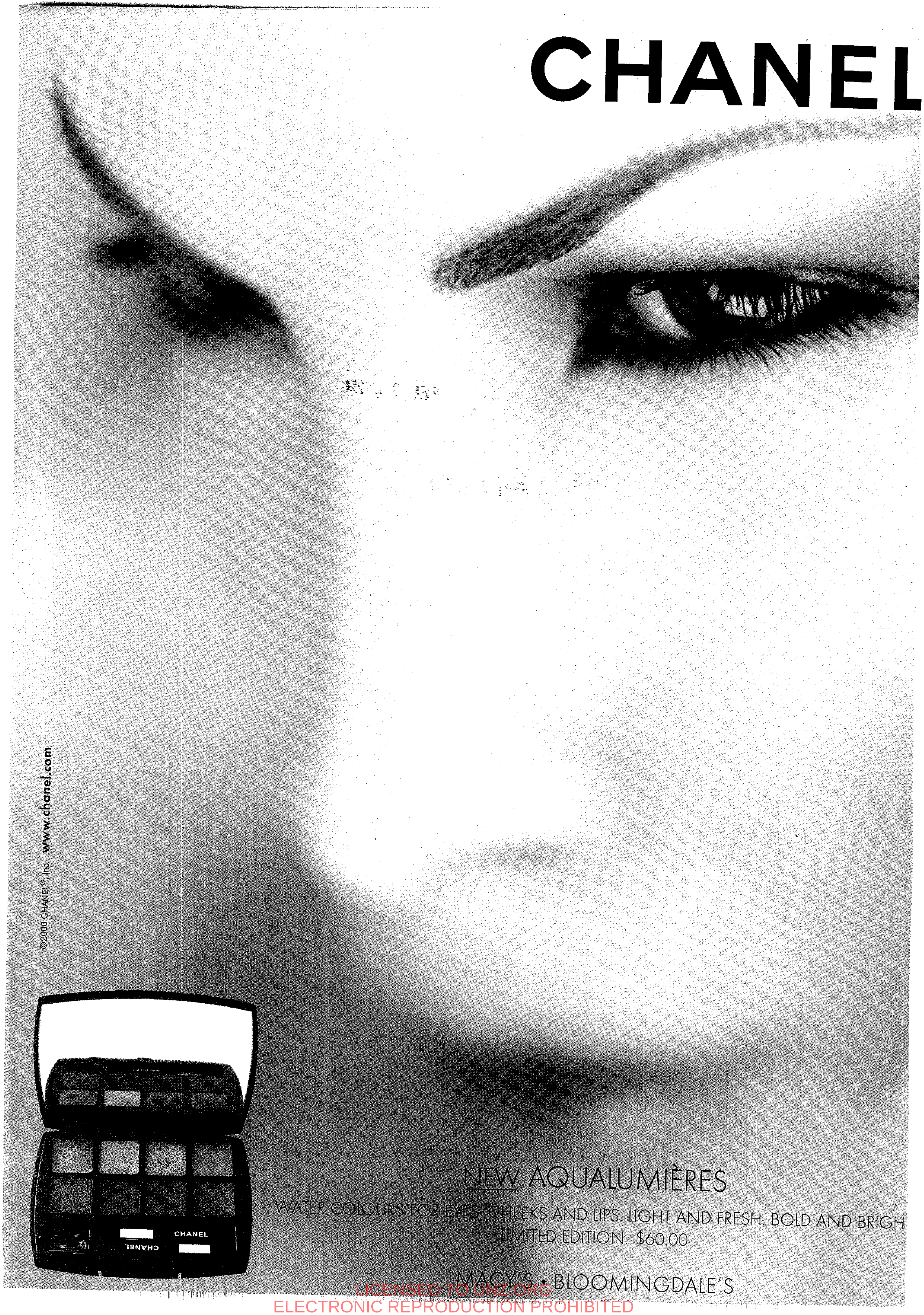
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